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IN ancient times the heathens of Greece and of Rome erected statues, and altars, and temples, to the Goddess of Peace. The Pagan throng worshipped at the holy shrine, and the rich and the wise deposited their most valued properties within the precincts of the temple, and under the safeguard of its sacred name. We, too, in a better age, and with a higher purpose, have reared our temples of peace, consecrated in thousands to its God, and devoted exclusively to His service. Rising majestically to the skies, their lofty turrets and gilded domes challenge the admiration and solicit the entrance of the Christian worshipper. Within the sacred fane is taught the religion of "peace on earth and good will to man." The priest, on his bended knees, asks the Father of all "to give peace in his time," while the thousands around respond with fervent utterance to the holy aspiration; and thus has the prayer of peace ascended heaven-ward during every day of that long cycle of Christian rule which began when Peter was commanded to sheath his weapon, and which is to terminate in the metamorphosis of the sword and the spear. But frequent as that prayer has been, and fervent as it has seemed, no answer has been vouchsafed to it, because it was "asked amiss." The incense of faith never ascended from the nation's heart, and the dove with the olive branch has never been permitted to settle on our shores. The priest and the parent retired

from the altar to seek a home for their sons in the barrack and in the camp—the child of toil to find excitement and occupation in the ensanguined field—the statesman to compass new achievements of war, or perchance to stay amid the distraction of battle, and stifle amid the noise of its thunders the indignant remonstrances of a people against his corruptions and his crimes. Were the hierarchy of the state—the servants of him who is the fountain of life—the spiritual peers who adorn our senate, to raise their voice of peace in its cause, to protest against the first murmur of war, and to prostrate themselves at the feet of the deluded sovereign that may be induced to proclaim it, the temporal peers might resile from their decision, and the statesman might pause in his frantic career. And should the bloody declaration still issue from the throne, (never again we trust with a female will,) then let the holy men, like the archiepiscopal martyr of a neighbouring land, throw themselves between the armed bands of husbands, and fathers, and brothers, or take their station in the rear, to administer the last Christian rites to the dying hero, and staunch with their lawn sleeves the red stream of life that is ebbing from his heart.

The continuance of war under the Christian dispensation, and its co-existence with a high civilisation, and with the institutions of education and philanthropy, is a fact in the history of man which defies the analysis of the metaphysician and the moralist. Religion, “pure and undefiled,” pleads in vain the sacredness of life, and the value of the soul. Humanity utters unheard her most affectionate appeals; and even the strong instinct of self-preservation, and the inborn horror of death, have failed to subdue our animal ferocity; and while man, as an individual, dare not touch the life of him who maligns or robs him, social man, combining his individual conscience with that of millions, and transferring to them all but an infinitesimal of his own responsibility, consigns without remorse to a bloody grave, thousands of his fellow-creatures who have neither wronged nor insulted him. Thus falsely placed and criminally secure, we are horror-struck with the individual Shylock—the Jew—who demanded flesh and blood in payment of his bond—while we honour the social Shylock—the Christian—who takes more than the pound of flesh from imaginary foes, that may have knelt with him at the same altar, and drunk with him the same cup of kindness. Hence it is, that in this the latest century of civilisation, the fields of Christendom have been more copiously drenched with human blood than during any similar period of Roman or Macedonian domination; and judging from the general recklessness of human life, we might imagine that the Christian stripling who pants for battle, and the Christian maiden who would follow him to the field, had been nursed by

the milk of the Red Indian, and tattooed from their infancy with the symbols and implements of war.

This strange condition of humanity—this utter antagonism between principle and conduct—this triumph of ambition and cupidity, and revenge over the holiest of man's affections, and the sternest of his obligations, admits but of one explanation. Faith has no national existence. The sovereign who, to acquire territory, or avenge wrongs, lights up an offensive war—the minister that counsels it—the legislature that furnishes its sinews—and the constituency that adds their sanction, renounce by their very acts every title to the name of Christian, disclaim all faith in the immortality of their souls, and abandon every hope of a blessed resurrection. The citizen, too, who lives and dies with the guilt of blood upon his conscience—the genuine descendant of bloody Cain, differs but intellectually from the brutes that perish, and can have no other hope but that of perishing like them. If there be one crime in the catalogue of guilt which is really national, that crime is the crime of war; and the nation that wages it is truly infidel. It may have a church, and bishops, and members: It may have a confession, a liturgy, and a rubric: It may have a creed from which it has struck "THOU SHALT NOT KILL;" but it has no faith but what is dead;—its religion is hypocrisy; and its holiest rites are but the tricks of conjurors to stifle the consciences of the living, and smooth the deathbeds of the dying.

If the religious principle, then, has had no power to overrule those interests and soften those passions which have their issue in war, the philanthropist must search for some more deeply seated agencies in the human heart that may exercise over it a benign influence, that may take root in the tender consciences of the young, and dispel from the general mind those illusory visions of national glory which have so fatally interfered with the happiness and progress of our species. In every age of the world, and in every land, whether barbarous or civilized, individuals have been commissioned to proclaim in burning eloquence the guilt of war and the blessedness of peace; and in more modern times, whole communities of Christians—the Moravians and the Society of Friends—have carried their principles into actual life, and made the doctrine of universal peace the basis and the badge of their communion. But it was reserved to the philanthropists of the present age to organize associations for the extinction of offensive war, and to assemble the heralds of peace in the most influential cities of Europe, to proclaim to kings and to statesmen those eternal truths which the ignorance, the cupidity, and the impiety of nations had so long kept in abeyance.

Interesting as the details might be, it is only a cursory view that our limits will permit us to take of the opinions of indivi-

duals, and of the labours of associations in favour of universal peace. Speaking of course of the mercenary soldier, Sir Walter Raleigh declares, "that he that taketh up his rest to live by that profession, shall hardly be an honest man;" and Lord Clarendon asserts, "that when there is no obligation to obey, it is a wonderful and an unnatural appetite that disposes men to be soldiers that they may know how to live." Alluding to the honours awarded to the soldier, Gibbon truly remarks, that "as long as mankind shall continue to *bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors*, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters;" and the Earl of Shaftesbury regards it "as strange to imagine that war, which of all things appears the most savage, should be the passion of the most heroic spirits," a passion which he ascribes to "a moral misguidance of the affections, by which a lover of mankind becomes a ravager, and a hero and deliverer an oppressor and destroyer." Erasmus declares that "they who defend war, must defend the dispositions which lead to war—dispositions absolutely forbidden by the Gospel;" and, looking at war in its results, he says, "I know not whether any war ever succeeded so fortunately in all its events, but that the conqueror if he had a heart to feel, or an understanding to judge, as he ought to do, repented that he ever engaged in it at all." In estimating the numbers which have been slain in war since "the beginning of the world," Burke speaks "of those torrents of silent and inglorious blood, which have glutted the thirsty sands of Africa, or discoloured the polar snow, or fed the savage forests of America for so many ages of continual war." He asks also, if he shall inflame the account by those grand massacres which "have devoured whole cities and nations, those wasting pestilences, those consuming famines, and all those furies that follow in the train of war;" and he adds, "that he charges the whole of these effects on political society."

If it is the warrior minstrels of former times that humanity must blame for creating a social interest in the feats of war, and nursing the passion for military glory, it is to the poets of a better age that we owe the most harrowing descriptions of its cruelties, and the most powerful denunciations of its crimes. Byron has struck his lyre in condemnation of

" ——— those bloodhounds from whose wild
Instinct of gore and glory, earth has known
Those sufferings Dante saw in Hell alone."

He thus contrasts with the bright fiat of the Almighty the red handiwork of man :

" Let there be light, says God, and there was light ;
Let there be blood, says man, and there's a sea."

And in estimating the glory of virtuous deeds, he places the humblest act of the sister of charity above the highest of the warrior, when he declares that

“ The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.”

Feeble, however, as has been the influence of orators and poets in impressing upon the public mind the impolicy, the injustice, and the impiety of war, they have yet contributed their personal aid to its extinction; and some of the most distinguished of our living bards, Béranger, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo, have taken a prominent part in our associations for peace.

As in small communities and independent kingdoms, the frequency and intensity of particular crimes have often led to their suppression, so in the strife of nations may we expect that after a war the most frivolous in its origin—the most ruinous in its expenditure—the most ferocious in its acts—the most sanguinary in its results, and the most extensive in its conflagrations—a spirit of re-action may be evoked which shall rouse the indignation of universal humanity, and strangle the cannibal in his den. It was, indeed, after the downfall of Napoleon, when Europe was mourning for the noblest of her children, and when nature and art had been blighted and defaced by war, that the idea of a Peace Society first found favour with the public. Towards the end of 1814, Dr. Noah Webster launched the Ark of Peace on the American waters, and the dove with its olive branch speedily alighted on its unruffled flag. He made an affectionate appeal to the world in his *Solemn Review of the Customs of War*; and in 1815 the first Peace Society was established in the city of New York. In a few months a similar institution sprung up in Massachusetts, and another in Ohio; and on the 11th June 1816, the Peace Society of London was founded by Thomas Clarkson, William Allan, Joseph John Gurney, and others, on whose immortal brow posterity will plant the wreath of HUMANITY DISARMED, as the world has already done that of SLAVERY UNSHACKLED. The American Peace Society was founded on the 8th May 1828, and similar institutions have been established in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and other parts of Europe. The Count de Sellon founded a Peace Society at Geneva; and in his beautiful gardens on the banks of the Lake, he erected an obelisk to commemorate the event. On the 24th March 1841, the Society of Christian Morality which existed in Paris formed a Peace Committee, and some time afterwards there was established in the same capital the *Peace Society of Paris*.

The men who organized these institutions were not those who are contented with the ephemeral honour of expressing an affectionate sympathy or performing a holy deed, or vainly embalming

their names among those of the benefactors of their race. They were men of large moral courage, of deep earnestness of soul, and of a high reach of aim. They had already seen deeply rooted institutions fall beneath the blow of indignant virtue, and had resolved, with God's blessing, to accomplish the object which they had in view. To their mental and bodily *labour* they added their *gold* and their *prayers*, and toiling under the powerful sceptre of this earthly trinity, they reckoned upon the support of that which is in heaven. The American Peace Society had from its origin contemplated a *Congress of Nations* as a means of advancing their cause, and a premium of thirty dollars, afterwards raised to fifty, was offered for the best essay on the subject of a Congress of Nations. A few essays only were obtained; but in 1831 a gentleman of New York offered 500 dollars for the best essay on the subject, and 100 for the second best. About forty essays were the result of this liberal offer, and five of them occupy the large volume of admirable Prize Essays published in America in 1840. The London Peace Society offered a prize of one hundred guineas for the best essay on peace and war, and twenty for the second best; and under its control countless numbers of tracts by male and female authors have been circulated throughout the empire.

Important as these measures have been in giving the public correct ideas of the principles of the peace associations, of the horrors of war, of the blessings of peace, and of their obligations as Christians, citizens, and men, another step was still wanting to give a cosmopolitan character to the National Associations. In August 1848, Mr. Elihu Burritt, the American apostle of peace, conceived the idea of assembling from all nations a Peace Congress in Paris. He addressed a circular on the subject to the most distinguished friends of the cause, and after a long and serious deliberation, the Peace Society of London resolved to give their most active exertions in the cause. Philanthropists from every country intimated their desire to be present; and with such powerful support, Mr. Burritt, fortified with introductions from the American Minister in London, set off for France to solicit the concurrence of its government. He communicated in a letter to the Minister of the Interior the objects and views of the friends of peace; but though his proposal was kindly received, yet the peculiar political position of France was considered to be unfavourable for such a reunion. When this decision was laid before them, the Peace Societies of London, Manchester, and Birmingham, resolved to abandon their plan of meeting in Paris, and to take immediate measures for holding the Congress in Brussels. A deputation, consisting of Mr. Scoble of London and Mr. Bradshaw of Manchester, was accordingly appointed, and having been joined by Mr. Burritt, they

set out for Belgium, with a letter of introduction from the Belgian Minister in London, Mr. Van der Weyer, to M. Rogier, the Minister of the Interior in Belgium. On their arrival in Brussels, the deputation was introduced to M. Rogier by Lord Howard de Walden, and the Minister of the United States, and after the kindest and frankest reception, every facility was promised for promoting the objects of the Congress. M. Rogier obtained for it the use of the magnificent hall of the Society of Great Harmony, and the use of a special train of the States Railway from Ostend to Brussels, and relief from the Custom-house formalities. The first meeting of the deputation was held on the 10th September in the saloons of the Minister of the Interior; and at the meeting a committee of organization was formed, consisting of M. Aug. Visschers as its president, and other individuals who held important offices and positions in the State.

In virtue of the arrangement made by the Committee, the first meeting of the Peace Congress was held at Brussels on the 20th September 1848, under the presidency of M. Auguste Visschers, Counsellor of Mines. The fine hall of the Great Harmony was magnificently decorated for the occasion: An allegorical statue with a bee-hive in its hand, with groups of the different attributes of the arts and sciences, agriculture and commerce, at its feet, rose behind the bureau: The whole was surrounded with shrubs and garlands of flowers, and the national banners of Belgium; while round the hall were suspended the national flags of England, France, the United States, Germany, Holland, and Italy. After the appointment of its office-bearers, the Congress was opened with a brief but excellent inaugural address by the president, M. Visschers, who closed it with the beautiful stanza which Béranger read at a fête given by M. De la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, on account of the evacuation of France by the Allies:

J'ai vu la Paix descendre sur la terre,
Semant de l'or, des fleurs, et des épis.
L'air était calme, et du dieu de la Guerre
Elle étouffait les foudres assoupis.

"Ah! disait-elle, égaux par la vaillance,
"Français, Anglais, Belge, Russe, ou Germain,
"Peuples, fermez une sainte alliance,
"Et donnez-vous le main."

The following proposition was the subject of discussion at the first sitting of the Congress:

The iniquity, the inhumanity, and the absurdity of war, as the means of settling differences between nations.

This great truth was supported by speeches profound in their logic, and impassioned in their eloquence, by M. F. Bouvet, Member of the National Assembly of France,—M. le Baron de Reiffenberg, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and

Belles Lettres of Belgium, Mr. Ewart and Mr. Silk Buckingham, Members of our own House of Commons, and the Rev. Henry Richard, the active Secretary of the Peace Society of London ; and at the commencement of the second meeting, the following resolution, founded on the proposition, was adopted :—

“ The Congress declares that recourse to arms for the settlement of international disputes, is a custom condemned alike by Religion, Morality, Reason, and Humanity, and, consequently, it is the duty of the civilized world, and necessary for its safety, to adopt suitable measures for the entire abolition of war.”

The following proposition was then submitted for discussion :—
The utility and the necessity of the adoption by all governments in future treaties, of a clause by which differences that may arise between them, and might lead to an appeal to arms, shall be submitted to arbitration, and settled by means of mediation.

After an able and argumentative letter from Mr. Cobden had been read to the meeting, the proposition above mentioned was eloquently defended by M. Chamerovzow, Secretary to the Society for the Protection of Aborigines ; M. Roussel, Professor in the University of Brussels ; the Rev. M. Panchaud of Brussels ; and M. Rastoul de Mongeot, an author ; and at the commencement of the third sitting, the following resolution was adopted :—

“ It is of the highest importance to insist that governments shall, by means of arbitration, the principles of which shall be inserted in treaties, terminate in an amicable manner, and according to the rules of justice, all differences that may arise between nations,—special arbiters, or a supreme international court, deciding in the last resort.”

The following proposition was then submitted to the consideration of the meeting :—

The utility of the convocation of a Congress, composed of delegates from all nations, the purpose of which shall be to form an international Code, which shall have for its object to place the relations of one State to another upon a solid and unanimously accepted basis, in order to secure, as far as possible, the maintenance of peace.

This proposition was well supported by M. Bertinatti of Turin, Mr. Henry Vincent of London, and, after an excellent letter on the subject from Dr. Bowring had been read, by Mr. Ewart, M. Scheler, Librarian to the King at Brussels, Mr. Henry Clapp of the United States, M. Bourson, and Mr. Somerset ; and at the commencement of the next sitting, the following resolution was agreed to :—

“ It is desirable that in future a Congress of Nations, composed of representatives of each of them, should unite in forming a Code to regulate international relations. The establishment of this Congress,

and the adoption of a Code sanctioned by the Council of all nations, will be the best means of arriving at a universal peace."

The last proposition discussed by the Congress was—

To call the attention of governments to the advantages of a general disarmament, and to request respectfully the exchange of their good offices in order to secure the maintenance of pacific relations between nations, as well as the interests and progress of humanity. This proposition was defended in a written note from Mr. William Stokes, agent of the Peace Society of London, by M. Alvin, director of public instruction at Brussels, M. L'Abbe Louis, chief of the institution at Brussels, M. Roussel, Mr. Henry Vincent, M. Huet, professor in the university of Ghent, the Rev. Thomas Spencer of Bath, and Mr. Roberts, a mulatto, and governor of the colony of Liberia, who had succeeded in inducing several of the savage tribes under his influence to insert in their treaties a clause referring their differences to the government of Liberia.

The Congress concluded its sittings on the 22d September by the usual formalities of a vote of thanks to the President, and a warm acknowledgment of the hospitality of M. Visschers, and of M. Rogier, the minister of the interior. A soirée, held in the same hall in which the Congress met, was brilliantly attended by the beauty and fashion of Brussels; and after leaving a sum of 2000 francs for the best essay on the subjects discussed at the Congress,* the delegates of the different Peace Societies took an affectionate leave of their Belgian friends.

The impression which was everywhere made by the discussions, in this the first Peace Congress, was admirably maintained by the subsequent labours of its members. An address, explaining the principles of the Congress, was presented to Lord John Russell on the 30th of October, by a deputation of Englishmen and foreigners. His Lordship expressed himself in the kindest terms regarding the sentiments which actuated the Congress; he approved of meetings of that kind, as disseminating among the people ideas of wisdom and moderation; and he emphatically assured the deputation, that in case of any differences arising with another nation, if that nation should propose to refer it to arbitration, the English Government would always regard it as their duty to take such a request into the most serious consideration.

Thus encouraged by the British minister, a great public meeting of the friends of peace was held in *Exeter Hall* on the 31st October 1848, under the presidency of Mr. Hindley, when speeches of great eloquence and power were delivered by Mr. Ewart, who presided, and Messrs. S. Gurney, Cobden, Brock,

* Twenty-two memoirs in competition for this prize were received before the specified time, the 1st June 1849, and two afterwards; and on the 6th August the Committee of the Royal Academy of Belgium adjudged the 1000 francs to M. Bara, advocate, residing at Mons.

F. Bastiat, Horace Say, Joseph Garnier, Mr. Potonic, and Mr. Mahan of Ohio. On this occasion M. Josselin, a young French magistrate, in the uniform of the National Guard, happened to enter the Assembly. He was immediately conducted to the platform, where the plaudits with which he was received testified the sympathy and good feeling towards the French people which animated our countrymen. Influential meetings at Birmingham and Manchester followed immediately that of London, and the public mind was thus prepared for the next great step taken in the cause of peace.

Mr. Cobden, who had already triumphed over the prejudices and interests of a powerful party in the State, by his successful exertions for the repeal of the corn-laws, had given notice of a motion in the House of Commons:—

“That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that she will be graciously pleased to direct her principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to enter into communication with foreign powers, inviting them to concur in treaties binding the respective parties, in the event of any future misunderstanding, *which cannot be arranged by amicable negotiation*, to refer the matter in dispute to the decision of arbitrators.”

With the view of supporting this motion upwards of 150 meetings were held in different parts of the empire, and about a thousand petitions, containing *two hundred thousand* signatures, were presented to the House of Commons in favour of the proposition.

This important proposal, which we believe embodies the anxious wishes of all the piety, and philanthropy, and disinterested talent of England, was submitted to the House on the 12th June 1849. It was moved by Mr. Cobden, in a speech rich in its facts, logical in its argument, sagacious in its views, and warm and affectionate in its humanity. Lord Robert Grosvenor, Mr. Hobhouse, (now Lord Broughton,) Mr. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Roebuck, supported it with great eloquence and powerful argument; and the previous question was moved by Lord Palmerston, and supported by Lord John Russell, in speeches of deep interest and good feeling. Lord Palmerston, with his usual ability, gave an interesting and statesmanlike view of our foreign relations. The two ministers fully admitted the principle of the resolution, and acknowledged the benefit that would arise from it; but they believed that peace might be maintained by the *old method of negotiation*, and cited the many recent occasions in which they had preserved peace without the *new method of arbitration*. In thus contrasting the two methods of settling national differences, Lord John Russell has thoroughly, we are sure unwittingly, misrepresented the proposition in debate. The friends of peace value and desire to uphold the old method of negotiation, and they honour the present Government for its frequent and successful application. The method

of arbitration is not to *supersede* but to *supplement* the method of negotiation,—not to lower the character and weaken the influence of the negotiator, but, with a court of appeal at his side, to moderate his patriotism and diminish his responsibility.

When all negotiation has failed, and all mutual concessions become unavailing—when the negotiators part in sullen civility, and with ferocious intent—when letters of marque are about to be issued, to sink or to seize the commercial treasures that are floating on the deep, to consign our fathers or our sons to a watery grave or a hostile dungeon—to demolish or to burn the castle or the cottage home that Providence has placed on our shores,—in such a crisis the friends of peace ask for the security of a written obligation, that the miserable question—perhaps one of false honour, perhaps one of filthy lucre—shall be settled by arbitration. They ask not that the Arbiter shall dispossess the Ambassador: He is to replace neither the soldier nor the sailor who defend their country, but the pirate and the burglar who disgrace it. The man, however, for whom Providence has reserved the noble destiny of the world's peacemaker, has still to assume the functions of a minister. The ideal, however, is but truth in the distance, and its living representative has not yet breathed among the senators of Europe. On the world's dial, indeed, the sun of peace and of knowledge has not yet culminated,—it has but gilded our mountain tops with its auroral beam; yet, in its diminishing shadows and growing brightness we trace its upward path, and believe in its meridian destination.

“ We see the war-crushed nations stand
To catch the noontide blaze in turn;
We see from ready hand to hand
The bright, but struggling glory burn:
And each, as she receives the flame,
Kindles the altar with its ray,
Then, turning to the next that came,
She speeds it on its sparkling way.”

In confirmation of these hopes and views we have only to state, and we state it in triumph, that Mr. Cobden's motion, though negatived by a majority of ninety-seven, was supported by the votes of *seventy-nine* independent members of the House. What a glorious contrast does this result exhibit to us, and what hopes does it not inspire, when we recollect that the first proposition for repealing the corn-laws was supported in the House of Commons by only *fourteen* votes!

The Second General Peace Congress assembled in Paris on the 22d August 1849, and held its sittings for three days, under the presidency of M. VICTOR HUGO, equally distinguished as a statesman and a poet. M. Dufaure, the minister of the interior, had readily given his authority for a meeting which he characterized

as philanthropic, and as having a high character of international utility; and he at the same time exempted 500 of the English members from the necessity of obtaining passports and submitting their baggage to examination. M. Lacrosse, the minister of public works, “applauded most heartily the efforts which the Congress were making for the propagation of the noble idea of universal peace;” and he expressed his “sincere desire to behold the time of, at least, its partial realization,” which “he hoped might be hastened by the numerous international relations which were being daily created by the vast development of the means of communication all over the face of Europe.” M. F. Lesseps, ex-minister plenipotentiary at Rome, MM. Thierry, Tissot, and Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, all members of the Institute, became members of the Congress, and numerous professors from every university in Europe and America, and many clergymen, followed in their train. The National Assembly sent to the Congress some of its most distinguished members, and the Catholic Church its learned and its pious primate. M. Marie Dominique Auguste, Archbishop of Paris, would have accepted the presidency of the Congress had his health permitted, and he in vain requested the permission of his physician to attend one of its sittings. In announcing himself as a member of the Congress, he declares, “that war is a remnant of ancient barbarism, and that it is accordant with the spirit of Christianity to desire the disappearance of this formidable scourge from the face of the earth, and to make strenuous efforts to obtain this noble and generous end;” and in the following year, when he had witnessed the state of feeling in France, this noble prelate addressed the president of the Congress at Frankfort in the following words:—

“Myself, a man of peace, minister of a God who has said of himself that he was ‘meek and lowly of heart,’ I applaud these efforts of the friends of peace to establish concord on the earth, and to banish wars and divisions. This is a grand object; an object essentially Christian. We cannot yet attain it, but there is a strong tendency towards its attainment. These public manifestations, expressed by these Congresses, prepare and form opinion, which is always the queen of the world. When public opinion shall be decidedly pronounced against violence and brute force, to terminate the differences which arise among nations, their rulers will be obliged to consider among themselves what to do, and wars will become more and more rare.

“But above all, by the development of this Christian spirit among men of peace, when it shall be solidly established on the earth, when humanity shall form only one family, when men shall look upon one another as brothers, when the Church shall have only faithful children, and the passions be subdued, when feelings of selfishness shall give place to those of justice and charity, then will peace descend to the earth; there shall be peace on earth and good will among men.

"We shall in vain, Monsieur le Président, seek for combinations founded on reason and on the material interests of man. They are impotent. It is the heart of the people which must be changed. This great and salutary revolution on the earth cannot be effected except by the aid of a fulcrum taken from heaven. May all the friends of peace, therefore, be, above all, the friends of Christianity! Let them promote its operation on and among themselves. It is the sole means of real efficacy to attain the end proposed, and which we are all engaged to promote. May God supremely bless our common efforts, and incline the hearts of the people toward gentleness and love, which are, indeed, at the foundation of all religion!"

Under auspices like these, where religion, and science, and literature, and political wisdom, had united their torches in one common flame, the proceedings of the Congress were conducted with affectionate unanimity, with brilliant eloquence, and with the inspiration of a living faith in their cause. The ideal passed into the real; the imagination and the judgment proclaimed the same truths; and in the ignorance, the inhumanity, and the anarchy of the past, earnest men, whose convictions neither bigotry nor self-interest could shake, saw the dawn of enlightened times, the downfall of bloody institutions, and the blessed millennium of universal peace.

These interesting features, so seldom exhibited in the discussions of men of all nations and creeds, shone pre-eminently in the inaugural address of the president, M. VICTOR HUGO. We regret that we can find room only for some of its separate paragraphs.

"Gentlemen, this sacred idea, universal peace, all nations bound together in a common bond, the Gospel for their supreme law, meditation substituted for war—this holy sentiment, I ask you, is it practicable? Can it be realized? Many practical men, many public men grown old in the management of affairs, answer in the negative. But I answer with you, and I answer without hesitation,—Yes! and I shall shortly try to prove it to you. I go still further. I do not merely say it is capable of being put into practice, but I add that it is inevitable, and that its execution is only a question of time, and may be hastened or retarded. The law which rules the world is not, cannot be different from the law of God. But the divine law is not one of war—it is peace. Men commenced by conflict, as the creation did by chaos. Whence are they coming? From wars—that is evident. But whither are they going? To peace—that is equally evident. When you enunciate those sublime truths, it is not to be wondered at that your assertion should be met by a negative; it is easy to understand that your faith will be encountered by incredulity; it is evident that in this period of trouble and of dissension the idea of universal peace must surprise and shock, almost like the apparition of something impossible and ideal; it is quite clear that all will call

it Utopian; but for me, who am but an obscure labourer in this great work of the nineteenth century, I accept this opposition without being astonished or discouraged by it. Is it possible that you can do otherwise than turn aside your head and shut your eyes, as if in bewilderment, when in the midst of the darkness which still envelops you, you suddenly open the door that lets in the light of the future?"

After referring to the time when the various provinces of France, now in peaceful union, were engaged in contest and bloody wars, he anticipates on similar grounds the pacification of Europe.

"A day will come when you, France—you, Russia—you, Italy—you, England—you, Germany—all of you, nations of the Continent, will, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, be blended into a superior unity, and constitute an European fraternity, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, have been blended into France. A day will come when the only battle-field will be the market open to commerce and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bomb-shells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the venerable arbitration of a great Sovereign Senate, which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France. A day will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be astonished how such a thing could have been. A day will come when those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen placed in the presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their produce, their commerce, their industry, their arts, their genius, clearing the earth, peopling the deserts, improving creation under the eye of the Creator, and uniting, for the good of all, these two irresistible and infinite powers, the fraternity of men and the power of God. Nor is it necessary that four hundred years should pass away for that day to come. We live in a rapid period, in the most impetuous current of events and ideas which has ever borne away humanity; and at the period in which we live, a year suffices to do the work of a century.

"But French, English, Germans, Russians, Slaves, Europeans, Americans, what have we to do in order to hasten the advent of that great day? We must love each other! To love each other is, in this immense labour of pacification, the best manner of aiding God! God desires that this sublime object should be accomplished. And to arrive at it you are yourselves witnesses of what the Deity is doing on all sides. See what discoveries are every day issuing from human genius—discoveries which all tend to the same object—Peace! What immense progress! What simplification! How Nature is allowing herself to be more and more subjugated by man! How matter every day becomes still more the handmaid of intellect, and the auxiliary of civilisation! How the causes of war vanish with the

causes of suffering ! How people far separated from each other so lately, now almost touch ! How distances become less and less ; and this rapid approach, what is it but the commencement of fraternity ! Thanks to railroads, Europe will soon be no larger than France was in the middle ages. Thanks to steam-ships, we now traverse the mighty ocean more easily than the Mediterranean was formerly crossed. Before long, men will traverse the earth, as the gods of Homer did the sky, in three paces ! But yet a little time, and the electric wire of concord shall encircle the globe and embrace the world. And here, gentlemen, when I contemplate this vast amount of efforts and of events, all of them marked by the finger of God—when I regard this sublime object, the wellbeing of mankind—peace, when I reflect on all that Providence has done in favour of it, and human policy against it, a sad and bitter thought presents itself to my mind."

After asserting that the nations of Europe expend annually for the maintenance of armies a sum of *two thousand millions of francs*, (a hundred millions sterling nearly,) he thus proceeds :—

" If for the last thirty-two years this enormous sum had been expended in this manner, America in the meantime aiding Europe, know you what would have happened ? The face of the world would have been changed. Isthmuses would be cut through, channels formed for rivers, tunnels bored through mountains. Railroads would cover the two continents ; the merchant navy of the globe would have increased a hundred-fold. There would be nowhere barren plains, nor moors, nor marshes. Cities would be found where there are now only deserts. Ports would be sunk where there are now only rocks. Asia would be rescued to civilisation ; Africa would be rescued to man ; abundance would gush forth on every side, from every vein of the earth, at the touch of man, like the living stream from the rock beneath the rod of Moses. Misery would be no longer found ; and with misery, what do you think would disappear ?—Revolutions. Yes, the face of the world would be changed ! In place of mutually destroying each other, men would pacifically extend themselves over the earth. In place of conspiring for revolution, men would combine to establish colonies ! In place of introducing barbarism into civilisation, civilisation would replace barbarism."

When M. Visschers, the President of the Brussels Congress, had given an account of the progress of the Peace cause during the last year, the president presented to M. Bara a case containing bank-notes of the value of 1000 francs ; and he announced that a prize of 500 francs would be awarded to the author of the best collection of extracts from ancient and modern authors, upon the horrors and evils of war ; and that the *Société de la Morale Chrétienne* would give a prize of the same value for the best collection of extracts upon the benefits of peace.

In discussing the proposal for international arbitration, an ex-

cellent essay on the subject, by the Rev. Dr. Godwin, was read to the meeting; the Rev. John Burnet of London, MM. de Gueroult, Hippolyte Peut, the Rev. Asa Mahan of the Oberlin Institute, Ohio, and Mr. Henry Vincent of London, addressed the Congress in powerful and energetic speeches.

The subject of a general and simultaneous disarmament, which was the topic for the second sitting, was advocated in an eloquent speech by the Rev. Athanase Coquerel, by one less stirring from the Vice-President, M. W. H. Suringar of Amsterdam, and in a noble address by M. Francisque Bouvet of the French National Assembly, and Vice-President of the Brussels Congress. In answer to the presumptuous declaration that Peace is impossible, M. Coquerel asserted that nothing is impossible but that which is false, which is wicked, which is antihuman, and antichristian. But everything that is true and good, everything that is Christian and divine, is possible: if it were not so, we could do nothing but despair; the way of progress would be closed for ever to man; and to sum up all in one word, man would be no longer man, and God no longer God. M. Bouvet, after declaring the last councils of the Catholic Church, which prohibited liberty of discussion, to have been the cause of modern wars and revolutions, he concludes with the following peculiar observation:—

“ We have seen them issue from the obscurity of the middle ages by the light of the stakes erected for the punishment of heresy in the 16th century. Since that period the spirit of life has been separated from the spirit of order. The one giving rise to revolutions always incomplete, and often deceptive in their results; the other remaining isolated in its own see of Rome, sustained by the pagan arm of political monarchies, growing feebler every day, like a tree without sap, whose foliage has dropped off through old age, and whose trunk may indeed still offer some resistance to the storm, but can no longer yield a tutelary shelter to society. The question being thus stated, the solution of the problem is clearly indicated. We must restore with the elements of modern civilisation, those grand deliberative and judicial assemblies which formerly existed in Christendom, and thither we shall see returning from all sides, like bees laden with booty to the common hive, the different elements of social order, religious, scientific, and economic, to form, in a holy association, the positive religion of nations. Then will a universal disarmament take place—then will be established permanent peace among all nations.”

The discussion was continued by Mr. H. Vincent, M. Jules Avigdor of Nice, and M. Emile de Girardin, in a singularly powerful speech, at the close of which the whole assembly rose and greeted him with enthusiastic cheers. Mr. Ewart then ascended the tribune, and was followed by M. Frederic Bastiat of the National Assembly, and by Mr. Cobden, whose admirable speech terminated the sitting.

The third sitting of the Congress was opened by the reading of a letter from the illustrious poet Béranger, who had been prevented from attending by an attack of illness. He expressed his earnest desire for the success of this generous assemblage of distinguished men, and gave his hearty approbation to the initiative, which they had had the courage to take at a time apparently so little disposed for peace. It was now intimated to the meeting, that M. Lacrosse, who had previously opened all the national palaces and public establishments to the foreign members of Congress, had also ordered the great waterworks of Versailles to play on the following Monday, in place of Sunday, in order to suit the religious scruples of the English and American members; and after voting thanks to the Minister, the business commenced with a long and excellent essay "On a Congress of Nations," by Mr. Elihu Burritt. The Abbé Deguerry and Mr. Amasa Walker of Massachusetts continued the discussion in well considered speeches, and they were followed by Dr. Bodendstedt of Berlin, Mr. Hindley, M.P., Mr. Edward Miall, and Mr. Cobden. Mr. William Brown, an escaped slave from the United States, made a short speech, and the Rev. Mr. Pennington of New York, once a slave, but now a Presbyterian minister, spoke in a special manner of the condition of the negro population, which he estimated at *twelve millions*, one half of whom were then in servitude to the whites. After a vote of thanks was passed to the French Government for their liberal countenance and splendid hospitalities, and another to the President, M. Victor Hugo returned thanks, and closed the Congress in an eloquent speech, with the following interesting statement:—

"This morning, at the opening of this session, at the moment when a Christian priest was enchanting you all by the spell of his sublime and soul-penetrating eloquence, at that moment, some one, a member of this assembly, of whose name I am ignorant, reminded him that the present day, the 24th of August, is the anniversary of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. The Catholic priest turned aside his venerable head, unwilling to think upon this lamentable occurrence. Well! for my part, I accept the omen, I adopt the recollection. Yes, two hundred and seventy-seven years ago from this very day, Paris—the Paris in which we are now assembled—awoke in terror; in the midst of the night, a bell, which was called the silver bell, tolled at the Palace of Justice—the Catholics ran to arms, the Protestants were surprised in their sleep, and a wholesale murder, a massacre, a crime in which commingled hatreds of all kinds, both religious, civil, and political, a crime of the deepest and blackest dye, was committed. Well! to-day, on the same day, in the same town, God summons all these hatreds before him, and commands them to be changed into love! God takes away from this fatal anniversary its sinister signification; where there had been a spot of blood, He puts a ray of

light; in the place of an idea of vengeance, of fanaticism, and of war, He substitutes an idea of reconciliation, of tolerance and of peace; and, thanks to Him, by his will, thanks to the progress which He effects and ordains in the world, precisely on this fatal day of the 24th August, and, so to speak, almost under the shadow of that tower which gave the signal for the massacre, not only English and French, Italians and Germans, Europeans and Americans, but also those who were called Papists, and those who were called Huguenots, recognise each other as brethren; and unite in a close and henceforth indissoluble embrace! Dare now to deny progress! But, know this well, the man who denies progress is a monster of impiety, the man who denies progress denies providence, for providence and progress are one and the same thing, and progress is only one of the human names of the eternal God! Brethren, I accept your acclamations, and I offer them to future generations. Yes! may this day be a memorable day, may it mark the end of the effusion of human blood; may it mark the end of massacres and wars; may it inaugurate the commencement of the reign of peace and concord upon earth, and may it be said—The 24th of August, 1572, is effaced and disappears before the 24th of August, 1849!"

On the 25th of August, the members and visitors of the Congress spent the day in viewing the various public edifices and exhibitions which had been thrown open for their inspection; and in the evening they attended a grand soirée, given in honour of the Congress by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and his lady, Madame de Tocqueville. The magnificent suite of reception rooms at the *Hotel des Affaires Etrangères* was thrown open for their reception. A band of music was in attendance, and the garden was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. Several members of the diplomatic body and of the National Assembly, and many of the public functionaries, enjoyed the hospitality of their distinguished host, and like him conversed freely with the leading orators of the Congress.

On Monday the 27th August, the Peace Delegates visited Versailles, where they were received at the gates of the palace by officers waiting their arrival. The great fountains threw their jets to the skies, amid the joyous sounds of English cheers, and to the delight of between thirty and forty thousand spectators. The palace of St. Cloud was likewise opened for the reception of the Congress, and the great cascade was illuminated in their honour. Nothing was omitted by the authorities in Paris to shew their respect for the missionaries of peace. The liberality of the Government, and the hospitality of its most distinguished members, will never be effaced from the memory of those who enjoyed it; and we feel that, in future times, the feelings which were inspired, and the truths which were taught from the Tribune of Peace, will yet exercise a beneficial influence in promot-

ing the highest interests of France, and the continued tranquillity of Europe.

The Third Peace Congress was held at Frankfort on the 22d, 23d, and 24th August 1850, under the presidency of M. Jaup, lately Prime Minister of Hesse-Darmstadt. Through the kindness of the Consistory of the Lutheran Church, the meetings were held in St. Paul's Church, a magnificent circular edifice, capable of holding between two and three thousand persons. Among the many interesting letters of sympathy and adhesion which were received at this meeting, we must specially distinguish those of two of the greatest men on whose brow science has already planted her wreath of immortality—Baron Von Humboldt and Baron Liebig. In his great work, entitled *Cosmos*, the illustrious patriarch of science had long ago given his opinion on the subject of universal peace.

"The one idea," he says, "which history exhibits as ever more developing itself into greater distinctness, is *the idea of humanity*,—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views, and by setting aside the distinction of religion, country, and colour, to treat the whole human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."

In his letter of apology, on account of his inability to attend the meeting at Frankfort, addressed to the president and members, this fine idea is more fully developed.

"The general peace which our Continent has now so long enjoyed, and the praiseworthy efforts of many governments to avert the oft-threatening dangers of a general European war, prove that the ideas which so prominently occupy your minds are in accordance with the sentiments called forth and diffused by the increased culture of humanity. It is a useful enterprise to inspire such sentiments in the commonwealth by public conferences, and, at the same time, to point out the way through which wise and sincere governments may, by fostering the progressive and legitimate development and perfectibility of free institutions, weaken the long-accumulated elements of animosity.

"How much mildness of manners, and an improved order in the organization of states, have confined within narrower limits the wild outbursts of physical violence, may be seen by comparing the first middle ages with modern times. The whole history of the past shews, that, under the protection of a superior power, a long-nourished yearning after a noble aim, in the life of nations, will at length find its consummation. Has not a disgraceful legislation, conniving at, yea, even encouraging, the infamous system of slavery and the traffic in human beings, at least on our Continent, and in the independent States of former Spanish America, yielded to the united efforts of the better part of mankind?

"We must not, then, relinquish the hope that a path will open, by which all hostile divisions and contracting jealousies will gradually disappear. The whole history of the world teaches, to use the expression of a statesman long departed, 'that the idea of humanity becomes, in the course of centuries, ever more visible, in a more enlarged acceptance, and proclaims its animating power.'"

After the president had delivered a brief introductory address, the usual topics of discourse were taken up by the Rev. John Burnet, the Rev. M. Bonnet of the Reformed Church at Frankfort, and by M. De Cormenin, formerly member of the French Constituent Assembly, and Councillor of State. Emile de Girardin and M. Visschers followed with able speeches. A long address from the friends of peace at Philadelphia was then read; and after an effective speech from Mr. Cobden, the resolution in favour of arbitration was carried by acclamation, and the sitting adjourned.

It is a remarkable circumstance that General Haynau was present at this sitting, and his presence thus alluded to by Mr. Cobden:—

"Among the visitors to-day is a stranger whom I little expected to meet at a Peace Congress. The last great meeting I attended in England I found myself side by side with General Klapka, and now I find myself almost shoulder to shoulder with General Haynau. Now, when we see the two leading generals who were recently opposed to each other coming to Peace meetings and Peace Congresses, I begin to entertain no doubt that the world is opening its eyes to the justice of our principle. These generals themselves seem not to be perfectly satisfied, whether they are victors or whether they belong to the vanquished; they seem not to be quite satisfied in their own minds of the righteousness of their tribunal, when they attend the Congresses of the friends of Peace. Now, it is not likely that any of our peace friends will pay a visit to General Haynau in his camp. I wish to say nothing which would deter the leaders of our opponents from the progress of opinion; but I must say that General Haynau was about the last man I thought we should have converted. I take this as a sign of progress which is safe and sure when founded upon those principles which have been laid down at the meeting to-day, founded upon the common interests and the common humanity of all living men."

At the second sessional meeting the subject of standing armaments was ably discussed by Mr. Hindley, M.P., and Rabbi Stein of Frankfort, who concluded with these words:—

"Yes, gentlemen, whenever I behold a locomotive engine rushing along with the speed of the wind, with its column of cloud and fire, I am reminded of that miraculous column of cloud by day and fire by night, which went before the people of Israel into the land of

promise. Our ancient teachers say that that column gave way to no obstacle; mountains were levelled before it, hills were dispersed like dust. Even thus will be our journey into the land of the promised universal peace: God goeth before us, and every obstacle must disappear. And never do I behold those wonderful wires that carry upon their wings the words of men with the rapidity of thought, without a feeling of rapture at the reflection, that an electric current is passing through the hearts of men; that we are placed within the magic circle of love, which conveys from man to man, from nation to nation, the vibrating motion of its presence. It is, however, the spirit of the times that carries every thought with the rapidity of lightning through the world. To this spirit of the times, one of God's messengers, may be applied what was said of one of the liberators of America, Franklin—

“‘Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrum tyrannis.’”

M. Joseph Garnier, Dr. Bullard, U.S., M. E. Girardin, Dr. Hitchcock, President of Amersham College, U.S., the Rev. E. B. Hall, U.S., and Mr. Cobden, followed in the same line of argument; and the subject of disapproving of foreign loans for paying the expense of war having been discussed by Herr Ducker from Holland, M. E. Girardin, and Herr Zachariah of Stettin, the sitting was adjourned.

At the third and last sitting the subject of non-intervention was introduced, and a resolution condemning it was moved by Kah-Ge-Gah-Bowh, (Firm-standing,) now the Rev. G. Copway, lately a chief of the Red Indian tribes! He addressed the Congress in an animated speech, which he closed with the following words:—

“When I look at this assembly I am astonished—astonished at its success; when I consider the state of Europe, and the difficulties to have been overcome, difficulties which rise up like hills and mountains in the way of civilisation—and being thus astonished, who need wonder if I predict that the time must soon come when all the courts of Europe will send its representatives to this Congress, even Rome itself? You may say this is not possible. It is possible: as much so as the existence of those mighty machineries which your forefathers would have called miraculous. When I left my country in the West, my aged father came to me and said, ‘Here, my son, take this,’—(unrolling the Indian pipe of peace :) yes, when I took my seat at this table, many persons seemed afraid to sit near me, as if I had arms in my hand; but, Mr. President, it is not a weapon of war, it is a weapon of peace, which, in the name of my countrymen, I present to you—it is our calumet. And I will add, of this great question of Peace—

“‘Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.’”

After a short speech from Dr. Weil of Frankfort, Dr. Bodenstein of Berlin addressed the meeting in English; but having entered upon the discussion of the Schleswig-Holstein question, which was contrary to the standing order of the Congress, that reference to present political events should be avoided, he yielded to the request of the president. Dr. Bodenstein "had arrived only that morning from Berlin, bringing with him an address to the Congress, signed by the leading men of the Constitutional party in that city, as well as by the ambassador of Schleswig-Holstein, entreating the Congress to appoint a Commission of Inquiry into the matters at issue between Denmark and the Duchies, with a view to put a stop to that deplorable and unnatural war. But the Committee, before whom this proposal was laid at a preliminary meeting, did not feel that this was a work which lay properly within the province of the Congress." Had the two contending parties sent an official offer to submit their differences to the arbitration of the Congress, the case would have had another aspect; but under the present circumstances any interference on the part of the Congress would have been justly regarded as a violation of the very principle of non-intervention, which the Congress had laid down for the government of States.

The subject under discussion having been resumed by M. E. Girardin, and pursued by Dr. Creizenach of Frankfort, Mr. Edward Miall, and Signor Madono from Piedmont, Dr. Jaup read a short historical treatise on the principle of non-intervention as recognised in the law of nations. Mr. Burritt then, in a vigorous speech, submitted a resolution on the subject of a general congress of the representatives of the various states, with a view to the formation of a code of international laws. The resolution was supported by various speakers, English, French, and German, and after being unanimously adopted, M. Cormenin moved the following supplementary resolution:—

"The Congress condemns the practice of *duelling* between individuals, equally with war between nations; and every person joining this Society binds himself not to be a party to a duel, and ceases to be a member if he violates the pledge."

When the proposition had been seconded by Mr. Cobden, and the resolution was about to be put, M. Emile Girardin, who is well known to have given the mortal wound to M. Armand Carrel, rose and said,—

"Duelling is war between individuals. We here give a guarantee to obtain credit, and that guarantee is to be found in the solemnity of our acts—that guarantee is to deny duelling publicly and openly. A legislative assembly has, at this moment, as subject for future debate, a law upon duelling. In my life there is a painful reminiscence.

I fought a fatal duel twenty years ago, and I still feel remorse for it at this moment. If we were to leave no other trace in Frankfort than this resolution, we might say we had done enough."

When the resolution had been adopted, the Rev. Henry Richard moved different votes of thanks to the authorities in Frankfort for their liberality and kindness. The Congress agreed to hold their next meeting in London in 1851; and after thanks had been returned to Mr. Jaup, the president, the proceedings of the Congress were closed.

The Fourth Congress of Peace met in London on the 22d of July 1851, under the presidency of Sir David Brewster. Its meetings were held in Exeter Hall, a building which could accommodate upwards of four thousand persons; and owing to the vast number of strangers whom the Great Exhibition had brought to our metropolis, the attendance of the friends of peace to countenance and advance its cause was numerous and brilliant beyond all former example. In the two temples of peace, then filled with all that is great and noble and estimable in society, there were assembled two different classes of true worshippers. In the one, beauty, piety, and philanthropy were listening to strains of eloquence and poetry, addressed to their reason and their humanity. In the other, the prince and the peer, and the citizen and the peasant, were learning the anthem of peace, which through every heart thrilled from the countless creations of industry and genius. No sounds of battle were heard there. The brazen throats of war thundered no death-notes from their polished lungs, and the implements of battle hung around in peaceful insolation, guiltless of human blood, and forged for the admiration, not for the destruction, of man. They disappeared even among the fabrics and products that were to deck the prince and the peasant; among the luxuries that were to cheer them; among the mechanisms of advanced civilisation, and among the instruments of science that are yet to explore the invisible creation at our feet, and make known to man the distant glories of the universe. Unfurled above all these elements of peace rose the meteor flags of Europe, that had often "burned terrific" above her bloodiest battle-fields; but though now dimmed before the brighter banners of industry and commerce, the patriot still sees under the symbols which they bear the deeds of the heroes that had carried them to victory, while he feels, and glories in the feeling, that war's troubled night has passed, and that the star of peace has returned.

Although the thousands that assembled for three days in Exeter Hall could not be compared with the hundreds of thousands which thronged the Crystal Palace, yet it has been stated, on authority which cannot be doubted, that there had never

before been gathered in the British metropolis an assembly embodying so large an amount of the highest elements of English society, its intelligence, its moral and religious worth, as that which met to plead the cause of peace and philanthropy. More than a thousand men were there from every district of the United Kingdom, representing all the principal cities of the empire, and selected, for the most part, on account of the honourable local distinction they had acquired among their fellow-citizens. There, also, were the official delegates from the important municipal and religious bodies—the chief magistrates from many towns—the parliamentary representatives of not a few influential constituencies—more than two hundred ministers of religion of various denominations, appointed by their respective congregations—eminent professors in our collegiate establishments, and a considerable body of men inferior to none in this country for their scientific, literary, and theological attainments.

Of the foreign delegates America sent upwards of *sixty*, representing *sixteen* different States in the Union, some of whom had travelled more than a thousand miles before they embarked on the Atlantic. France and Germany, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Holland, Sweden and Norway, sent also their contingent; and thus were arrayed on the neutral ground of humanity, a brotherhood from nations that had often assembled on the battle-field, for the purposes of vengeance and mutual destruction.

Such was the composition of the Congress of Peace, as held in the capital of the British Isles. Lest we mislead our readers, we must tell them also who were not there. No member of the British Cabinet, either of the past or of the present, was there; no expectant, and no occupant of place; no British or Irish or Scottish peer; no Archbishop or Bishop or Golden canon was there; no Catholic priest; no Erastian Presbyterian; no teacher from our national universities; no worshipper of the muses, to welcome the Lamartines, the Victor Hugos, and the Bérangers of other lands; no military, or naval hero, with star and medal, was there; no healer of gunshot wounds; no spiritual stipendiary of the camp; no compounder of gunpowder; no primer of copper caps; and no stretcher of kettle-drums: Nor saw we there the rigger of our hearts of oak and our hulls of iron—of the Bloodhound and the Bulldog; of the Devastator and the Firebrand; of the Savage and the Serpent; of the Vindictive and the Vengeance—those arks of mercy, freighted with the benevolence of gun-cotton and grape-shot, to make friends of natural enemies—to civilize aboriginal barbarians; and, perchance, what no Englishman can do, to stifle liberty in its cradle—replace the man of sin on his unrighteous throne, and restore the inquisitor to his bloody judgment-seat.

We record not these facts as proofs either of hostility or indifference to the interests of humanity. They have, doubtless, some other origin, which may be discovered in the nature and peculiarities of our institutions; but when the foreign members of the Congress recollect the respect and hospitality which they received from Cabinet Ministers and official men in Paris, Brussels, and Frankfort, and the support freely proffered to their cause by distinguished generals, both in France and Germany, they may be excused for misinterpreting the coldness and inhospitality of our political, military, and municipal authorities.

After the Bureau of the Congress had been constituted, Sir David Brewster, as President, delivered the inaugural address, of which we can find room only for the following extracts:—

“I should have shrunk,” said he, “from occupying the chair in which your kindness has placed me, were I required to address to you any formal and lengthened argument in favour of the grand object which the Congress of Peace has been organized to accomplish. I shall consider this part of my duty discharged by a brief reference to the nature and the justice of the cause which we are this day met to plead. The principle for which we claim your sympathy and ask your support, is, that war undertaken to settle differences between nations is the relic of a barbarous age, equally condemned by religion, by reason, and by justice. The question, ‘What is war?’ has been more frequently asked than answered; and I hope that there may be in this assembly some eloquent individual who has seen it in its realities, and who is willing to tell us what he has seen. Most of you, like myself, know it only in poetry and romance. We have wept over the epics and the ballads which celebrate the tragedies of war. We have followed the warrior in his career of glory, without tracing the line of blood along which he has marched. We have worshipped the demigod in the temple of fame, in ignorance of the cruelties and crimes by which he climbed its steep. It is only from the soldier himself, and in the language of the eye that has seen its agonies, and of the ear that has heard its shrieks, that we can obtain a correct idea of the miseries of war. Though far from our happy shores, many of us may have seen it in its ravages and in its results—in the green mound which marks the recent battle-field—in the shattered forest—in the razed and desolate village, and, perchance, in the widows and the orphans which it made! And yet, this is but the memory of war—the faint shadow of its dread realities—the reflection but of its blood, and the echoes but of its thunder. I shudder when imagination carries me to the sanguinary field—to the death-struggles between men who are husbands and fathers and brothers—to the horrors of the siege and the sack—to the deeds of rapine and violence and murder, in which neither age nor sex is spared. To men who reason, and who feel while they reason, nothing in the history of their species appears more inexplicable, than that war, the child of barbarism, should exist in an age enlightened and civilized,

when the arts of peace have attained the highest perfection, and when science has brought into personal communion nations the most distant, and races the most unfriendly. But it is more inexplicable still, that war should exist where Christianity has for nearly 2000 years been shedding its gentle light, and that it should be defended by arguments drawn from the Scriptures themselves. If the sure word of prophecy has told us that the time must come when men shall learn the art of war no more, it is doubtless our duty, and it shall be our work, to hasten its fulfilment, and upon the anvil of Christian truth, and with the brawny arm of indignant reason, to beat the sword into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook. I am ashamed, in a Christian community, to defend on Christian principles the cause of universal peace. He who proclaimed peace on earth and goodwill to man; who commands us to love our enemies, and to do good to them who despitefully use us and persecute us; he who counsels us to hold up the left cheek when the right is smitten, will never acknowledge as disciples, or admit into his immortal family, the sovereign or the minister who shall send the fiery cross over tranquil Europe, and summon the bloodhounds of war to settle the disputes and gratify the animosities of nations."

After alluding to the adhesion of the Archbishop of Paris, and the opinion of Bishop Porteous, he remarks:—

"War is, by its friends, deemed a condition of man in his state of trial. It has, they allege, been part of the Divine government for six thousand years, and it will, therefore, continue till that government has ceased. It is, consequently, as they argue, wholly Utopian to attempt to subvert what is a law of Providence, and what seems part and parcel of our fallen nature. If the combativeness of man, as evinced in his history, is thus a necessary condition of his humanity, and is for ever to have its issue in war, his superstition, his credulity, his ignorance, his lust for power, must also be perpetuated in the institutions to which they have given birth. Where, then, are the orgies, the saturnalia of ancient times, the gods who were invoked, and the temples where they were worshipped? Like war, they were the condition of an infant race, and have disappeared in the blaze of advancing civilisation. The game of credulity, the condition of early science, and the sphere of the magician, the conjuror, and the alchemist, has, like that of superstition, been played, and the truths which once administered to imposture have become the sources of wealth and the means of happiness. The game of ignorance, also, has been played, and the schoolmaster has buckled on his armour to replace it with knowledge and with virtue. The game of slavery, too, has nearly been played—that monstrous condition of humanity which statesmen still living hold to be inseparable from social life, and which men, still called Christians, defend from Scripture. The game of duelling—the game of personal war, in which false honour and morbid feeling make their appeals to arms, and which was not only defended but practised by Christians—has likewise been played; and even the sol-

dier, who was supposed to have a prescriptive title to its use, has willingly surrendered his right of homicide and manslaughter. Is it Utopian, then, to attempt to put an end to war? If personal and local feuds have been made amenable to law—if the border wars of once hostile kingdoms have been abolished by their union—if nations have successfully combined to maintain the balance of European power by their armies—if, in our own day, an alliance called holy has been organized to put down revolution in individual states, and maintain the principle of order—why may not the same great powers again combine to enforce peace as well as order, and to chastise the first audacious nation that ventures to disturb the tranquillity of Europe? The principle of this Congress, to settle national disputes by arbitration, has, to a certain extent, been adopted by existing powers, both monarchical and republican; and it is surely neither chimerical nor officious to make such a system universal among the very nations that have themselves partially adopted it. If these views have reason and justice on their side, their final triumph cannot be distant. The cause of peace has made, and is making, rapid progress. The most distinguished men of all nations are lending it their aid. The illustrious Humboldt, the chief of the republic of letters, whom I am proud to call my friend, has addressed to the Congress of Frankfort a letter of sympathy and adhesion. He tells us that our institution is a step in the life of nations, and that under the protection of a superior power, it will at length find its consummation. He recalls to us the noble expression of a statesman long departed, ‘that the idea of humanity is becoming more and more prominent, and is everywhere proclaiming its animating power.’ Other glorious names sanction our cause. Several French statesmen, and many of the most distinguished members of the Institute, have joined our alliance. The Catholic and the Protestant clergy of Paris are animated in the sacred cause, and the most illustrious of its poets have brought to us the willing tribute of their genius. The philosophers and divines of Germany, too, have given us their sympathy and support; and in America, every man that thinks is a friend of universal peace.”

After pointing out the security and amelioration which property will derive from peace, he says:—

“With war will cease its expenditure. National prosperity will follow national security. The arts of peace will flourish as the arts of war decay. Science and the arts, in thus acquiring new intellectual strength, will make new conquests over matter, and give new powers to mind. The minister, who now refuses to science its inalienable rights, and grudges even the crumbs which fall from his niggardly board, will then open the nation’s purse to advance the nation’s glory. Education, too, will then dispense its blessings through a wider range, and Religion, within its own hallowed sphere, will pursue its labours of love and truth, in imitation of its blessed Master.”

He then described the Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, and its influence in preserving peace, and concluded thus:—

"The grand truth, indeed, which this lesson involves, is recorded in bronze on the prize medal by which the genius of the exhibitors is to be rewarded. Round the head of Prince Albert, to whose talent and moral courage we owe the Exposition of 1851, and addressed to us in his name, is the noble sentiment—'Dissociata in locis concordi Pace ligavi.' It will, indeed, be the noblest result of the Prince's labours, if they shall effect among nations what they have already done among individuals, the removal of jealousies that are temporary, and the establishment of friendships that are enduring. Nations are composed of individuals, and that kindness and humanity which adorn the single heart, cannot be real if they disappear in the united sentiment of nations. We cannot readily believe that nations which have embraced each other in social intercourse, and in the interchange of professional knowledge, will recognise any other object of rivalry and ambition than a superiority in the arts of peace. It is not likely that men who have admired each other's genius, and have united in giving a just judgment on rival inventions, will ever again concur in referring questions of national honour to the arbitrament of the sword. If, in the material works, the most repulsive elements may be permanently compressed within their sphere of mutual attraction; if, in the world of instinct, natures the most ferocious may be softened and even tamed when driven into a common retreat by their deadliest foe—may we not expect in the world of reason and of faith, that men severed by national and personal enmities, who have been toiling under the same impulse and acting for the same end, who are standing in the porch of the same Hall of Judgment, and panting for the same eternal home—may we not expect that such men will never again consent to brandish the deadly cutlass or throw the hostile spear? May we not regard it as certain that they will concur with us in exerting themselves to the utmost in effecting the entire abolition of war?"

After addresses had been read from the mayor and aldermen of Sheffield, and from the provost, magistrates, and town-council of Dunfermline, and letters of adhesion from Count Dumellie, President of the Chamber of Deputies of Turin, and from Thomas Carlyle, who "held himself bound by all opportunities open to him to forward the cause," the meeting proceeded to discuss the eight propositions in which they embodied their opinions and views. These propositions are given in the following programme:—

"The Congress of the friends of universal peace, assembled in London, July 22d, 23d, and 24th, 1851, considering that recourse to arms for the settlement of international disputes is a custom condemned alike by religion, morality, reason, and humanity, and, believing that it is useful and necessary frequently to direct the attention both of governments and peoples to the evils of the war system, and the desirableness and practicability of maintaining permanent international peace, resolves:—

"1. That it is the special and solemn duty of all ministers of

religion, instructors of youth, and conductors of the public press, to employ their great influence in the diffusion of pacific principles and sentiments, and in eradicating from the minds of men those hereditary animosities, and political and commercial jealousies, which have been so often the cause of disastrous wars.

" 2. That as an appeal to the sword can settle no question, on any principle of equity and right, it is the duty of governments to refer to the decision of competent and impartial arbitrators such differences arising between them as cannot be otherwise amicably adjusted.

" 3. That the standing armaments, with which the governments of Europe menace each other, amid professions of mutual friendship and confidence, being a prolific source of social immorality, financial embarrassment, and national suffering, while they excite constant disquietude and irritation among the nations, this Congress would earnestly urge upon the governments the imperative necessity of entering upon a system of international disarmament.

" 4. This Congress, regarding the system of negotiating loans for the prosecution of war, or the maintenance of warlike armaments, as immoral in principle and disastrous in operation, renews its emphatic condemnation of all such loans.

" 5. This Congress, believing that the intervention, by threatened or actual violence, of one country in the internal politics of another, is a frequent cause of bitter and desolating wars, maintains that the right of every state to regulate its own affairs should be held absolute and inviolate.

" 6. This Congress recommends all the friends of peace to prepare public opinion, in their respective countries, with a view to the formation of an authoritative code of international law.

" 7. This Congress expresses its strong abhorrence of the system of aggression and violence practised by civilized nations upon aboriginal and uncivilized tribes, as leading to incessant and exterminating wars, eminently unfavourable to the true progress of religion, civilisation, and commerce.

" 8. This Congress, convinced that whatever brings the nations of the earth together in intimate and friendly intercourse, must tend to the establishment of peace, by removing misapprehensions and prejudices, and inspiring mutual respect, hails, with unqualified satisfaction, the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, as eminently calculated to promote that end."

In these propositions, so admirably conceived and expressed, our readers will find in no ambiguous language the objects which the friends of peace are desirous to accomplish. There is here no wish, as has been falsely stated, to recommend the discontinuance of our armaments, or the diminution of our vigilance, or the destruction of our defences, and still less to attack the honour or morality or bravery of our generals and our officers. The Congress urges the necessity "of entering upon a system of *international disarmament*," and recommends a series of measures

which no patriot and no friend of religion and humanity will venture to condemn. These views and these measures were advocated in 1846, when the peace societies were in active operation, by the most influential of all modern journals—*The Times*, in the following eloquent paragraph, which embodies all the doctrines of the friends of peace.

“ Above all, there is one achievement before us without which every other must be insincere and of questionable value. It remains for the most powerful, the bravest, and the freest people of the globe, to proclaim and establish the virtue and beauty, the holiness and necessity, of UNIVERSAL PEACE, and that they will proclaim it, in due time, we entertain no doubt. It has already occurred to the thinking masses of this great country, notwithstanding the humanizing creed which we profess, the civilisation which we boast, and the increased intelligence of all classes of the population, that the ferocity of warfare is as brutal to-day as in the remotest times of savage ignorance; that the Christian and the heathen are, to all intents and purposes, one and the same when they meet as destroyers in the battle-field; and that what we call the glorious victories of British arms, are scarcely to be distinguished from the butcheries of barbarous ages that we pity, and of more barbarous fighting men whom we think proper to condemn. And it must be so. You cannot redeem, under any circumstances, the naked and horrid aspect of war, the offspring of brutality, and civilisation's adopted child. War in itself is a mighty evil—an incongruity in a scheme of social harmony—a canker at the heart of improvement—a *living lie in a Christian land*—a curse at all times. We confess that we regard with infinite satisfaction every endeavour, come whence it may, to destroy the supremacy of a cruel deity acknowledged on every ground. Kings who preach to their subjects the advantage and sacred character of peace are more than kings. Men who unite to promulgate the same doctrine, feeble instruments though they be, and liable to ridicule, claim respect for their mission.”

The first resolution of the Congress, to assist in diffusing peaceful principles and eradicating hereditary animosities, as among the causes of disastrous war, was moved by the Rev. J. A. James of Birmingham, and the Rev. Mr. Brock of Bloomsbury Chapel, and supported by the Rev. Athanase Coquerel of Paris, and Don Mariano Soler, a Spanish writer, in speeches of much eloquence and power. Mr. James addressed himself to the ministers of religion, and implored them to assert from their pulpits the glorious doctrine of perpetual and universal peace. “ And I could now almost wish you,” he said, “ to pledge yourselves to this labour of love.” All the ministers here rose, amid the cheering of the Assembly, and thus accepted the challenge. “ Gentlemen,” continued the speaker, “ I thank you for that response. It proves that I had not misunderstood your sentiments, or miscalculated your zeal in the cause.”

The second resolution in favour of international arbitration was ably advocated by M. Visschers of Brussels, in an elaborate oration, and supported by Dr. George Beckwith, U.S., and by our eloquent countryman, the Rev. John Burnet.

At the second sitting of the Congress, on the 23d, very interesting letters of adhesion were read to the meeting from M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, member of the Institute and of the Chamber of Deputies; from M. Carnot, a member of the same Chamber, and the son of the illustrious Carnot, whose brilliant career has already been traced in the pages of this Journal. Letters were also read from M. Victor Tracy, formerly minister of marine in France, and from General Subervie, general of division in the French army, and member of the National Assembly. "Of all the scourges," said the general, "that can afflict the world, war is the most terrible. I have assisted at all the sanguinary dramas which desolated Europe for more than twenty years, and amid fields of battle I have often reproached Providence for not arresting the effusion of the people's blood, the innocent victims of the passions and the ambition of those who call themselves the masters of our destiny."

The propriety of urging upon European governments the necessity of a system of international disarmament, was powerfully advocated by Mr. Cobden, and supported by M. Pompery of Paris, Mr. Ewart, M.P., Mr. Macgregor, M.P., and Don Jose Segundo Flores, Professor of Political Economy at Madrid; and the right of every state to regulate its own affairs was eloquently maintained by Mr. Henry Vincent, M. Garnier, the Rev. J. Burnet, and M. Emile Girardin. The Rev. H. Garnett, a negro and escaped slave, addressed the meeting; and the Rev. Frederick Crowe from Guatemala in Central America, gave the meeting an account of his experience of the demoralizing habits of the barracks, of his imprisonment for refusing to serve as a Spanish militiaman, and of the impressment as it were of the slaves captured in the Middle Passage, to serve in our West India black regiments.

Previous to commencing the business of the third sitting of the Congress, the Secretary intimated that he had received a letter of sympathy and approval from the Archbishop of Dublin, and an apology for his absence from M. Victor Hugo. At this moment fifteen of the Parisian workmen, who had been sent over to study the Exhibition of Industry, entered the Hall, and were received on the platform. Their names and professions were read over by Mr. Vincent, and one of them, M. Pierre Vinsard, a working engraver, delivered with much spirit an excellent address in French, pointing out the injury which was inflicted on the working man, and asserting that the annihila-

tion of war and pauperism could be effected only by a sincere and durable union among the people of all nations.

After an able speech on the general topics of the Congress by Dr. Creizenach of Frankfort, Mr. Charles Gilpin moved the fourth resolution; which condemns the negotiating of loans for the prosecution of war. It was seconded by Mr. Edward Miall, in a speech of great mental vigour, every word of which told upon the audience. Mr. Samuel Gurney, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Buckingham, and M. Jules Avigdor, banker, Nice, brought forward new arguments in support of the resolution. M. De Cormenin urged the necessity of sending to Parliament, members who were the friends of Peace; and Rev. Mr. Massie urged upon the female portion of the audience, the duty of educating their children in the cause of Peace; and he intimated the offer of a friend to add £500 to a fund of £20,000, to enable Mr. Cobden to carry on an agitation for international arbitration.

After an eloquent speech, which electrified the audience, from Mr. Elihu Burritt, who described with singular power the Great Exhibition and its influence upon society, excellent speeches were made by Mr. Coignet of Lyons, Dr. Scherzer of Vienna, and particularly by M. Bouvet of the National Assembly of France, who in a moment of great temptation and cruel insult had been induced to accept a challenge to a duel which had a fatal termination. In his admirable speech on the objects of the Congress, he expressed with much feeling the remorse which he felt for the violation of his principles, and the calamity to which he alluded.

The business of the Congress was now hastening to a close. A resolution moved by Mr. Sturge, that a Congress of the Friends of Peace should be held next year, was carried by acclamation; and after it was announced, amid the cheers of the audience, that Mr. G. Hatfield of Manchester, intended to have a silver medal struck at his own expense, and presented to the French workmen who had attended the Congress, as a memorial of the satisfaction which their visit had created, Sir David Brewster closed the sittings of the Congress with the following observations:—

“In closing this Congress, allow me to congratulate you on the peace and order which have marked its proceedings. I have had occasion to attend many large public assemblies, and several in this Hall, but I was never before present at a meeting when the Chairman was not even once called upon to exercise his authority, either over the audience or the speaker. It is not a less agreeable source of congratulation, that the gentlemen to whose eloquent and argumentative speeches we have listened with so much pleasure, have never violated the regulations laid down for the guidance of the meeting, and have

never allowed their feelings to carry them out of their proper sphere of peaceful discussion into the field of political argument, within which we should at every step have been treading upon thorns. Although I had read much and thought much, as all of you must have done, on the important topics to which our attention has been directed, I carry away from this Congress, as I trust all of you do, many new views, and many new arguments in favour of universal peace. But while you have yourselves been impressed with the deep importance of this cause, as the cause of humanity and religion, I hope that you will regard it as a sacred duty to teach the lessons of peace in your families, and to propagate them throughout the sphere over which your influence extends. It is only by enlisting the young in our service, and preserving their minds from the poison that lurks under their amusements, as well as under the prevailing system of education, that we can hope to attain the grand object at which we aim. To you, gentlemen, whose daily work it is to teach and exemplify the doctrines of peace and charity, I need not offer any suggestions for your guidance; but you will perhaps allow me to say, that while much may be done for our cause from the pulpit, more may be expected from the school. It is by the selection of proper teachers, and the choice of proper school-books for the institutions you superintend, or over which you have any control, that you are most likely to check that admiration of military achievements which is so strong in the young, and which, when fostered by the poet and the historian, exercises such an influence over them in after life. Were our youth better instructed than they are in the popular departments of physical and natural science, subjects with which no deeds of heroism or personal adventure are associated; and were every school to have a museum, containing objects of natural history, and specimens of the fine and the useful arts, the amusements of the school would assume a different character, and the scholars would go into active life better fitted for those peaceful professions to which ere long they must be confined. But there is still another class whose active interest in the cause of peace I would fain secure. If there are mothers in this assembly, as I can testify there are fathers, whose sons have been sent, in the service of their country, to the regions of pestilence or of war, I need not solicit their assistance in propagating the doctrines of peace. They will proffer it in tears—in tears shed in the recollection of those anxious days in which they have followed in their hazardous career the objects of their deepest love—now sinking under a burning sun—now prostrate under tropical disease—now exposed to the sword of the enemy. If there are others in the fair assemblage which graces this Hall, whose sympathies have not yet been excited, and whose feelings have not been harrowed by the calamities of war, I would implore their active exertions in our cause. Should it be their destiny to become mothers themselves, they have much at stake in the question of peace or war; and, feeling as woman ever feels, a deep interest in the cause of humanity, I would solicit her gentle influence over those stronger and less susceptible natures with which her own is destined to blend. With the expression of this wish I close our proceedings, trusting

that we shall all meet again at our next Congress, with fresh zeal and ardour in the cause. But should we not all meet again, should some of us, from whose hour-glass are hastening 'life's last ebbing sands;' or should some of you who grace the panorama of youth and beauty now before me, be summoned from this world of strife to that world of rest, before the autumn's sun has performed another of its annual rounds,—should this be our fate or yours, you will not be the less welcome to the land of the lamb and the dove, that you have breathed your last as a friend or as a member of the Congress of Peace."

After a vote of thanks had been passed to the President, Vice-President, and Secretaries, the proceedings of the Congress terminated.

In return for the great kindness and hospitality with which the English members had been welcomed in Brussels, Paris, and Frankfort, the English delegates gave a grand soirée to their foreign friends, in Willis's Rooms, on Friday evening. The company which assembled amounted to more than 800, including individuals of all nations. A great number of ladies graced the meeting, and much interest was excited by the French workmen, the representatives of large bodies of the French people, who mingled in familiar intercourse with their English neighbours.

Another soirée, but one necessarily smaller, was given at his own house by Charles Hindley, Esq., M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyne, and President of the Peace Society, on Saturday evening; and the Friends of Peace separated with an anxious desire to meet again, and resume the great work of humanity in which they had been so agreeably and successfully engaged.

Having thus given our readers a brief and general view of the Peace Societies and Congresses that have hitherto assembled, we shall now submit to them, as men of the world and as Christians, some views which every member of a political and religious community, whether male or female, is bound seriously to ponder,—to reject as false, or to receive as true. To men of the world it would be folly to address any other arguments than those of reason and humanity. Their religion, whatever it may be, is ever in humble subordination to their interests and passions. It may be used to promote the one and palliate the other, but it never has power to regulate or subdue them.

In a period of profound tranquillity, a territorial dispute, or a claim of redress for real or imaginary injuries, has placed in a hostile attitude two powerful nations. Negotiation fails, and war becomes the arbiter of justice or of feeling. The bloody mandate issues from the frantic monarch. Bellona, with her purple scourge, seats herself upon his throne, and the Furies become the ministers of his power. The war steamer is commissioned to burn and to destroy. The privateer—the pirate

ship of civilisation, is launched to rob and to murder. Life, wherever it breathes—on the unruffled ocean or on the rugged shore, perishes under the bloody cutlass; and property, wherever secured—the gold in the rich man's coffers, and the savings of the poor man's industry, become the prize of the ocean vulture. The emigrant ship, bearing her voluntary exiles to a distant shore, has no passport from the tyrant of the deep; and the home-bound sail, bleached by a tropic sun, freighted with the riches of luxuriant climes, and carrying back to their native land the adventurous merchant and the wealthy colonist, shares the same fate as if equipped for battle. Nor are the horrors of war less felt in the defenceless hamlet, the commercial seaport, or the exposed metropolis. Red from the furnace the fatal missiles crush the habitations of living men, and the consecrated shrine—the receptacles of wisdom—the temples of knowledge—the records of property, and the granaries laden with the food of man, perish in the general conflagration.

Yet these are but the harbingers of war, the mutterings of its distant thunder, the first ripples on its sea of blood. It is in the siege, in the sack, and in the battle-field, that war appears in her gorgon form—hideous in her frowns, and gigantic in her crimes. Exhausted with famine and with resistance, the devoted city receives the victor amid its ruins:—Massacre and pillage track his angry steps:—Neither age nor youth, nor sex nor rank, nor innocence, disarm the avenger. Wealth only is spared, that it may barter its life-blood for gold. Children are cast into the flames: Infants at the breasts of their dying mothers are stabbed in their arms, and the streets run with Christian blood, shed by Christian hands. The rivers and the ravines are choked with the dead and the dying; and the shriek of violated virtue, and the frantic cry of widows and of orphans, mingle with the crash of falling ruins, and the crackling of burning habitations.

Less agitated by passion, and less stained by crime, is the wider scene of the battle-field. There, science and martial skill, in cool deliberation, point the instruments of death. Column meets column in the bloody game—lance struggles with lance, and spear with spear—and the brave fall under the stroke of the brave. In the individual and equal struggle, where death pauses for his victim, and the flashing eye guides its weapon to the heart, can the living man ever efface from his dreams the death-stare which confessed the victor, or the form divine which he disfigured and destroyed?—can he mingle in the social circle with the childless mother, or with the widow or the orphan which he has made? He may, perchance,—but he may never meet them in the paradise of the just. In the mingled affray, on the contrary, where the hand of the Ishmaelite soldier is against every man, and every hand against him, the dying hero

sees neither the lance that pierced him, nor the hand from which it came. In the advance, too, and in the retreat, in the ambush, and in the open field, the missiles of war, guiltless of revenge, alone grapple with their victims. Hero after hero falls, as if by the bolts of heaven, till death, exhausted by his toils, counts by his tens of thousands the life that has been lost.

Of this wager of battle let the monarch now count the cost. If he has secured his area of turf and stone, what is its value! and what the price he has paid! If he has established his right by the code of war, has he proved it by the code of justice? If his honour has been vindicated by the sword, are neutral nations convinced that he is honourable? In the empurpled ledger,—where life is the creditor and land the debtor,—where life is the capital and honour the interest,—where the ocean rock gained in war could not cover with its turf the heroes that died for it,—will the god of reason audit the account, or the god of humanity discharge it? If the man of the world, with reason as a guide and humanity as an impulse, does not answer NEVER, the Christian will. He who acknowledges the value of a single soul, and knows the spiritual condition of marshalled armies, cannot but regard war as the master-crime of nations, and as the deepest guilt of the individual that promotes it. He can defend it only by viewing the death of the hero as a passport to heaven; but were this the clear dictate of reason, and the avowed doctrine of revelation, the millions of the old world should rise against the millions of the new, and giving no quarter, rush into a happy immortality.

Such is the mode of deciding questions of right and points of honour—such its danger and such its guilt. The friends of peace propose to abolish what reason, humanity, and religion abjure, and to refer the differences between nations to upright and independent arbitration. The proposal is doubtless reasonable and humane. It has been pronounced Utopian by men who have an interest in war, by many who live by it, and by some who expect to live by it. The opinion is not unnatural, and we must respect it from the respectability of those who maintain it. The discovery of a universal medicine would doubtless alarm the faculty; and a balloon that made a successful trip to the Indies, would startle the directors of our railways; but the alarm would soon disappear, and doctors and directors would flourish as before.

In the history of past times, and in the history of our own, questions of high import have been settled by arbitration—sometimes by the friendly decisions of councils and leagues, and sometimes by the award of sovereigns or of governments. In our own day the United States and France referred a difference between them to William IV. England and the United States

referred a dispute to the Emperor of Russia; Mexico and the United States referred a question to Prussia; and the United States and England referred the dispute regarding the Maine boundary to the King of the Netherlands. It is scarcely to be credited, even as a fact in our deceitful nature, that men, who, as individuals, or as members of families or associations, are willing to refer to arbitration the most important disputes which affect their honour and their character, their position in society, and their whole property and income, should, as members of the social body, feel any difficulty in referring international differences to the same pacific ordeal. There must be in the heart thus constituted some malformation, which, though unseen by its owner, is not hid from the world. A lust of power or of gain is the rankling germ that tempts the greedy statesman to keep in his own grasp the power of the sword, the profits of negotiation, and the patronage of war. Lord Palmerston has said, that he now thinks, and always thought, "that when two nations have had any difference capable of being settled by arbitration, it is most desirable that a third party, not actuated by the same passions which heat those immediately concerned, should step in and bring the disputants to something like a compromise, with a view to prevent an appeal to arms." While thus admitting the principle of the Peace Congress, the noble Lord has contrived to make it impracticable. The sophistry of dividing differences into those which *can* and those which *cannot* be settled by arbitration, is a distinction which might have been expected from the schoolmen of the middle ages. There is not, and cannot, in the nature of things, be any such difference. Was it ever before asserted that a difference could exist which the sword alone could settle? If we can imagine such a dispute, it must be one of honour, in which one of the parties felt itself dishonoured; and in such a case the sensitive party must necessarily be the proclaimer of war. The sword consequently is drawn, the blood of the insulter and the insulted flows, and if the dishonoured nation is subjugated, what becomes of its honour? Its reputation remains with its original stain, and its martial glory, like its moral fame, has suffered an eclipse in the eyes of surrounding nations. But if, on the other hand, the nation sensitive of its honour triumphs in the field, will the vanquished people concur in the verdict of the sword, and will civilized nations ratify its decisions? But even if our Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose ingenuity in this instance surpasses his logic, had not embarrassed the question with so singular an opinion, he has made his own scheme of arbitration impracticable by giving the arbiter no other power than that of counsellor or a friend. What would we think of an individual who proffered to his opponent an amicable arrangement, and yet withheld from the arbiter the power of giving a final decision? and what would

we think of an arbiter who would accept of so degrading a commission?

However limited has been our experience of the system of arbitration, as occasionally and voluntarily practised in our own day, it is important to state that it has never yet led to war, nor is it easy to conjecture how such a result could be the consequence of it. But were the principle of arbitration to be based on the solemnity of treaties, and become the germ of the international code of the world, the peace of civilized nations would never be interrupted,—the soldier would be the guardian of domestic order, and the missionaries would advance with the breastplate of faith and the sword of the spirit, to humanize the savage race, and carry to them the comforts and the luxuries of polished life. The frontier of crime and ignorance would gradually recede before the advancing torch of knowledge. The frontier of civilisation would make its way over the burning sands of Africa. The rivers of the new world would carry to their very springs the wealth and the knowledge of the old: The insular savage of the Pacific would yield to the influence of commercial intercommunication. Liberty would plant its foot on the Siberian wilds, and the presumptuous barbarism of Eastern Asia would wane before the stern rebuke of religion and humanity. In every region of the globe the physical energy of man would seek and find its noblest exercise in cultivating the soil and exploring the mineral wealth of his district. Treasures unknown would surrender themselves to his power, and the hand of peaceful labour would receive from its maker the gold and the silver, the metals and the gems, which he has denied to the conqueror and the tyrant. Our readers, we trust, require no farther defence of the plan of international arbitration for settling differences between nations. Reason, religion, and humanity plead for its adoption, and we defy human ingenuity to adduce against it the shadow of an argument. The man, indeed, who dares to aver that war is the only method of deciding international questions, must have a heart as cramped in its affections, as his mind is limited in its range. Such a man has never felt beyond his own selfish nature, nor thought beyond his own limited horizon; and we cannot conceive why such a being was made, unless as a finger-post to mark the extreme depth of ignorance, and the extreme height of presumption.*

* If persons of this description have learned to read, we recommend to them the following statistics of war, made out some years ago by the Peace Society of Massachusetts. Since the world became Christian, or since the age of Constantine, there have been forty-four wars of ambition, twenty-two of plunder, twenty-four of retaliation, eight of honour, six of disputed territory, forty-one disputed titles to crowns, thirty of alliances, twenty-three of jealousy, five of commerce, fifty-five civil wars, and twenty-eight on account of Religion, including the crusades against the Turks and Heretics! — *Upham's Manual of Peace*, chap. vii. p. 84.

In these observations we have supposed the contending nations to be equal in power and resources, or so nearly equal that the chances of war might give to either the victory. But if we suppose them to be unequally matched, it is only by arbitration that differences between them can be adjusted. If in individual states the rights of the poor man are vindicated by the gratuitous services of appointed agents, the rights of small but independent European states can be preserved only by an European court of arbitration. And if such a state should be placed between two of greater power, in whose quarrels they may be allured, or compelled to participate, their independence and tranquillity can be ensured only by a right of appeal to disinterested arbiters.

We have hitherto supposed that Religion and humanity were the only interests staked in the game of war; but every people in Europe has been taught, by an experience not to be forgotten, that their daily comfort as individuals, and their very existence as a nation, depend on the continuance and universality of peace. While the mailed goddess has sported with human life, drunk with the blood and the tears of her victims;—while she has defaced and destroyed the noblest forms of nature and of art, she has devoured also the resources of industry, inflicted the curse of poverty upon families unborn, and robbed the treasuries of nations that hated her, by the profligacy of her expenditure in war, and the folly of her extravagance in peace. It has been calculated that the cost of all the wars carried on by Great Britain since the Revolution in 1688, is £1,438,000,000 sterling, £635,000,000 of which was paid in taxes, while the remaining £803,000,000 remains OUR NATIONAL DEBT, requiring to pay its interest £29,500,000 of our annual revenue,—more than the whole of the other expenses of the Government. This money, together with that furnished by continental nations, was employed in slaying *three million nine hundred and ten thousand* human beings, whose immortal souls, thirsting for blood, were summoned by the stroke of the sword into the immediate presence of the God of peace. In recording this master fact of human depravity, we almost feel partakers in its guilt by having lived, and by continuing to live, in the slaughter-house of the world.

The Duke of Wellington has made the remarkable declaration, that *Great Britain cannot afford to carry on a little war*. The sentiment, to us incomprehensible, except in its simplest meaning, has been lauded as an apostolic truth to teach and to guide the Legislature. If Great Britain is unable to carry on a little war, she can still less afford to carry on a great one; and hence we arrive at the logical conclusion, that she cannot afford to carry on war at all. Should she, however, in the face of such a truth, wantonly light the torch of destruction, the nation, if

it does not rise as one man in abhorrence and resistance of the bloody mandate, justly merits its inevitable doom. If to a debt averaging the *eighth* or *tenth* part of the whole property of the kingdom, is added more, we tell the creditors of the nation—the contractors for the fire and the sword—that its bankruptcy is an event not coming, but come; and we tell the nation's friends, that revolution is the infallible result of financial ruin, and that they may begin to rehearse the secretion of those tears that are to flow over the downfall of our beloved country, and the destruction and dismemberment of its noble empire. It is an act of patriotism to anticipate a great calamity. It is doubly patriotic if we have the sagacity to prevent it. We warn, therefore, the Arbitrer of war, in whatever climate he breathes, that there are certain extremes in which the law of God and of humanity justifies a breach of the law of man. We hold him responsible for the peace of Europe. One life is a trifle compared with that of thousands; and that soul is worthless that has no regard for the souls of millions. If a patriot gives his own life in the cause of his country, a patriot might take another in defence of humanity.

Akin to the national calamity of war, is that of an armed peace, in which standing armies and floating navies frown defiance upon surrounding nations. While the grand budget or annual expenditure of all Europe is about £217,600,000, or two hundred and nineteen millions sterling, its war budget, in time of peace, (excluding its marine,) is no less than £56,000,000, or fifty-six millions,—more than a *fourth* of its general revenue. According to another statement, the *average* annual expenditure for military preparations in time of peace by Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, and the United States, is *fifty-four per cent.* of the whole expenditure of the Government.* Is an international disarmament, then, an unwise or a chimerical proposal? Might not Great Britain and France lay down a portion of their arms in mutual confidence and security? If France requires hers to suppress intestine commotion, and protect her Republic against the enemies of liberty, Britain might admit the necessity, and generously reduce her military battalions and her naval squadrons.† She has no enemy to fear either from within

* In Austria, . . .	33 per cent.	In Great Britain, . . .	74 per cent.
In France, . . .	38 per cent.	In United States, . . .	80 per cent.
In Russia, . . .	44 per cent.		

Mean, 54

Sumner's *True Grandeur of Nations*.

† "I am disposed," says Lord Aberdeen, "to dissent from that maxim which has been so generally received, *that if you wish for peace, you must prepare for war*. . . . I say, that so far from warlike preparations being any security for peace, *they are directly the contrary*, and *tend at once to war*; for it is natural that men having adopted means that they think efficient to any end, should desire to put their efficiency to the test, and to have some direct result from their labour and expense."

or from without. Her real enemies are the cravens who see the mirage of armies navigating the Thames, and hovering over the Strand. It is not the weak and the defenceless who cry for bayonets, and steamers, and martello towers : it is the hypocritical coward that is to wield the one, and to occupy the other. When a foolish prince, now an exile from his country, had uttered his naval menaces against our peaceful shores, the nation trembled at the sound, the Government looked pale, and even now the coward-note has scarcely ceased its wail. Were every nation thus to arm itself to the teeth, under the influence of visionary dangers, we should follow the example in the protection of our properties and our homes. The domestic circle is more exposed to the rapacity of the thief and the violence of the burglar, than is the national domain, even in seasons of war, to the depredation of foreign enemies;—and yet we cut no ditches round our dwellings, erect no watch-towers on our roofs, and hire no sentinel to give us warning. Within the circumvallation of the laws,—with the watch-dog as our guardian, and with Providence as our defence, we may dismiss that unmanly fear which is a greater evil than the calamity which it dreads. Let the nation, then, follow the example of the individual. Centuries have rolled away since the foot of an invader has polluted our shores ; and, without wooden walls or standing armies, centuries will still pass in happy tranquillity, if we but practise what we pretend to believe, and cultivate in universal charity the arts and the studies of peace. What a glorious future would the cessation of war, and the reduction of armies, provide for the rising generation, and with what joy would the living generation die could they but hail it even in the distance!—the world one family—nations one brotherhood,—the lion lying down with the lamb, and nothing to hurt or destroy in the holy mountain.

In the early portion of this Article we have endeavoured to support the doctrines of the Peace Congress by the authority of a few distinguished individuals who were not likely to be carried away by the seducing influence of sentiment and feeling ; but so inveterate have we found the prejudice of educated and amiable individuals, and even of men who profess to cling to the Christian's hopes, that we feel it necessary to appeal to a still greater number of authorities against war. There are few writers of the present day who have denounced war, and its causes and its palliations, with more eloquence than Dr. Chalmers. He describes war as “ a scene of legalized slaughter,” which, were it not for the poetry, and the music, and the pomp and splendour which accompany it, “ could never have been seen in any other light than that of unmingled hatefulness.” He elsewhere describes death in the battle field with all the power of genius, and all the feelings of philanthropy ; and, after giving his highest

approbation to Peace Societies and Peace Congresses, he points out the steps by which these blessed views may be realized.

"Much," says he, "may be done to accelerate the advent of perpetual and universal peace, by a distinct body of men embarking their every talent, and their every acquirement, in the prosecution of this as a distinct object. This was the way in which, a few years ago, the British public were gained over to the cause of Africa. This is the way in which some other prophecies are at this moment hastening to their accomplishment; and it is in this way, I apprehend, that the prophecy of universal peace may be indebted for its speedier fulfilment—to the agency of men selecting this as the assigned field on which their philanthropy shall expatiate. I could not fasten on another course more fitted to call forth every variety of talent, and to rally round it so many of the generous and accomplished sons of humanity, and to give each of them a devotedness and a power far beyond what ever could be sent into the hearts of enthusiasts by the mere impulse of literary ambition."

And in another place he points out the method by which this great object should be pursued.

"Let one," says he, "take up the question of war in its principle, and make the full weight of his moral severity rest upon it, and upon all its abominations. Let another take up the question of war in its consequences, and bring his every power of graphical description to the task of presenting to an awakened public, an impressive detail of its cruelties and horrors. Let another neutralize the poetry of war, and dismantle it of all those bewitching splendours which the hand of misguided genius has thrown over it. Let another tell, with irresistible argument, how the Christian ethics of a nation are at one with the Christian ethics of its humblest individual. Let another pour the light of modern speculation into the mysteries of trade, and *prove that not a single war has been undertaken for any of its objects, where the millions and millions that were lavished on the cause have not all been cheated away from us by the phantom of an imaginary interest.* This may look to many like the Utopianism of a romantic anticipation; but I shall never despair of the cause of truth addressed to a Christian public, when the clear light of principle can be brought to every one of its positions, and when its practical and conclusive establishment forms one of the most distinct of heaven's prophecies, 'that men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and that nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'"

Sir Robert Peel has expressed the "hope that one great and most beneficial effect of the advancement of civilisation, the diffusion of knowledge, and the extension of commerce, will be the *reducing within their proper dimensions, of the fame and the merit and the reward of military achievements*, and that juster notions of the moral dignity of, and the moral obligations due to, *those who apply themselves to preserve peace, and avoid the eclat of war*, will be the consequence." In a similar strain the

immortal Washington, the hero of peace, has contrasted the merits of the philanthropist and the warrior. "How much more delightful," says he, "to an undebauched mind, is the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vain glory which can be obtained from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted course of conquests! How pitiful in the eye of reason and religion, is that false ambition which desolates the world with fire and sword, compared with the mild virtues of making our fellow-men as happy as their frail condition and perishable nature will permit them to be." "After much occasion," says Dr. Franklin, "to consider the folly and mischief of a state of warfare, and the little or no advantage obtained even by those nations who have conducted it with the most success, I have been apt to think *there never has been, nor ever will be, any such thing as a good war, or a bad peace. All wars are follies—very expensive and very mischievous ones.* When will nations be convinced of this, and settle their differences by arbitration? Were they to do it *even by the cast of a die*, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other." The illustrious warrior, Prince Eugene, assures us "that a military man becomes so sick of blood and crimes in war, that in peace he is averse to recommence them." "I wish," he adds, "that the first minister who is called to decide on peace and war had only seen actual service, *what pains would he not take to seek in mediation and compromise the means of avoiding the effusion of so much blood.*" "The fabric," says Robert Hall, "of the warrior's fame is cemented with blood; and if his name is wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity, *in the curses and imprecations of those whom his sword has reduced to despair.*" In reply to a toast given in honour of his victories in India, to his fellow-officers in the British army, Sir Harry Smith said, "Gentlemen, ours is a damnable profession;" and even Napoleon, in a moment of remorse after his bloodiest battle, exclaimed—"War is the trade of barbarians!"

We cannot close these observations without referring to those causes which create and foster in man that love of adventure and those habits of cruelty, which throw a halo round the red target of war, inciting the young to its bloody mysteries, and hardening the old in their military frenzy. When we witness, for the first time, the cruel experiments which science sometimes demands from her votaries, the heart sickens at the sight, and the head turns instinctively away from the living agonies before it. Soon, however, does the heart resume its normal tranquillity, and as soon does the eye return to the sight of pain. Need we wonder, then, that the child accustomed, almost from his birth, to the infliction of pain, and deriving his

earliest pleasure from the extinction of life, should in his riper years boast of the number and magnitude of his cruelties, and thus by an easy transition pass to the atrocities of war, as a step in advance, or as the climax, of his early achievements.

It is painful to remember how we first exercised our dominion over living nature, by the capture and destruction of the loveliest insects, and how we arrested the industrious bee in its honest labours, and even when in our own service, by robbing it at once of its life and its treasure. By the hazel wand, with its line of cord and its hook of steel, we committed havoc among the minnows, before the spring-gun had introduced us to the more lethal tube which was guilty of the blood of sparrows. Though but a youthful spectator in the scene, we gaze with delight on the varied feats of the angler. We watch him in the stream and in the pool, impaling the writhing worm upon his line—sacrificing one life to take another; and with the bright sun above him, and the dove-like sky around, and rock and woodland demanding his admiration of peaceful nature, he terminates his every act of pleasure by every variety of pain. The life which he has caught is rudely dashed out against the rock, or crushed by his living hand, or allowed to pass away in the slow and fluttering agonies of pain. Thus hardened for the future, our river hero is soon introduced to a still higher sport, and still bloodier gambols. The companion of the licensed fisherman, or of the lawless poacher, he is invited to the romantic drama of the *sunning of the water* by day, and the *burning* of it by night, in which the picturesque grandeur of rock and stream, and the sublimity of worlds in the canopy above, form a strange contrast with the work of death below. Frightened by the ruddy blaze, the salmon seeks for shelter beneath the stones and cliffs, or lies stupified beside them, till the river Neptune, with his three-pronged trident, dashes it into the flesh of his glittering prey, and casts it in triumph to the shore.

Harrowing as is the sight itself, and painful as it is in all its details and accessories, we are yet disposed to regard our river sports as more humane in their character, and less cruel in their practice, than those of the gun and the chase. We cannot indeed affirm, as some have done, that ichthyological life is less painfully surrendered than that of the mammalia, though our early cruelties make us indulge in the belief that the amount of suffering is proportional to the magnitude of the sufferer. Yet when we see the salmon stretched on the ground without a wound, and slain without the shedding of blood, our sympathy is immeasurably less than that which is called forth when we scan the stately hart, with its glazed eye and its quivering limb, or the comely roe-deer perforated by the rifle, or torn by the

ferocious hound. Our animal associations, too, have a powerful influence over our sympathies. Ourselves a genus in the mammiferous community, we naturally associate their sufferings with our own. The shrieks of the female orang-outang, so singularly human, are said to thrill through the very heart of her pursuers; and we would not envy the sportsman whose domestic sympathies are not awakened when he has slain the hart in the presence of his mate, or the tender hind in the act of caressing its offspring. The death of a sportive fawn, killed by the random shot of the deer-stalker, will call forth a deeper feeling than the demise of 3000 salmon caught in one net by the Arctic fisherman. But though we have thus offered a palliative of fly-fishing as less inhuman than some of our other amusements, we have no toleration for the doctrine that the nervous system of cold-blooded animals is but little sensitive, and that the hook pulls only against a piece of unfeeling cartilage. Sir Humphry Davy, in his *Salmonia*, tells us under the cognomen of HALIEUS, that he has caught pikes with four or five hooks in their mouths, and that these hooks "had no other effect than that of serving as a sort of *sauce piquante*, urging them to seize another morsel of the same kind!" Now, we who have tasted the sauce of a hook, which, without our consent, entered one side of the cheek, and was cut out of the other, can assure HALIEUS that this is the least savoury of our steel medicines; and, with experience on our side, we are not indisposed to transfer to him Lord Byron's sentence upon Isaac Walton:—

"The quaint old cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."

With much sympathy, however, for the young sportsman, and still more for his prey, we must enter our protest against the monstrous cruelty of driving the *five-pronged clodding leister* into the naked back of a salmon, whether dazzled by a sunbeam, or paralyzed by the nocturnal fire. There is no valour in the sanguinary deed. It is a midnight burglary enhanced by murder. It is a violation of that truce which darkness concedes to animal life,—an invasion of that rest from suffering which dumb nature might have looked for without an appeal to the mercy of her viceroy. It is unmanly too—for there is no reciprocity of strife or skill,—no competition between the devices of the deceiver, and the counter sagacity of his victim—no conflict between brute instinct and sharpened reason. When the otter bites his antagonist, and is bit by him in return:—when the vigorous fish outmanœuvres his captor—snaps his line, or exhausts his strength, or pulls him into the stream: or when the acute senses of the stag are marshalled against the practised

reason of the huntsman,—there is a conflict of antagonist natures, which, if it does not justify, at least palliates the cruelty it evokes.

From the river scene our apprentice soldier passes to the field and to the heath, to the rock and to the forest, to wound and to slay his victims. It is a question to which humanity invites us, but which we cannot here discuss, how far it is justifiable to consider animal life as entirely at our disposal. The dominion which has been assigned to us over the dumb creation, may not involve a right over their lives. The flesh may be ours, but not the feelings and the affections which it breathes. It is doubtless a crime to kill with unnecessary pain. It is a greater crime to kill for the pleasure of killing, or the vanity of having killed. It is a crime to kill when the victim is innocent, and the carcass useless. It may be a crime to kill when the feelings and affections of uncomplaining instinct are violated by the deed: And, when we consider in the abstract the value of life—our inability to restore it—the beauty and loveliness of the forms which clothe it, and the *possibility* that in its nobler aspects, and under its almost rational instincts, it may have a responsibility here, and a life hereafter—it would be well to pause before we strike, and to rejoice over the life which we may have spared.

Such is the education of the civilian and the soldier—of the man that purchases and whets the sword, and of him that delights in its blood-spots, and anticipates glory from being its victim. It is an education this of easy acquirement—it is but the lesson of the eye and the limb. The mind hibernates under its teaching, and the heart ossifies under its training. It is the nursery of war—its school—its university—its apprenticeship. It has a government grant in its support. The Christian layman practises at its ring, and the priest blesses it with his sanction. Let the friends of peace, then, counteract this early passion for adventure and cruelty. Let not the mother turn her milk into blood, nor the father his parental tenderness into cruelty. Time will soon soften natures which custom has not hardened; and the stripling will hardly seek in his manhood for what have not been the amusements of his earlier days. The cruelty of youth diminishes as we advance in years,—age replaces it with a nobler ambition; and it is in the final lustrum of our being that we truly feel. The infliction of pain and the shedding of blood become torture to our chastened and more sensitive nature—ephemeral life even is spared—and all other life stands sacred when we are about to draw the first breath of that better life which we can never lose.

If such be the value of animal life, and such the respect for it which reason demands from those to whom it is entrusted, there are certain conditions of its existence under which it in-

spires a peculiar reverence. In every civilized community cruelty to the animals that serve us is an offence punishable by law; and when law does not interpose its sanction, the natural benevolence of man, small and evanescent though it be, enacts a law of kindness for itself. We would not injure, and still less kill the gay lark, or the minstrel nightingale, that have sweetened our solitary hours with their angelic lay. The noble steed that has carried us safely through our pilgrimage either of peace or of war, acquires a right to our affections which is but seldom withheld. And the faithful watch-dog, whose vigilance has guarded our dwelling, or perchance saved our life, is a household favourite, whose happiness we study with almost parental care.

What then must be the value of *human* life—what the respect which we owe it—and what the crime of him who takes it away? It is not yet decided by reason, nor by revelation, viewed in its most comprehensive aspect, that man is, under any circumstances, entitled to take the life of his fellow. “Thou shalt not kill,” stands a law, without exception, in the statute-book of heaven; and the Creator, who made of *one* blood all the nations of the universe, has nowhere given *express* permission to the creature to appropriate a single drop of the life-giving unity. The term of existence, then, which God has apportioned to his children, is in his hands alone—an inheritance of inestimable value, which it would be criminal to abridge, even if man were to lie for ever a human fossil amid the wreck of nature. But when the gift of life is a necessary prelude to the boon of immortality, and when this last and greatest gift to man is conditional on the discharge of duties in the first,—the duration of that life—the continuance of its period of trial—and the peaceful enjoyment of its serene evening for repentance and preparation, are blessings which He only who gave them can take away. These blessings are forfeited by him who falls by his own hand, and they are rudely extinguished in the man who falls by the hand of another—that bloody hand which no saint above will grasp, and which had better been cut off and cast into the fire. The life thus shortened, the body thus mangled, *may* have been that of a brother slain by a brother, or a father slain by his son.* It *must* have been that of a parent, a brother, or a child; and there must have been left behind, a widow, a brother, a sister, or an orphan, to weep over the sanguinary deed, or to shed burning tears lest it was a stroke which should sever them for ever.

* “While we were at Rendsburg in Schleswig-Holstein,” says a recent traveller, “there was seated at the same table with us at dinner, the *brother* of the Commander-in-Chief of the Danish army, who had *four sons* in the army of Schleswig-Holstein. We were informed that even *further and sons* were arrayed against each other in this war!”

- ART. II.—1. *Taxation and the Funding System.* By J. R. M'CULLOCH. London, 1845.
 2. *Principles of Political Economy. Book V.* By J. S. MILL. London, 1850.
 3. *Financial Reform Tracts.* Liverpool, 1850-1851.
 4. *Bulletin des Lois.* Nos. 300, 303. Paris, 1851.

THE English are noted for never doing more than one thing at a time. The national mind does not seem large enough to embrace more than a single interest at once. We attack the enemies of our social wellbeing in succession, and cut them off in detail. We take up public questions *seriatim*, devoting to each as it arises the whole force of the national will; and resenting as an intruder, or eschewing as a bore, whoever would direct into other, and intrinsically perhaps equally important channels, any portion of the general attention. Upon each grievance to be remedied, and each abuse to be swept away, we concentrate for the moment the whole intensity of our hatred, the whole energy of our zeal: we speak and feel as if it were the sole evil in existence, or, at least, as if all others were utterly insignificant in comparison; and, for the time being, all others are permitted to flourish unchecked and unregarded. This national idiosyncrasy, which is the despair of all whose topics of interest or abhorrence are not those of the present phase of the popular mind, and who find themselves in consequence contemptuously pooh-poohed and set aside, is estimated at its full value by philosophic politicians, who know, not only that it is the means of securing far greater efficiency to the operation of the reforming spirit, than it could hope to attain were it frittered away upon a hundred objects, but that it ensures all questions "becoming kings in their turn," and reaping in due time and order the full benefit of this exclusive and predominating zeal. As one battle after another is fought with antiquated error and injustice, as one victory after another, over the forces of the social enemy, is added to the records of national achievements, the subject is relegated to the past, and buried in oblivion for ever, and "the goodly fellowship of our reformers" marches onward to another conquest. Since this career began in Britain we have won the hard-fought fields, *first*, of religious liberty, then of civil freedom and parliamentary reform, and then of commercial emancipation. Each in its turn occupied the nation for years; each was magnified as the sole and special interest of the day; each occupied for a time an inordinate share of the public mind, utterly disproportionate to its real magnitude;

and each in turn, when its day was over and its cause was gained, gave place to a successor as unduly and unreasonably favoured. New candidates for popular attention are now coming on the stage. Besides the various questions of the vast field of Sociology, three topics especially promise to become prominent, Colonial Policy, Law Reform, and the Principles of Taxation. Which of these will take precedence, and engross to itself the undivided political spirit of the country, it is hard to say. It may be that, contrary to our wont, we may be able, to a greater or less extent, to entertain the three topics simultaneously, and that while the public mind is acting upon one of them, it may be ripening for action on another. We propose, even at the risk of finding that our voice is as that of one crying in the wilderness, to call attention to the last of these matters—the Science of Taxation—as one of which the interest is pressing, perpetual, and yearly renewed, and which comes home, more closely than either of the others, to the business and bosoms of every individual among us.

Till very recently, the Science of Taxation may be said to have had no existence. That which has performed its functions, and sometimes usurped its name, has been a mere art of extortion. A certain revenue was required, and it was to be got by *hook or by crook*, in the readiest and easiest way possible. That tax which yielded the most with the least difficulty to the collectors, and the least outcry among the influential part of the community, was ever the favourite. "*Plumer la poule sans la faire crier*," was the highest aim of the Chancellors of the Exchequer. The certainty of distant evils, the dread of collateral consequences, the chance of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, were alike disregarded. In earlier times, the coarse and ready expedient of a poll-tax, or a hearth-tax, or the *primâ facie* fair one of a land-tax, was most usually resorted to. In more recent days, as society became more complex, and as commerce and manufactures were developed, more circuitous and silent, but not less unscientific or inequitable modes of transferring the property of the subject into the coffers of the state, came gradually into vogue. Each new branch of industry, as it raised its head, was pounced upon by the quick-sighted detectives of the revenue, and made to pay for license or protection; each fresh article of taste or consumption brought from foreign countries by our indefatigable merchants, was burdened with a special import-duty; funds were sought and extracted from the most incongruous and opposite sources, from the necessities of the pauper and the luxuries of the millionaire, from the most healthful and the most noxious indulgences, from the poison that generates a disease, and from the drug that cures it, from

salt and from eau-de-Cologne, from tea and from gin, from rhubarb and from tobacco. No principle of private justice or public advantage was laid down or kept in view; one sole rule seemed to be followed—whatever was squeezable was to be squeezed;—*rem, quocunque modo rem*.

This state of things has in a great measure passed away: our Legislature has awakened to the necessity of juster and more judicious impositions. But though immense improvement has been effected in the *art* of taxation, next to no progress has taken place in the *science*. We were empirical and tentative in laying on taxes—we continue to be empirical and tentative in taking them off. Statesmen have arisen from time to time who have discovered that such and such a duty was injurious to industry, unproductive to revenue, or was becoming intolerable to the altered feelings of the people; and it has been repealed accordingly. Sudden emergencies have led to the invention of new imposts, which remain as a matter of course till public indignation kicks them off. A deficient revenue is met by a loan, a new tax, or the augmentation of an old one, according to the fancy or ingenuity of the actual Chancellor. A surplus revenue occasions the repeal of some branch of revenue, which is selected for sacrifice, not for its mischievousness, but for its unpopularity. But still no step has been taken towards a systematic decision of the general principles which regulate the imposition or the repeal of taxation. The subject, it is true, has been much discussed in the writings of economists, and is often touched upon in Parliament; but the public at large, which in the end settles all these questions, has not yet arrived at any clear comprehension of the question at issue, or any predominating opinion upon it. Writers of authority and statesmen of ability are ranged on all sides; but it is still a moot point whether taxation ought to be direct or indirect; whether it ought to be levied on all, or only on men of property—on terminable and professional as on perpetual and idle incomes; whether men should pay in proportion to their income or to their expenditure, in proportion to their means or to their requirements; what, in fact, are the qualities and consequences, by reference to which a tax is to be approved or condemned. We propose to contribute our mite towards the formation of a public opinion on this weighty subject, especially upon that branch of it—the controversy between direct and indirect taxation—on which the chief interest is now felt. Before proceeding to this task, however, we wish to notice one or two fallacies, which have still a strong hold on the popular mind, and one or two principles which have been clearly elicited in the course of our irregular and floundering experiments.

It has long been the custom of English demagogues to repre-

sent the English people, as not only the most heavily taxed people under the sun, but as actually ground down to the earth by the weight of their burdens, and suffering thereby under a process of gradual and accelerated extinction. It has long been our custom to swallow these representations with implicit credulity, and even to listen to them with a species of savage and insane delight. Yet, nothing can be more certain than that both assertions are not only greatly exaggerated, but utterly untrue. The fact is, that the cuckoo note of the popular agitator has not varied since the beginning of the century, though the circumstances which gave rise to it have been in a state of perpetual alteration, so that what was substantial truth then, is the opposite of truth now. It will astonish most of our readers to be told not only that our taxation, fairly calculated, is lighter than that of several other countries, but that it has long been steadily and rapidly diminishing. We are no optimists; we are far from imagining that our public burdens are not deplorably heavy; we are far from believing that a wiser course in former days might not have enormously lessened them; we are far from despairing of a great mitigation of them, by a judicious course in future;—but we protest against the childish and untruthful habit, so dear to the grumbling temper of our countrymen, of perpetually representing ourselves as the most ill-used and trampled-upon of mortals. We presume it will be allowed on all hands that the burden of taxation must be reckoned, not by the gross amount paid into the national treasury, but by that amount *compared with the wealth and the numbers of the nation*. Looking at the matter from this comparative point of view, we find that in 1801, the population of the United Kingdom was 15,800,000, and the revenue paid into the Exchequer, (exclusive, of course, of loans,) was £34,113,000, giving an average of 43s. a head. In 1815, the last year of the war, the population was 19,000,000, and the revenue £72,210,000; but as twenty per cent. must be allowed for the depreciation of the currency, the average will be found to have risen to 60s. a head. In 1821, after five years of peace, the population was 21,200,000, and the revenue £55,800,000, or 51s. a head. In 1850 the population was 27,000,000, and the revenue £52,300,000, or 39s. a head. That is, the pressure of taxation upon each Briton is actually less by *one-tenth* than it was fifty years ago; less by *one-fifth* than it was thirty years ago; and less by *one-third* than it was during our Buonapartean wars.

But this is not all. Taxation must be estimated not according to numbers only, but according to wealth also—and indeed chiefly—since it is our wealth that gives us the power of meeting it. An equal amount of taxation is obviously only half the burden,

ceteris paribus, to a man of a thousand a year, which it is to one of five hundred a year. Now, we have no means of ascertaining with *precision* the increase of national wealth (*i.e.*, capability of enduring taxation) since the beginning of the century, but there are on record a few significant facts,* which suffice to shew that it has been certainly much greater than the increase of population. The *real property* of Great Britain was valued in 1803 at £967,284,000, and in 1842 at £1,820,000,000. The total amount of incomes (as assessed) derived from trades and professions was in 1812, £21,247,600, and in 1848, £56,990,000, being nearly a *three-fold* increase in thirty-six years. The amount of capital subject to legacy duty sprung up from £4,122,000 in 1800, to £16,622,000 in 1812, and to £44,348,000 in 1845, or a *tenfold* increase in the half century. The sums insured against fire were £232,000,000 in 1801, and £722,000,000 in 1845. We think we shall be within the mark, if we assume that the wealth of the country has increased threefold since the beginning of the century, while the taxation has increased in the same period only from thirty-four to fifty-two millions; or in round numbers, the one has increased at the rate of 200 per cent., and the other only at the rate of fifty per cent. Mr. Norman, whose authority few will be inclined to dispute, after a careful examination of the whole question, and an ample allowance for the change in the value of money, sums up as follows:—"The reader will recollect that it has been shewn, supposing the increase of wealth to have kept pace with that of the population, that a diminution of pressure arising from public burdens has taken place since the peace to the extent of 53 per cent.; but on reading the foregoing observations, he will probably be of opinion that the reduction thus exhibited falls far short of the real truth. By how much short, can only be a matter of conjecture. If we say that the real reduction has been 67 per cent., or two-thirds, we shall probably be still too low; and, taking all things into calculation, it seems probable that we shall not be far wrong in fixing it at 75 per cent., or three-fourths. In other words, it may be assumed on highly probable grounds, that an individual with a given income, who, in taxes and loans, paid £100 to the State in 1815, would now pay only £25."

If the public burdens of England are greatly diminished and diminishing, when compared with her wealth, which affords the only fair criterion of their severity, it is equally certain that they are not, when estimated by the same standard, so heavy in comparison with those of other European countries as it is usual to represent them. In England it is true, the taxation amounts to 39s.

* See Porter's *Progress of the Nation*. Norman on Taxation.

a head, against 29s. 7d. in France; 37s. 3d. in Holland; 21s. 8d. in Belgium; and 20s. in Spain. In France, indeed, it has recently reached 33s., and in the first year of the Revolution was 40s. a head. But will any one pretend that the wealth of England does not exceed the wealth of every one of these countries in a far greater ratio than her taxation? Is not England more than twice as rich as Spain?—is she not probably ten times as rich? Is she not more than one-fifteenth richer than Holland?—not more than one-fourth richer than France? With regard to the latter country, Mr. Norman calculates from premises, “which give his conclusions the force of moral demonstration, that the per centage of the national wealth abstracted for State purposes, is more than double what it is in England. In other words, that a Frenchman pays out of his income or fortune, more than twice as much as is paid by an Englishman who may possess a similar income or fortune.”

But the case of the United States of America is generally cast in our teeth as a specimen of the light taxation of a country where the people govern themselves. Let us inquire into the facts of the case, before sitting down quietly under the reproach. Let us ascertain the *State* taxes, and the local taxes, as well as the national or federal taxes, which commonly are alone taken into consideration by popular haranguers.

We find that in Great Britain, in the year ending January 5, 1850, the total State expenditure was £55,500,000

The Poor Rates,	7,250,000
The Local and County Rates,	4,000,000

Total,	<u>£66,750,000</u>
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Now, as the population was twenty-seven millions, this would give nearly 50s. a head. But the real property in Great Britain now assessed to the Income-tax, amounts to £2,382,000,000;* and this exempts not only all estates whose income falls below £150 a year, but the whole of Ireland. The personal property, as gathered from the Legacy Duty returns, is about £2,118,000,000, making a total of realized property of £4,500,000,000. Now sixty-six millions is equal to a tax of 1.46 per cent. upon this sum.

In the United States the *national* expenditure, as stated in the last Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, averaged forty millions of dollars during the last six years.† The population is now 23,674,000; but during the average of the six years it may

* See Johnston's N. America, vol. ii. p. 251, from which this comparison is taken.

† Three of these were years of war (with Mexico,) and three were years of peace. They afford, therefore, a fair comparison with this country, of whose expenditure one-half goes to defray the interest of war loans.

be taken at 22,000,000. The *national* taxes, therefore, amount to about 7s. 8d. a head. In the State of New York, according to Mr. Johnston, the State and local taxes amount to two dollars, or 8s. 4d. a head. The total taxation may therefore be taken at 16s. *Man for man*, therefore, it is clear that the Englishman is taxed three times as heavily as the American. But what is the case when we come to estimate the relative wealth of the two countries? We may take the *national* taxes paid in the State of New York, (chiefly derived from custom duties,) at four millions of dollars in the last six years.* The State, County, and Township taxes were 5,500,000, making a total of 9,500,000, on a valuation of 666,000,000 of dollars of realized property. Great Britain, therefore, with realized property valued at four thousand five hundred millions of pounds, endures public burdens to the extent of sixty-six millions, or 1.46 per cent. The State of New York, with real property valued at six hundred and sixty-six millions of dollars, is burdened to the extent of nine millions and a half, or about 1.42 per cent.†

If, then, our taxation, fairly estimated, is not as heavy as is commonly alleged, neither is it levied as inequitably as we are accustomed to hear it represented. It is not *true*, as it is so habitually asserted, that it falls chiefly or disproportionately on the poor. Here, as elsewhere, we are satisfied with the careless and most unconscientious repetition of an ancestral war-cry. We are using language which was to a great extent true at the beginning of the century, during the war, and before the Reform Bill, but which is simply and culpably false now. Almost every year during the last twenty has witnessed the relief of the unpropertied classes of the community from some fiscal burden. The tendency now is, in our opinion, even to exempt them unwisely and unfairly. Incomes under £150 are exempted from the Income-tax: houses under £20 are exempted from the House-tax. That is to say, six-sevenths of all dwellings, and nine-tenths of all incomes in the country, are allowed to escape from direct taxation altogether. Between 1830 and 1850, £21,568,000 of taxes have been repealed, and £7,925,000 have been imposed. But those that have been repealed were almost exclusively taxes which pressed upon the masses; and those which have been imposed (*in order to render the repeal of the others possible*) are taxes which are paid almost exclusively by men of property. Of the £7,925,000, £5,500,000 are raised by the Income-tax alone. All taxes have been removed from the raw materials of that in-

* It is true that Mr. Johnston takes these at three millions of dollars, but his estimate of the total national taxes is taken at 30,000,000 dollars, which is ten millions less than it has recently been.

† A certain amount of every man's property is, we believe, exempted in America, which may be set off against our exemptions under £150.

dustry which employs the poor. All taxes have been removed from those necessities of life which feed the poor. Corn comes in free; butchers' meat comes in free. Two taxes only exist of which the poor man cannot avoid paying his share—the excise on soap and the duty on timber. But the duty on timber only raises the *cost of erection* of the poor man's house 4s. 3d.,* and *his yearly rent*, therefore, only by about 3½d. The excise on soap varies from 1d. to 1½d. a pound; and on the consumption of a poor man's family will amount to about 4s. 6d. a year.† These are literally the sole taxes which, in this country, are not *optional* with the poor man. Except in these items‡ no poor man need pay one farthing to the revenue unless he please. But the rich man cannot so escape. The poor man may say, as Benjamin Franklin said, and as hundreds of wise and good men have done,—"Spirits are poison: I will not use them. Tobacco is nasty: I will renounce it. Sugar and tea are needless: I will dispense with them;" and he slips through life almost as untaxed as the Red Indian. But the upper and middle classes might renounce all these noxious and superfluous luxuries in vain, they would still have to pay £18,000,000 into the national, and £11,000,000 into the local Exchequer. In no other country, and on no other system of taxation, could the working classes escape so easily or pay so little.

But we shall be told that this is not a fair way of looking at the matter; that sugar, and tea, and beer, are now rather necessities than luxuries, and that, whether they are so or not, the poor man has as much right to his luxuries as the rich. Unquestionably he has: we would be the last to grudge them to him. But we cannot think that he has a right to them *untaxed* any more than the rich man. Benevolence, and perhaps justice, seems to prompt that, as far as may be, our revenue should be levied on a man's superfluity, not upon that portion of his means which is essential to subsistence. But if a man *has* a superfluity, and spends that superfluity on sugar, which is pleasant to him, on beer, which is needless to him, on spirits or tobacco, which are mischievous to him, by that act and that possession he ceases

* The quantity of timber used in the construction of a cottage, costing about £100, is 212 cubic feet. The duty on American pine (the sort used for such houses) is 1s. a load of 50 feet. The duty, therefore, adds 4s. 3d. to the original cost of the cottage. If Baltic timber were used, (the duty being 8s. 9d.) the addition would be 15s. 10d.

† The average consumption of soap per family, in that rank, as we have taken pains to ascertain, is less than 1 lb. a week. This is confirmed by McCulloch, (*Account of British Empire*, vol. ii. p. 396.) See also Porter, (*Progress of Nation*, vol. iii. p. 76.) The quantity of soap consumed in the United Kingdom in 1849, was 186,000,000 lbs., or 6·75 lbs. a head, which, at five persons to a family, would give 37 lbs. a year; and this, at 1½d. a lb. duty, would amount to 4s. 7d.

‡ Perhaps we ought also to except the advertisement duty.

to be a poor man, and voluntarily steps into the tax-paying class. If he has a surplus to expend in luxury, he is no longer entitled to sue *in formâ pauperis*; he ceases to be an object of charity or of exemption. If he drinks his gallon of spirits, or smokes his pound of tobacco, why should he not pay on that gallon or that pound as much as the rich man would do? If the rich man indulges, as he is able to indulge, in a double quantity, he pays a double tax. There can be no *inequity* in this.

But, as a matter of fact, is an unfair proportion, even of taxes on the consumption of luxuries, paid by the working classes? Do they, on the whole, contribute to the revenue at all more than, regard being had to their number, they ought to do? Let us look a little into detail. It is impossible to ascertain with accuracy what proportion the propertied classes in this country bear to the labouring classes, or *prolétaires*, as they are called among our neighbours, or how far the distinction between the two is a valid one; for there are comparatively few among the rich who do not work, and increasingly few among the poor who possess no property of any kind. But, from several indications* there is reason to believe that we shall not be wide of the

* We will put down here a few of those known facts from which we have felt ourselves warranted in drawing the inferences in the text. We are aware that these inferences can scarcely reach beyond highly probable conjectures, but we are desirous that our readers should not imagine them to be mere random *guesses*.

1. The number of registered electors in the United Kingdom was, in 1856, by official returns, 1,050,187. Now, it is probable that the number of non-electors in the propertied classes would be about balanced by the number of electors among the *prolétaires*. If we suppose all, or nearly all, of these to be heads of families, (or those who are not to be equal in number to the women, *not registered*, who are,) this would give a total population to the propertied classes (at five to a family) of 5,250,000.

2. By the census of 1841 we got returns of the occupations of 7,850,000 persons in Great Britain, out of a total of 18,850,000. Of these, 760,000 (or those who are returned as independent, educated persons following miscellaneous pursuits, professional men, government civil servants, local, church, and law officers) clearly belonged to the middle and upper ranks. Of the remaining 7,090,000, (consisting of those employed in commerce, agriculture, army and navy, domestic servants, common labourers, &c.) we cannot be wrong in supposing that naval and military officers, farmers, master manufacturers, merchants, clerks, and shopkeepers, would amount to at least 1,000,000. This would give in all 1,760,000, out of 7,850,000, as belonging to classes above the condition of day-labourers and *prolétaires*, or nearly one-fourth.

3. The class of domestic servants reached 1,135,612 in 1831, and in 1841 had increased to 1,691,679. We shall not therefore exceed the mark if we take their numbers now at 2,000,000. These are, of course, entirely confined to families of the upper and middle ranks; and the whole of the indirect taxes levied on their consumption of taxed articles is paid by those ranks. The propertied classes pay not only on their own consumption, which is much larger per head than that in the lower ranks, but on the consumption of two millions of the lower classes besides.

Once for all, be it observed, we give these estimates, and others that follow, merely for what they are worth. They are carefully made; but we know from long use in statistical calculations how liable such are to error, and we therefore give our readers not only the results but the data on which we base them, so that they may judge for themselves.

mark if we reckon the former at one-fourth and the latter at three-fourths of the community. There are certain items in the Customs and Excise duties which we know are paid wholly by the rich. There are other items of which the rich consume, and on which, therefore, they pay, far more per head than the poor: such are tea, sugar, and coffee. Now, an examination into the detail of the expenditure of different families in various grades on these articles, leads us to believe that three-fourths of the tea and coffee that pay duty, and two-thirds of the sugar, are consumed in the houses of the propertied classes. This is the result of careful and extensive private inquiries. Among the agricultural poor, the *men* scarcely ever touch either tea or coffee, and we have ascertained, from personal inquiry, that the quantities purchased by the women for their own drinking are excessively small. Among the artisan population the consumption is much greater. But in the case of the rich and easy classes, not only is the consumption great individually, but they pay for the consumption of their servants. Now, the annual consumption of tea in Great Britain is, per head of the whole population, 23 oz. The consumption of families in the upper classes, where there are three or four servants, is 8 lbs., or 128 oz. per head. The usual allowance to servants is 6 lbs., or 96 oz. per head, just four times that of the average. In the case of sugar the average annual consumption throughout the country is 24 lbs. a head. But the male agricultural population use scarcely any, while the usual consumption of the shop-keeping and higher artisan class is 26 lbs.; that of the middle class 50 lbs.; that of the higher 70 lbs. a head. Now, let us construct an approximate table on these data, admitting freely that they are scarcely more than careful and conjectural estimates.

Total Produce of the Ordinary Revenue levied in 1849.

Customs,	£2,268,864
Excise,	15,003,098
Stamps,	7,013,267
Taxes,	4,522,910
Income-Tax,	5,564,833
Post-Office, (Net)	832,000
						<hr/>
						£55,204,972
Poor-Rate,	England,	£5,395,000				
„	Scotland,	501,000				
„	Ireland,	1,359,000				
		<hr/>				
			£7,255,000			
County-Rate, England,	£1,317,000					
		<hr/>				
Carry over,	£1,317,000	£7,255,000	£55,204,972			

Proportion of Revenue paid by Rich and Poor. 59

Brought over,	£1,317,000	£7,255,000	£55,204,972
County-Rate, Ireland,	928,000		
Highway, England,	1,698,000		
Constabulary, Ireland,	34,000		
	<hr/>	3,977,000	
		<hr/>	11,232,000
			<hr/>
			£66,436,972

Paid by the Propertied Classes entirely.

Poor-Rates and County Rates,	£11,232,000
Income-Tax, and Assessed Taxes,	10,087,743
Stamps, (except Advertisements and Licenses,) . . .	6,660,000
Custom Duties on Books,	£7,748
„ Embroidery,	12,301
„ Flowers, . . .	13,058
„ Lace, . . .	7,943
„ Plate, . . .	1,360
„ Eau-de-Cologne,	2,084
„ Brandy, . . .	1,639,464
„ Wine, . . .	1,767,558
	<hr/>
	3,451,516

Paid by the Propertied Classes in Part.

$\frac{2}{3}$ ths { Tea, . . . £4,471,420)	
{ Coffee, . . . 642,520)	3,883,965
{ Oranges, . . . 64,680)	
$\frac{3}{4}$ ds Sugar, . . . 4,126,500	2,751,000
$\frac{1}{2}$ ths Post-Office, . . 832,000	693,334
	<hr/>
	£38,759,558
$\frac{1}{4}$ th { Of the remaining Customs,)	
{ Stamps, and Excise, say—)	6,884,687
£27,538,748,	<hr/>
	45,644,245
	<hr/>
	£20,792,727

In round numbers, that is, the comparatively few people of property pay *two and a half times* as much taxation as the comparatively many *prolétaires*. The working classes, who constitute three-fourths of the community, pay twenty millions, while the propertied, or upper and middle classes, who amount only to one-fourth, pay forty-four millions,—or, as our total population is about twenty-eight millions, the former pay not quite £1 a head, while the latter pay £6, 10s. 6d., or *six and a half times* as much. This scarcely sounds like the inequity complained of.

The working classes then clearly pay far less in proportion to

their *numbers* than the higher and middle ranks: do they not pay less also in proportion to their *incomes*? Here, again, we are thrown back upon the region of plausible conjecture; for we are without the data to enable us to ascertain accurately the relative incomes of the different ranks. A few considerations, however, may serve to shew that the above question is not so irrational as it may at first appear.

1. The incomes of those who have more than £150 a year appear by the Income-tax returns to amount in Great Britain to £185,000,000.

2. The number of domestic servants in Great Britain (excluding Ireland, as in the last case) is above 1,400,000, and their incomes, male and female, (including keep, or board wages,) could not be less than £35 each, (Porter, vol. iii. p. 16,) or above £50,000,000,—the sum yielded by Schedule D. Their wages alone will be about £13 a head.

3. The population of Great Britain (in all these calculations we are obliged to leave Ireland aside) is now twenty-one millions, of whom the working classes, according to our previous data, will form about fifteen millions and three-quarters. Deducting from these the domestic servants, there will be left above fourteen millions and a quarter, or about three millions of *families*. Now, what is the income of these families on an *average*, taking into account all the trades and occupations into which they are divided,—agricultural labourers, artisans, mechanics, factory hands, journeymen tailors, shoemakers, engine-drivers, &c. &c.? From the Official Report on the employment of women and children in agriculture, it appears that the actual earnings of a *family* of peasants are much greater even in the worst paid districts than it is usual to represent them. The lowest seems to be 10s. a week, and they often exceed 20s. or 25s.* It is difficult, after reading that Report, to believe that 13s. a week is not rather below than above the yearly average. In the manufacturing districts, many single artisans earn double this sum—women and children often more than half—many *families* three or four times as much. Handloom weavers, no doubt, are below this; journeymen tailors, shoemakers, and other handicraftsmen generally much above; mechanics and engine-men, colliers, men employed in iron works, greatly above. On the whole, we believe we shall be below the mark in taking the average earnings of a family at 20s. a week, or say £50 a year. But, as we are aware that at first sight our calculations will appear extreme to

* Those who are startled by a statement so much at variance with their preconceived impressions, will find our view fully borne out by the careful investigations of the Official Commissioners referred to.

many, whose opinions have been formed from speeches and writings of popular or party controversialists, and as we wish to be always within the mark, we will, at the suggestion of the first statistical authority in England, take £40 instead of £50 as the average. This, for three millions of families, would give £120,000,000, to which we must add £20,000,000 for the mere wages of the class of domestic servants. We take their *wages* only, not their *maintenance*, because the taxation on the articles they consume is paid by their masters, and our present object is simply a comparison between the *tax-paying* income of the several classes. We thus arrive at £140,000,000 as the aggregate income of the working classes of Great Britain.

4. The income of the class who are above the working classes, and yet below £150 a year, we can only guess at. Probably we shall not be far wrong if we take it at £50,000,000. This we must add to the £185,000,000, the income of those who have more than £150 a year. This gives a total income for the middle and upper classes of £235,000,000.

5. But we have just seen that the working classes pay only (leaving Ireland as before wholly aside, and supposing no class there to contribute anything) £20,000,000 out of a revenue of £66,000,000. Now £20,000,000 of taxes on an income of £140,000,000 is about 14 per cent. But £45,000,000 (the amount paid as we have seen by the propertied classes) on £235,000,000, is not 14 per cent., but nearly 20.

In the course of our empirical proceedings in fiscal matters, though nothing like system or science has yet been developed, our experience has brought about the recognition of two or three important truths. Of these the most valuable are the connection between a flourishing revenue and a cheap and abundant supply of the necessities of life, and the superior productiveness of moderate over high duties. The almost invariable concomitance between a low price of corn and an increased consumption of exciseable articles, not only directed public attention to the discovery, that the one is a logical sequence of the other, but enabled even Chancellors of the Exchequer to draw the conclusion, that as food and clothing must in the expenditure of all classes take precedence of any other articles of consumption, it is only on the surplus, after these are supplied, that the State can effectively levy its demands. Hence we may hope that it will henceforth be one of the principal objects of all governments to keep provisions cheap, and that even in our times of most pressing emergency, we shall never again see any proposal for imposing taxes upon food or other articles of first necessity.—The many remarkable instances, also, which our financial history affords of a rapid rise in the revenue arising from duties on

articles of general consumption, following upon a great reduction of those duties, have fairly established the theory, and are fast entailing the practice, of moderate rates. The operation of a reduction of duty is twofold: it increases the consumption of the taxed article in consequence of the reduced price bringing it within the reach of a larger number of consumers, and enabling former consumers to purchase more abundantly than before; and it causes a larger proportion of what is consumed to contribute to the revenue, by removing or lessening the motive to illicit importation or production. The various fluctuations in the tax on sugar, on coffee, on tea, on wine, on spirits, and on letters, and their immediate and invariable consequences, which have been so often brought before the public, have raised the enriching tendency of reduced duties so nearly to the rank of an axiom of financial policy, that scarcely any one except a Chancellor of the Exchequer would hesitate to act upon it. The same history, however, which has taught us this prolific truth, has brought to light two exceptions, which are sometimes pointed to by financiers of little faith, as invalidating the general law. The usual result does not ensue when the article is not one of general consumption, but a mere luxury or fancy of the few. Thus, no reduction in the tax on hair-powder or four-wheeled carriages would so increase the use of either as to compensate for the change. Neither does the usual result ensue where the reduction is inadequate to the purpose, and neither materially reduces the price to the consumer of the duty-paid article, nor greatly diminishes the temptation to smuggling. It is obvious, that where the duty on an article of moderate bulk and in great demand is 800 per cent., the reduction of this to 600 per cent. would only reduce the price to the consumer, and consequently affect the consumption, to an inappreciable extent, and thus the revenue would probably lose the whole amount of the reduction. It is obvious also, that the *smallest* of these duties would still leave the stimulus to smuggling so enormous as to ensure its continuance to the utmost practicable extent. The reduction would leave the disadvantage of the fair trader virtually untouched. The experience of the items of tea and tobacco have well illustrated both these principles,—the duty on the former being about 200, and on the latter about 700 per cent.

These two practical facts form, however, pretty much the sum total of financial wisdom on which all parties may be said to be agreed. Nearly every other rule is *adhuc sub judice*. Even our first authorities on these matters, Adam Smith, Ricardo, M'Culloch, and Mill, are by no means always in harmony; and if they were, our senators and statesmen are far from having studied them or imbibed their principles. A new school, and a very

active one, has now sprung up in Liverpool, and its votaries have formed themselves into an association for the avowed purpose of advocating direct taxation as the only sound, innoxious, and equitable system. We shall not attempt to enter into any abstract disquisitions on the knottier branches of the subject, but shall endeavour to elucidate a few general propositions which may naturally aid us in gaining a clear conception of its larger bearings.

A perfect tax—if perfection can be predicated of a thing whose ineradicable essence is evil—would be one which should press equally upon every individual in the community; which should hamper no industry and curtail no commerce; which should offer no temptation and leave no opening to fraud; which should be levied in such a manner as to create no irritation, but should be paid as it were unconsciously, or at least ungrudgingly; and which should take no more from the subject than it put into the Exchequer. But such a tax, though conceivable, is obviously unattainable; and practically, therefore, we must be content to adopt such taxes as most nearly *approximate* to the fulfilment of these conditions, or of the most important of them. It will help us much if we fairly face the inevitable dilemma. A large revenue *must* be raised. Taxation, therefore, must be submitted to. But all taxes are objectionable. It is impossible, we believe, to name a single impost against which a case more or less strong might not be made out. Every tax diminishes the wealth of the country, because every one is unproductively expended. Almost every one we ever heard of is either inequitable in its nature, or fetters commerce, or stimulates to fraud, or is costly in the collection, or is irritating to the temper, or combines several or all of these objections. All that is left to us is a choice of evils. It is no sufficient reason, therefore, for rejecting or repealing a tax, that it is open to one or more of the above charges. Neither, on the other hand, is it any valid ground for preferring or imposing a tax, that it fulfils one of the above requirements, if it violates others equally or more important. It is no conclusive recommendation of a tax that it is equitable, if it be intolerably irritating or needlessly impoverishing. It is no adequate defence that it is cheap and palatable, if it be at the same time unfair or demoralizing. We must not judge taxes by a standard of ideal perfection, which none of them can satisfy, but by the degree in which they *approach* to the most *essential* requirements of that standard.

Let us now dive at once into the heart of the matter, and consider the chief recommendations alleged in favour of a system of *direct taxation*. "Direct taxation, we are told, is the most *equitable* of all systems. Under the existing mode the poor pay

more, and the rich less, than their fair share. Under direct taxation this injustice would be remedied."—Under what system of direct taxation would the adjustment be equitable? and what is a "fair share?" *What is equity?*—Simple equity—the dictates of rigid justice, would seem to require that men should pay to the State in proportion to the services it renders them,—those who benefit most paying most. Now the class which derives the greatest benefit from the protection of the State is clearly that which would suffer most from the withdrawal of that protection, viz., the ignorant, the feeble, and the helpless. The class which profits most by the active beneficence of the State (when its functions are not merely negative and protective) is clearly the same, viz., the poor, the weak, and the incapable. Simple equity, therefore, would appear to require that those should pay the largest amount of taxation who are least able to pay—a conclusion which, however strictly deducible from admitted premises, it is alike impossible to adopt or carry out.—Other lovers of equity contend that, as every man has life and liberty to be guaranteed, but every man has not property,—a poll-tax should be levied as an equivalent to the former, and that the rest of the revenue should be raised on property, and according to property. There is a certain shallow plausibility in the distinction which will recommend it to many minds. But a single question will show how inadequate and unsatisfactory is the solution it affords. How are you to estimate the relative value of life, liberty, and property, so as to decide *what proportion* of the revenue shall be raised by a poll-tax, and what by a property-tax? According to general feeling the latter would be infinitesimally small. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." Again, is every man to pay the same amount of poll-tax?—the man to whom life is sweet and valuable, with every charm which health, happiness and affection can shed around it,—and the man to whom it is a burden and a malady. Others urge that the relation between the State and its citizens is too wide and too sacred to be thus treated as a bare contract for protection on the one side, and payment on the other; that it is the key-stone of a union in which all have entered with a view to the general good; and that every man should contribute, not in proportion to his needs, but in proportion to his means. But—practical difficulties apart—on what principle are a man's means to be estimated? By "means," do we intend to signify his property or income, or *his ability to pay*? Is he to be taxed according to what he *has*, or according to what he can *afford*? If the latter—which clearly ought to be the reply—how, by the resources of direct taxation, is it possible to ascertain it? If the former, as is contended by the parties whose arguments we are

considering, what rule could be more *inequitable*? For, of three men with £1000 a year each, it is as certain that their *incomes* are equal, as that their *means* are unequal. The income of the first is derived from fixed property, and is permanent and bequeathable, and he may spend the whole. The income of the second is a life annuity, and he can only venture to spend what remains after he has purchased an insurance policy for his surviving family. The income of the third is derived from severe professional exertions which cannot be continued for ever, and he can only spend what remains after the additional purchase of a deferred annuity as a provision for old age. Are all these men to be taxed equally, on the plea that their incomes are equal? If so, your equitable plan leads to the commission of a manifest injustice; for it is clear that a man can only afford to pay in proportion to what he can afford to spend; and though you levy the same amount of tax on each of the three men, the *pressure* of that tax will be very different. We will assume, however, that this objection is met, as many political economists contend that it should, by taxing permanent, terminable, and professional incomes by a varying scale. Still other difficulties as insuperable in the way of a really fair assessment remain behind. How will you deal with the case of men who, with equal fixed incomes, have most unequal demands upon those incomes, and therefore in truth most unequal means? It is abundantly clear that a man having £1000 a year, and ten children, cannot afford to pay as much as a man having £1000 a year and neither wife nor child. A tax of 10 per cent., which would be scarcely felt by the latter, or, at the worst, would only debar him from some noxious or needless luxury, would actually *pinch* the former, perhaps drive him into a smaller house, and probably compel him to stint his family in clothes or education.

In order in some measure to meet this objection, Bentham recommended, and Mr. J. S. Mill endorses the recommendation, that taxation should only be levied on a man's *surplus* income, *i.e.*, on that portion of it which remains after the absolute necessities of life are provided for. In pursuance of this idea, he advises that all incomes under £50 should be exempted altogether, that a man with £100 should pay upon £50 only, and a man with £1000 upon £950, and so on. We see no objection to the proposal as a practical boon; but it is obvious that this could afford only a very rough approximation to justice: £50 a year would more than supply a bachelor with food, shelter, and clothing, but would be inadequate for a man with ten children. Moreover, it would leave the real difficulty untouched—which is to provide an income-tax which shall be truly and not nominally equitable—which *shall not press upon one man more heavily than on another*? We are not here arguing, be it observed, against an income-tax

as inadmissible; we merely wish to shew that it does not, any more than those taxes which it is proposed to discard in its favour, fulfil the requirements of equity. It does not make, and cannot be arranged to make, every man pay his "fair share" towards the burdens of the State.

There is little doubt that many of the objections to the existing Income-tax might be removed or mitigated, but several we believe to be inherent in its essence. At present it combines nearly every possible bad quality that a tax can have. It is only half as productive as it might be made; it is inquisitorial and irritating to the last degree; it is brimful of obvious and hidden injustices, and it offers overwhelming inducements to fraud. It is impossible to point to any principle on which the exemption of all incomes under £150 can be defended. If the propriety (above stated) of leaving untaxed a sufficient portion of a man's income to provide him with an actual subsistence be urged on its behalf, then we reply that the exemption is far too wide, and should have been confined to incomes under £50. If the plea be brought forward that the class whose incomes fall between £50 and £150 bear an inordinate proportion of the indirect taxes, as is suggested by Mr. Mill, then we reply that the exemption does not extend nearly far enough, for the people whose income ranges from £100 to £300 are far the most heavily taxed portion of the community. They pay house-tax, they pay poor-rates and county-rates, they pay a considerable portion of the stamp duties and the advertisement duty, and they contribute fully more than their share to the customs and excise. Moreover, the exemption reduces the yield of the tax, according to the best opinions, fully one half. Finally, as the recent Parliamentary investigation is said to prove beyond question, it opens a wider door to petty fraud than any other provision of this baneful impost.* Those acquainted with the practical working of special taxes declare, that if there be one rule which their experience points to as admitting of less doubt and fewer exceptions than any other, it is, that *all exemptions are mischievous*.

Even if all the obvious and admitted inequalities of the Income-tax were rectified, it would still be in practice the most unfair of all imposts, from the utter impossibility of assessing with any certainty the actual incomes of the contributors. Rents, salaries, annuities, dividends, &c., may be accurately ascertained; but professional gains, and the profits of trade, can be estimated on no other ground than the declarations of the contributors themselves. No productions of books, no demand for minute and detailed returns, though these are often called for to a most vexatious and

* In 1844 the claims for exemption were 82,854, of which the Commissioners were obliged to admit 75,500. The amount returned on these claims was £69,100.

troublesome extent, can enable the collectors to prevent fraud where fraud is intended. Not only therefore does the tax fall heaviest on the most conscientious—the worst species of inequality—but an almost irresistible temptation is held out to subtle casuistry, to self-favouring decisions in all cases where the shadow of a doubt exists, to all those petty tamperings with integrity which gradually sear the tenderness of the moral sense, and pave the way for bolder and larger infractions of justice and of law.* The surveyors and commissioners feel themselves baffled by the deliberate and consistent assertions of the steady knave, and they repay themselves by subjecting the honest tradesman to an amount of vexatious and insulting cross-examination which amounts to absolute persecution. They openly charge him with having made a false declaration—the law gives them power to do this with impunity; they remand him day after day for fresh examination; they require returns of details and particular transactions for three years back, which it is sometimes impossible to furnish, which waste his time and sour his temper: when he either cannot or will not do this, or when, wearied out with contumely and annoyance, he abandons the contest in disgust, they confirm the surcharge which brands him as a would-be but baffled deceiver; and if, from a dread of meeting similar insolence and torture every year, or from feeling that no mere sum of money can make it worth while to submit again to such an irritating process, he consents to compound at the amount thus unjustly assessed, they point to his consent as an acknowledgment of his intended fraud. These cases are deplorably frequent; we speak from long and painful experience, and our own observation has been confirmed by some of the commissioners themselves, who blushed at the amount of bullying and insult inflicted by their colleagues on the unfortunate appellants. Now, a tax which enables the fraudulent to cheat the collector, and the collector to rob the honest, can be rendered endurable and defensible by no amount of supposed theoretical perfection. A tax, too, which leads to so much irritation of

* Defrauding the revenue is too commonly regarded as scarcely a moral offence at all. Thousands will cheat the Exchequer who would on no account cheat a fellow-subject; and the conduct of the Government in upholding, and the language of Sir Charles Wood in defending, a tax so replete with manifold injustices as the existing Income-tax, have done much to promote this misty, oblique, and exceptional morality. We scarcely know any didactic and professorial teachings as to the veniality of fraud to be compared with the speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on this subject. He has repeatedly argued that the Income-tax is just because it is unjust to all—that it is so rotten and indefensible in all its details that you cannot meddle with it without risk of its falling to pieces altogether, that he must have the money, that he is cheated more than he cheats, &c., &c. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer declares that he cannot help being unjust, the tax-payer will naturally reply that he cannot help being dishonest. If the Chancellor pleads, in defence of an unfair tax, that he must fill his coffers, the subject will reply that he must protect his purse. It becomes a simple battle between extortion on one side and evasion on the other.

temper, and so much bitter indignation, that many of those who pay it would willingly contribute, in order to escape from it, double the amount in any other form, is surely open to one of the most fatal objections that can be alleged against any impost. Of the five requirements enumerated above, as characteristic of a perfect tax, a direct tax on income fulfils scarcely one. It is peculiarly and incurably unfair, it is excessively irritating, it is lamentably demoralizing, and, if all things be taken into consideration, it is by no means unexpensive in the collection. Mr. Mill, even, "with much regret," considers the first of these objections as insuperable. "It is to be feared," he adds, "that the fairness which belongs to the principle of an income tax can never be made to attach to it in practice; and that this tax, while apparently the most just of all modes of raising a revenue, is in effect more unjust than many others which are *primâ facie* more objectionable. This consideration would lead us to concur in the opinion which, until of late, has usually prevailed—that direct taxes upon income should be reserved as an extraordinary resource for great national emergencies, in which the necessity of a large additional revenue overrules all minor considerations."*

The argument in favour of direct taxes on property and income, which has so often been alleged of late,—viz., that they fall upon the rich rather than on the poor—we have already partially considered. We have shewn that it is at least questionable whether, in simple equity, the poor *ought* to be so largely exempted from taxation. We have shewn good ground for believing that the poor, in this country and under our existing system, pay less than the rich in proportion to their incomes, and enormously less in proportion to their numbers. We have also shewn that the working classes with us are relieved from all taxation but that which is *self-imposed*, to an extent which can be affirmed of no other country in the world. We have shewn that our revenue may be said, without exaggeration, to be almost wholly levied *either upon property*, and chiefly upon the larger properties, *or upon luxuries*. But on this branch of the question, there is one other very important consideration to be adverted to. Direct taxes are now popular with the masses and their writers, *only because the masses are exempted from them*. Now, were we to decide upon raising our revenue

* "The truth is, that a fair income-tax is a desideratum which is not destined ever to be supplied. After the Legislature has done all that can be done to make it equal, it will still remain most unequal. To impose it only on certain classes of incomes, or on all incomes without regard to their origin, is alike subversive of all sound principle. Nothing therefore remains but to reject it, or to resort to it only when money must be had at all hazards, when the ordinary and less exceptional methods of filling the public coffers have been tried and exhausted, and when, as during the late war, Hannibal is knocking at the gates, and national independence must be secured at whatever cost."—*M'Culloch*, p. 137.

wholly or mainly from direct taxes, this exemption could no longer be maintained. A large amount of taxation can never be levied on the *few*. If, therefore, this plan were adopted, *all must pay*. In countries where it is adopted, all do pay. In most countries on the Continent, in France, in Germany,* where Customs and Excise duties form a far less important part of the revenue than here, there is a per centage levied on all personal as well as real property; there is a capitation-tax, a hearth-tax, a trade-tax, a salt-tax, often a bread and meat-tax, besides the vexatious and burdensome *octroi*. From these burdens few or none are exempted. And so it would have to be here, were the prospects of the Liverpool financiers adopted. Taxes on luxuries, if they are luxuries confined to the rich, can never be productive. Even a house-tax, if levied on the absurd principle of the new one—which out of 3,700,000 dwellings, proposes to exempt all under £20, or six-sevenths of the number—would yield a most insignificant return. Even an Income and Property-tax, confined to the middle and upper ranks, however heavy it might be, would soon shew the working classes that, whatever be the *first incidence* of an unfair impost, the due share of it must finally fall on them. By no jugglery of direct taxation can the many, ultimately or permanently, shift their burdens on the shoulders of the few. The rich, like the poor, can neither spend nor pay more than they possess. Nine-tenths of them already live up to their income, or as nearly so as they deem prudent;—in other words, they spend as much as they safely can. Take the case of a man with an income of £1000 a year. He pays, we will say, £200 a year in taxes, direct and indirect; the remaining £800 meets his personal expenditure. He keeps three servants, besides a groom and a horse. A new system of taxation increases his taxes to £400 a year, and of course diminishes his available income to £600. His tea, coffee, and sugar, will cost him less than before, owing to the abolition of customs and excise duties. But the difference will be so slight, that he must diminish his general expenditure materially. He can only do so by paying less wages, or by purchasing less of those articles whose production gives employment to the poor,—i.e., by diminishing that portion of his expenditure which was spent, directly or indirectly, in the payment of labour. He dismisses his groom and sells his horse. His groom in the first place, his saddler and blacksmith in the second, and the farmer who supplied him with hay and oats, in the third, are the sufferers. He gives up wine, and deprives of employment the artisan who used to produce the article of ex-

* Much of this is derived from private information sent us by the best informed parties on the Continent. For confirmation, see Laing's "Observations on Europe in 1848 and 1849."

port which was formerly sent abroad to purchase his wine. He reduces the expenditure of his family in clothes: the tailor, the shoemaker, the spinner, the weaver, the dyer, feel the effect of his increased taxation. They have their sugar, their tea, their tobacco, their beer, cheaper than before; but the poor groom has lost all his means of purchasing these luxuries, and the other artisans have had their means greatly curtailed. Almost the whole expenditure of the rich man goes, in one form or another, in the employment of labour—often, it is true, in a most unwise employment of it; and when this truth is fully apprehended by the working classes, they will understand that every diminution of the rich man's income, by partial taxation, must recoil upon the poor,—not by a law of Parliament, but by a law of Economic science, against which Parliamentary enactments contend in vain.

If this were fairly stated and fully comprehended, what would be the feeling of the mass of our population on the subject of direct taxation? How would they who never see the face, or hear the unwelcome knock of the tax-gatherer, from the cradle to the grave—who, perhaps, scarcely ever pay a farthing to the revenue at all, or at all events would never find out that they did it, if they were not told—how would they endure to be called upon, year by year, for a house-tax of five per cent., for five per cent. of their wages, or for five shillings a head upon every member of their family? Direct taxes, like any other taxes, are sure to be popular with those who do not pay them. But if the choice were fairly placed before them, between indirect taxation as it now exists, and direct taxation of *which they must bear their fair share*,—between a tax on income, which they could not escape, and a tax on luxuries, which it was optional with them to pay,—who can doubt what would be their instantaneous and unanimous decision? Hitherto, the people have been systematically blinded as to the real question at issue, both by their own misleaders, and by a misjudging Legislature. How could they form a just estimate of the relative merits of direct and indirect taxation, when they knew the former only as an income-tax, which spared *their* incomes, and a house-tax, which spared *their* houses, and the latter as a burden which poisoned every pipe they smoked, soured every glass of beer they drank, and embittered every cup of tea they sweetened? But when the question is honestly propounded to them: *Not*—“Which do you prefer—a tax which the rich pay and you escape, or one which you pay in common with them?” *but*, “Which do you prefer—a tax which you pay only *when you like, if you like, and to the extent you like*; or one which, though perhaps smaller in amount, is yet taken from you periodically, inexorably, and however ill you can afford it?”—we are

satisfied that the advocates of direct taxation will find few supporters.

We cannot but think that much moral mischief has been done, and serious political danger incurred, both by the custom recently adopted or extended of exempting the lower classes and the smaller incomes from taxation, and still more by the language in which this custom has been advocated. No man has sinned more deeply in this particular than the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Charles Wood. We have already had occasion to animadvert upon his lax and slipshod morality. In recommending his new house-tax, on the ground of its exempting all houses under £20 a year, (or 3,000,000 out of 3,500,000,) he spoke thus:—"In all the commercial and financial measures I have submitted to the House, my principle has been one and the same. I have never turned to the right or to the left to consider what would be a benefit to one class or another; but I have looked to that which would be most beneficial to the great body of our labouring population. They are, in my opinion, the special objects of the care and solicitude of Government,—government being instituted for the benefit of the many, not of the few."

It is sad to see a man high in office utter, before a grave assembly charged with the destinies of millions, twaddle indicating such sad mistiness of view. In the first place, while professing to eschew all class legislation, he adopts a class legislation of the most sweeping, flagrant, and demagogic character. He will not turn aside to consider what will benefit this class or that, but yet he will make it his main object and consideration to benefit the largest class of all. He will inquire, not what is just and fair to all classes, but what will be most desirable for that class whose interests he especially desires to serve. In laying on a tax on dwellings, he will levy it on half a million only, out of three millions and a half, because he desires to benefit the class who live in the exempted three millions, at the expense of the class who live in the taxed half million. He will lay the burden on the few, not on the many, "because government was instituted for the benefit of the many, *not* of the few." Was it? we had always understood that government was instituted for the government of the many *and* of the few. We have always conceived that the distinction here drawn was the essential blunder and vice of vulgar democracy. In proportion to the smallness of that portion of the community on which taxation is imposed, does it assume the character of *confiscation*. In proportion as one class or section is singled out for bearing the burdens of the State, does taxation approach the essence, put on the garb, breathe the poisonous doctrine of *pillage*. We would go to the furthest point of the most thorough democrat

in removing every impost which pressed unfairly, injuriously, or oppressively upon the mass of the community; we would apportion the public burdens on the most rigid principle of equity, wherever that can be discovered, and as far as it can be approached; but those who encourage the people to believe that taxation ought to be or can be made to fall upon the upper classes exclusively or disproportionately—those who adopt the course and use the language of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—are laying down a doctrine of the most fatal tendency, and the most flagrant immorality; a doctrine, in fact, which differs only in the extent to which it is proposed *at present* to apply it, from the doctrines of Jack Cade, Barbès, and Blanqui, of the plunderers, spoliators, confiscators, and “equitable adjusters” of all times.

One of the arguments in favour of direct taxation, most relied upon by its advocates, is its superior cheapness. When compared with indirect taxation, it is alleged, it takes less out of the pockets of the people, in proportion to the amount it puts into the coffers of the Exchequer. We admit the truth of the allegation to a certain degree; but that degree has been enormously overstated. The relative cost of collecting the different branches of the revenue in Great Britain is as follows:—Customs, £5, 6s. 4d. per cent.; Excise, £4, 16s. 9d.; direct taxes, (assessed and income,) £3, 3s. 3d. In other words, the direct taxes cost three and one-sixth per cent., and the indirect taxes five per cent. in collecting, leaving an advantage of not quite two per cent. in favour of the former. On the first blush of the matter, then, it would appear as if the entire substitution of the former for the latter would effect a saving of nearly one million a year to the country. How far this would be a sufficient equipoise to the vast addition of irritation and inconvenience which such substitution would entail, may well be doubted. But would the saving be even as great as it appears? This is more than doubtful. In the first place, a wiser adjustment of our customs and excise-duties, repealing those which yield little and cost much, would reduce the expense of collection most materially. Already we can trace a commencement of such reduction arising from the judicious changes which have been introduced from time to time. Thus we find that in the years from 1830-1833, the cost of collecting the customs' duties in Great Britain averaged £5, 19s. 7d. per cent. In the last four years it has only averaged £5, 7s. 3d.; and in 1850 was only £5, 6s. 4d. In the five years from 1835-1839 the cost of collecting the Excise averaged £6, 6s. 4d.; in the last five years it has only averaged £5, 7s. 2d., and in 1850 was only £4, 16s. 9d.

But there is another consideration. It is true that the direct

* Finance Account, 1851. Parl. Papers.

taxes are now levied at a collecting cost of three and one-sixth per cent., because they are levied on comparatively few individuals, and in comparatively large sums. But if they became our sole taxes, or even the main basis of our taxation, they must, as we have shewn, be extended to all classes, they must be levied upon all individuals, however humble. Instead of Schedule D being demanded from 147,659 individuals, (as it was in 1848,) it would have to be demanded from probably upwards of a million. Instead of the revenue being collected in sums of £100, it would have to be collected in sums of £1 and under. Instead of a collector calling once and upon one man for £50, he would have to call a hundred times, and upon a hundred men. Instead of gathering the House-tax from 500,000 houses, it would have to be gathered from 3,500,000. The 20s. a year which the working man (according to our previous estimate) now pays indirectly and unconsciously, and which the collector never has to call upon him for at all, would then have to be wrung out of him by painful pressure, under a variety of heads, and at repeated visits. The collector now gathers the tax on tea or sugar, for example, from about one thousand importing and unmurmuring merchants, who pay it as a matter of course, and without demur. Under the direct system, the same sum would have to be drawn in small amounts from thirty millions of resentful and blaspheming contributors, who would make a point of giving as much trouble as they could. Under such circumstances, is there the least probability that direct taxes could be collected for three and one-sixth per cent., or perhaps for three times that amount? * Is it not evident that to obtain a *large* revenue you levy it from the *many*,—to obtain it *cheaply* you must levy it from, or rather through, the *few*?

We do not therefore see any reason to believe that direct taxes, fairly imposed, would be at all less costly in the collection than indirect ones, judiciously selected and adjusted. We have met boldly, and in the face, the principal recommendations usually urged on behalf of those imposts which are now bidding so high for popular favour. We have shewn that when they take the form of an Income and Property-tax they are inherently and incurably unfair; we have shewn that it is very questionable whether they are economical, and that it is beyond question that they are not equitable, and cannot be made so. There are, however, three classes of direct taxes which have our unqualified approval—the Assessed Taxes, and the House-tax, and the Legacy Duty. The Assessed Taxes, now that the

* In confirmation of this, it is important to notice that previous to 1842, (when the Income-tax was imposed, which presses on so few,) the direct taxes cost nearly as much as the Customs and Excise in collection, or above five per cent.

Window Duty has been repealed, seem wholly unobjectionable. They are easily levied; they allow little, if any, room for evasion and deceit; they are taxes on expenditure, not on income; they are taxes on needless luxuries, and if a man wishes at any time to escape the tax, he can do so by foregoing the luxury. If he can afford to indulge in the luxury, it is certain he can afford to pay for it, and should not grudge doing so. Of all taxes, a house-tax, fairly levied on the assessable value of the dwelling, and admitting no exemptions, unites most merits, and is open to fewest objections. It is liable to no evasion or dispute; it creates no irritation beyond that which paying away money for an unseen reality unavoidably causes in nearly all minds; its pressure is more equitable than that of any other, since the value of the house in which a man chooses to live offers a criterion of what he can afford to spend, (and therefore to pay,) not, indeed, perfect and universal, but certainly more accurate than any other test. We particularly recommend to our readers' attention the section of Mr. Mill's work which he devotes to the consideration of the house-tax, in which he briefly, but most triumphantly, disposes of all the current objections which are urged against it, shewing how frivolous most of them are, and how entirely all that have any validity or weight apply not to the principle of the tax itself, but to the faulty and inequitable mode in which it was formerly levied. Now that this tax has been re-imposed, we trust to see it made permanent, universal, equal in its pressure, and greatly increased in amount. It may then become—as we hope it will—a substitute for the present Income-tax, almost all the recommendations of which it may claim, and all the fatal allegations against which it avoids. A ten per cent. house-tax, laid not on 500,000 dwellings, but on 4,500,000,* would yield a large, steady, and unobnoxious revenue, and possesses, besides this vast supplementary merit, that *the rate* might be raised or lowered according to the yearly necessities of the Exchequer, and thus save that constant alteration, repeal, imposition, and re-imposition of taxes, which is one of the great mischiefs of our present empiric, unscientific, and hand-to-mouth system. Now, if there be a deficiency, the Chancellor has to set his wits to work to devise some new tax that can be laid on with the least outcry, or to select from the old ones that which will best bear an increase; and in doing this it is scarcely possible for him to hit upon one which will not be more or less injurious, or more or less partial in its augmented pressure, and an alteration of which will not, therefore, fairly lay him open to the charge of injustice. If, on the other hand, there is a surplus revenue, the Chancellor is immediately assailed

* *I.e.*, 3,467,611 in Great Britain, and 852,889 (probably) in Ireland.

with the deafening clamour of twenty rival claimants for relief; and whatever tax he selects for repeal, it is scarcely possible for him to avoid favouring one class of the community more than others, and thus incurring the accusation of partiality. All changes in taxation are in themselves bad, because all involve an *unsettlement* of time-adjusted pressure. Taxes, whatever be their nature and *first incidence*, have a certain tendency, in the course of years, to rectify their own original inequalities, and spread themselves with tolerable fairness over the community. This is one of the most indisputable axioms of economic science, though writers differ as to the rapidity with which the process is effected. But of the inherent faculty of taxation, however partial its imposition in the outset, to place itself gradually and in due proportion on the right shoulders, there can be no controversy. Every change, therefore, every new tax laid on, every old one repealed, disturbs the natural adjustment which has been thus effected, and introduces, for the time, a fresh inequality of pressure, requiring a fresh process of adjustment. But if we had once removed the taxes really injurious to morals and to trade, it would be of inestimable benefit to have no further alteration, to have all taxes settled and permanent, but to meet the varying redundancies or deficiencies of the revenue, as they occurred, by *varying the rate per cent.* of that one impost which pressed equally on all. This, we conceive, would be the greatest practical improvement which could be introduced into our fiscal system.

The Legacy Duties, in the form in which they are now imposed, are utterly indefensible. Their partiality is gross and flagrant. In the first place, they exempt a vast proportion of the property of the country altogether; in the second place, they tax small properties at a higher rate than large. From the Probate Duty, which is levied on the entire personal property devised by will, from the duty on Letters of Administration, which is levied on the entire personalty of parties dying intestate, and from the Legacy Duty, which also falls on personalty, but at rates varying according to the degree of consanguinity of the legatee,—all real property is exempt. Railway shares, bank stock, stock in trade, ships, gold, bills of exchange, &c., all pay: land does not. Again, the Probate Duty, which averages rather more than 2 per cent. on all sums under £2000, is only about 1½ per cent. on properties of £20,000, and not much more than 1½ per cent. on estates of £100,000 or £1,000,000. The duty on Letters of Administration is 3 per cent. on the smaller amounts, and only from 2 to 2½ on larger ones. These monstrous injustices have led to a feeling of hostility to a tax which, when fairly imposed and levied, is one of the most equitable and least burdensome that can be devised. In judging the principle of a Legacy Duty, we

must consider it not in the imperfect and objectionable form which it may have assumed under the sinister operation of class interests, but in the form it would assume in the hands of just legislators. Now, if the Probate and Administrative Duties were repealed, and the Legacy Duty imposed upon *all* property passing by inheritance, at a rate varying, as at present, according to the degree of relationship, from 1 to 10 per cent., we do not see any tax to which so few objections could apply. It is little liable to evasion by donation *inter vivos*, and a slight alteration of the law might still further diminish this liability; it affords scarcely any opening to fraud, because the legal formalities necessary in the due performance of the duties of an executor would give ample means of ascertaining the amounts bequeathed or inherited; it fulfils admirably Adam Smith's third requisite of a good tax, (that it should be levied at the time when it is most convenient for the individual to pay it,) inasmuch as it is demanded from him at the very moment when he is receiving a considerable accession of property; and, finally, it is paid with less irritation and reluctance than any other fiscal burden, because it is called for when this accession of property has improved his circumstances, and may be supposed to have put him in good humour. Moreover, there seems a special equity in the tax on a separate ground. It may be regarded as an equivalent paid for the protection of the law under circumstances when an individual is disabled from protecting himself. A man's power over his property naturally ceases with his life; without the intervention of the State he could not secure its reversion to those whom he desired to endow. The State, however, steps in, and says to him, "We will carry out your posthumous wishes with regard to the disposal of your estate when you are helpless and departed, on condition of a moderate and reasonable fee." Thus he pays the ordinary taxes to purchase protection during his lifetime: he pays the Legacy Duty to purchase a posthumous power over his property, a power which only an executor like the State can bestow. If there be no property to bequeath, there is no tax paid.

Mr. Mill's estimate of the justice and incidental merits of this tax is so high that he would carry it much further than many will feel prepared to go along with him. He conceives that "the principle of graduation, (as it is called,) that is, of levying a larger *per centage* on a larger sum, though its application to general taxation would be a violation of first principles, is quite unobjectionable as applied to legacy and inheritance duties." He would, moreover, limit the power of bequest to a fixed amount, making the State residuary legatee in all cases where the property left exceeded this amount to each recipient; and he would make collateral inheritances *ab intestato* cease altogether, and

the property escheat to the State. The arguments by which he defends these proposals have, we confess, failed to satisfy us altogether of their wisdom, but they are well worthy of consideration. They are to be found in the first chapter of his second book.

In comparing the respective merits of direct and indirect taxation—taxes on income and property, and taxes on commodities—much stress is laid by the advocates of the former on its superior economy,—on its taking less than its rival out of the pocket of the people, in proportion to the sum it puts into the coffers of the State. We have already considered this point so far as mere *cost of collection* is concerned; and we have shewn that the alleged cheapness of direct taxation in this particular, is rather delusive than genuine—rather accidental and fluctuating than permanent and essential. But another expense attaches to taxes on articles of consumption, which it is important to estimate at its real magnitude. Duties on commodities (it is said) being usually paid by the producers or importers before the commodities are sold to the consumers, increase prices, not only by the amount of the duty, but also by the amount of the profits on that portion of the producer's or importer's capital which was expended in advancing the duty. That is, if the usual and fair profits on capital employed in trade are ten per cent., the article in question reaches the consumer charged not only with the duty, but with the addition of ten per cent. on the amount of that duty; nay more, with an additional ten per cent. laid on by every tradesman through whose hands the article passes. Sismondi goes so far as to say that a tax of 4000 francs, paid originally by the manufacturer or importer, whose profits were ten per cent., would, if the article passed only through the hands of five different persons before reaching the consumer, cost the latter 6734 francs. If this statement were true, or even approached the truth, it would amount to an indictment against indirect taxation, which scarcely any or all of its acknowledged recommendations would suffice to countervail. But it is obvious that this blundering calculation proceeds upon the assumption that the tax accumulates by compound interest, not at the rate of ten per cent. *per annum*, but at the rate of ten per cent. *at each step of its progress*. If *each one* of the transmitters retained the article a year in his possession, and it was, therefore, *five years* in reaching the consumer, Sismondi's reasoning would be correct; but if only one year elapsed—and the actual time is seldom so long—then an addition to the original duty of 400 francs instead of 2734, would give a rate of ten per cent. *per annum* to all parties through whose hands the commodity had passed, whether they were five or fifty.

But even when we have thus reduced this objection from the

gigantic magnitude to which Mr. Sismondi's oversight had swelled it, a farther and most material deduction must be made. We will assume that a year elapses between the payment of duty by the importer or manufacturer, and its repayment to him by the consumer; the consumer will then pay it with the addition of ten per cent. But *he pays it a year later* than he would otherwise have done: the State required the money at the time it levied it from the importer; if, in place of an indirect, it had been levied by a direct tax on the consumer, he must have paid it in January instead of in December. The money, therefore, has been left in his hand for a whole year, during which period it has yielded him, we may presume, five per cent. The real addition to the consumer is, therefore, not *ten* per cent. but *five*; since whether he pays the tax *plus* five per cent. in January, or *plus* ten per cent. in December, the actual sum taken out of his pocket is the same. The State wants £100 from the tax-payer, whose money is invested at five per cent. interest; and, taking this by indirect taxation, it takes from him £110, but it does this a year later than it would have done by direct taxation; and whether it takes £105 from him now, or £110 twelve months hence, must be a matter of complete indifference.

But is there any reason to believe that a year, or any time approaching to it, elapses in ordinary cases between the payment of the duty by the importing merchant, and its recovery from the ultimate consumer? In former days it might have been so; but since the system of bonded warehouses was introduced, the case is altogether changed. Now the merchant can leave his goods under the Queen's key, and does not pay the duty till he takes them out for delivery, not indeed to the consumer, but to the dealer who supplies the consumer. The additional capital required, and on which he has to charge his supposed profit of ten per cent., is only needed for the few days or weeks which elapse between *his* payment to the revenue officer, and the shopkeeper's repayment to him: the shopkeeper, again, has only to charge profit on the same capital for the few days and weeks which elapse between his payment to the merchant, and his customer's payment to him. If all parties paid ready money, the whole additional cost to the consumer would be confined to ten per cent. profit on the duty, for the time during which the goods lay unsold in the dealer's shop,—which time he would of course render as short as possible, by holding small stocks and applying to the merchant only a very short time before his previous supply was exhausted. If either vendor *give credit* to either vendee, then the additional price which this credit obliges him to charge for the commodity, is a simple remuneration to him for consenting to remain so long out of possession of his capital. It is interest on money lent to his customer; and

it is mere misrepresentation to speak of it as an addition to the duty advanced by the importer.

The indirect expense of indirect taxation, then, which loomed so large in the distance, turns out, when closely analyzed, to be very insignificant;—not, as Sismondi conceived, 70 per cent.,—not, as Ricardo seemed to admit, 10 per cent.,—not even, as for the sake of argument we assumed, 5 per cent., but probably not above $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., or three months' interest on the amount of the original duty. The enormous cost to the country of many taxes on imported commodities, (conjectured to have been in the case of sugar five millions, and in the case of corn twenty millions, annually,) arising from their effect in forcing production into unnatural and injudicious channels, and compelling us to buy from one country what we could have procured far more cheaply from another—need not be spoken of here. They are discredited, condemned, and almost swept away. Duties strictly and fairly imposed for the sake of revenue, have nothing in common with duties which are either purposely or incidentally protective; and the ill repute justly attaching to the latter can by no legitimate process be made to recoil upon the former. Neither need we combat the objections derived from the evil of excessive or ill-selected duties which, like that on tea, curtail consumption, tempt adulteration, lessen by so doing their own productiveness, and diminish the production of those labour-employing articles of export which are used to purchase the commodity so injuriously over-taxed. All arguments drawn from such cases are of weight, not against the principle of indirect taxation, but against its injudicious and clumsy application. They merely shew that the financier who lays himself open to such charges, does not understand his business. They are what logicians call *fallacia accidentis*. They are specimens of the sophism, *à dicto secundum quid ad dictum simpliciter*, which argues from what is true under particular circumstances, as if it were true nakedly and altogether. They are directed solely against the separable accidents, not against the inherent essentials of the system.

We pass over with a mere enumeration several minor advantages of indirect taxation, as our limits warn us to draw to a close. Such as the convenience of the time at which the tax is paid by the consumer, which consideration Adam Smith places so high in his list of requisites. Such as its self-adjusting qualities, enabling a man to do for himself what it is one great, but uniformly unattained object, of the Science of Finance to do for him,—namely, to proportion his fiscal burdens to his capacity of bearing them. Such as its light and evanescent pressure on the poor man, so soon as he becomes *poor enough* to be obliged to dispense with luxuries. Such, finally, as its liability to be

thrown, in part at least, on foreigners,—the possibility of which, and the *modus operandi* of effecting it, involves so subtle and intricate a train of reasoning that we shall not attempt to enter upon it here, but shall content ourselves with referring to the argument of Mr. J. S. Mill, as confirmation of its practicability.*

The most weighty objection brought against Customs and Excise duties is their alleged demoralizing tendency. They encourage smuggling, and tempt to fraudulent adulteration. It is impossible to deny the accusation. But two pleas may be urged in mitigation, which will go far to prevent sentence of condemnation from being passed. In the first place, the charge is valid against excessive, not against moderate duties. If the duties are so high as to leave the profits of the smuggler—*all risks included*—decidedly greater than those of the fair trader, such duties are not only demoralizing, but suicidal. But these immoderate duties have long been condemned, and in the majority of cases abandoned. Our experience in the case of the excise on spirits and the duty on silks, as in many other instances, proved the effect of the lowering of the duty in discouraging and knocking up the smuggling trade, and thus clearly shewed that *this* argument, like others we have just disposed of, bore not against indirect taxation, but against enormous and abortive taxation,—not against import and excise duties *per se*, but against such injudicious and ineffective duties as no financier who was master of his profession would dream of imposing. To impose a duty which rendered smuggling and adulteration overpoweringly attractive—which gave higher inducements to the smuggler than the tradesman's native preference for honesty and the vigilance of the coast-guard were competent to countervail—would be to impose a duty which failed of its purpose, and the imposition of which, therefore, would be a proof of the incapacity of the statesman who laid it on. It is true that we have not yet fully carried out the maxims of fiscal wisdom which our experience has taught us; and that in the case of tea and of tobacco we still retain duties which offer irresistible temptations to the smuggler and adulterator; but their operation is now well understood, and their death-warrant is already signed—as far, that is, as refers to their self-defeating and illegitimate *excess*. In the second place, temptations to evasion are inherent in the nature of every tax, in proportion to its disagreeableness and the severity of its pressure. We know the subterfuges often resorted to in the case of the assessed taxes; we have seen something of the enormous stimulus to fraud arising from the Income-tax; the revenue is defrauded in the several departments of the

* Principles of Political Economy, vol. ii. p. 405. *Essays on some unsettled Questions of Political Economy.*

Legacy Duty, the Stamp Duties, and the Post-Office ;—and, while fully admitting the validity of the objection in question, when urged against Excise and Customs Duties, we hold that it is one of those objections which, as we have seen, inevitably attach to things so intrinsically evil in their nature as all taxes are ; and that, where the duties are moderate in amount and judiciously selected, they are as little open to it as almost any direct tax that can be named, except a house-tax,—and far less open than many that might be specified, such as an income-tax.

We now come to the final consideration,—on which we are at issue with, and diametrically opposed to the popular declaimers against indirect taxation, viz., the comparative ease with which it is levied, the comparative unreluctance—approaching to unconsciousness—with which it is paid. This the Liverpool financiers regard as its decisive demerit : this we regard as its crowning recommendation. Horace says of poems :

“Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt.”

We hold this to apply in the case of taxes also. They should be, as far as possible, not only theoretically beautiful, but practically sweet. If an impost must be levied, let it be done with as little irritation and annoyance as the thing will admit of. When a painful operation has to be performed, it is surely desirable to effect it while the patient is under the influence of chloroform. If the life-blood must be extracted from a man, it is unquestionable mercy to throw him first into a deep sleep. “Not so, (say the financial reformers :) this would remove the most efficient check on the extravagance of Government. If taxes are made pleasant, or even endurable, there is no limit to the amount that may be extracted from the people—if, by the perfection of art, they are reduced to a kind of insensible perspiration, the patient may be bled to death before he is aware. The best security we can have for the economical expenditure of the public money, is to make taxation so disgusting and burdensome that the people will grudge every farthing they are called upon to pay.” Surely this argument is very childish and very shallow. Englishmen are scarcely such infants as to require to be treated in this way. If the taxation be not needed for the due furtherance of public objects, it is wrong to levy it, and weak to pay it ; if it be needed, it is silly to grudge it, and would be double silliness to raise it in any but the least objectionable way. But let the matter be argued on its own grounds : let us tie our Government down in the strictest mode we can devise to expend the public money for none but the most just, important, and valuable purposes ; let us, by the closest vigilance, compel them so to manage as to obtain these purposes as cheaply as they can ; but let us not adopt so blind, clumsy, em-

pirical a way of reaching our end, as the excitement of a need-less detestation of taxation, which will be equally likely to cut down or to refuse the best as the worst employed revenue. If the physic is unnecessary, why take it at all: if it be necessary, why make it superfluously nauseous?

The truth is, that at present the danger is all the other way. Partly from the natural dislike to pay away money for which no immediate and visible equivalent is received; partly owing to the violent, thoughtless, and often uncandid and unfair language of that section of politicians who for years have been urging retrenchment upon the Government as its chief duty, and exciting the hostility of the people against taxation as their chief grievance,—the difficulty is becoming yearly greater of raising revenue sufficient for the maintenance of the national credit, the vindication of the national honour, and the improvement and efficacy of the national institutions. This is the natural and inevitable consequence of the language habitually held and the line of argument pursued for many years back by the more demagogic of our public men, and at times also, and for party purposes, by statesmen whom we should be loath, even in thought, to class with these. There is no road to temporary popularity so easy, so low, or so inconsiderate as that which is offered by an appearance of excessive vigilance over all drafts upon the public purse, by leading the onslaught upon this or that obnoxious impost. But neither is there any road which more certainly leads to ultimate failure—which entails a more sure or more richly merited retribution. All taxes are unpopular; and necessarily so. None can be devised by the wit of man which do not press inconveniently and often painfully upon some classes or upon all: abuse of any tax is, therefore, sure to meet with ready sympathy from millions. No tax can be discovered to which there may not be urged some serious and valid objections: a severe exposure and hostile criticism of any tax, therefore, will find an echo in the reason as well as in the feelings of all hearers. Taxes in their best estate are only necessary evils; they are all, more or less, directly burdensome, and incidentally mischievous: if a proof of their objectionable nature were a sufficing argument for their removal, it would be impossible to raise a revenue at all. But our popular financial reformers have been too much in the habit of representing the Government as a body hostile to the people, and fond of bleeding them for some selfish purpose of its own; forgetting that, though there have been times in our history when this representation was in a great measure true, those times have long since passed away; and that the traditional language of agitating orators which befitted the days of Walpole and Pelham and Pitt, is out of place and unbecoming now. They have

too often incautiously spoken as if taxes were things which could be dispensed with ; evils to be escaped altogether, not evils *to be chosen among* ; and the masses have listened greedily to language which harmonized with their sentiments, and seemed to justify their discontents.

It is, we seriously think, high time to make a systematic and determined stand against the mischievous consequences of these inconsiderate and uncandid representations. It is essential to our future safety and good government that all leaders of public opinion, whether in Parliament or in the press, all on whom now rests, or may hereafter rest, the duty of ruling the country, or of influencing those who rule it—should take a deliberate view of the solemn responsibilities attached to their position, and, warned by indications of the dangerous tendency of an opposite course, should resolve to abstain in future, whatever temporary triumph they may thereby have to forego, from arousing that “ignorant impatience of taxation” which, if carried much further, and persevered in much longer, bids fair to end in rendering the wise and safe administration of this great empire a task almost impossible. Already it is difficult to modify or exchange a tax without raising a storm which no cautious Chancellor of the Exchequer will readily encounter. Already it is difficult to maintain inviolate sources of revenue which every man, with the slightest insight into public business, knows to be perfectly indispensable. Already, on more than one occasion, legislators, whose class sympathies overpowered their sense of imperial necessities, or whose thirst for popularity was stimulated by an approaching dissolution, have voted the repeal of taxes which it was impossible to spare, and have been compelled to rescind the idle and disreputable vote. Already the most valuable and important schemes have been relinquished, from the unwillingness of the country to submit to the slightest additional expense for their promotion, or still more from the dislike felt by the Government of the day to risk the unpopularity of proposing such addition. Already questions of the widest range, and the most vital moment to the grandeur and stability of our empire—Colonial questions, European questions, Judicial Reforms—are discussed, not as matters involving high statesmanship and philosophic patriotism, but as they bear upon the financial prospects of the year, as portion of the details of the army and navy estimates ! In April last, Lord Truro distinctly alleged the unwillingness of the House of Commons to vote the necessary funds, or, as it afterwards appeared, the reluctance of ministers to ask for them—as a ground why he dare not propose those Chancery reforms which every lawyer and every statesman concurred in declaring absolutely indispensable. He is reported to have said, “His noble friend seemed not aware of the extreme jealousy with which that House

looks upon any increase in the expense of the judicial departments of the State. *There lies the evil. The temper of the present time is not disposed to make the necessary sacrifice for the administration of justice.* The business of the Court of Chancery has greatly increased; it is in fact extremely heavy. There is not sufficient judicial strength there; and it is very doubtful whether the House of Commons would add to that judicial strength."* There is terrible and stinging sarcasm in all this; and the temper here pointed at is fraught with menace and with mischief. We shall scarcely be accused, by any who have watched our course from the beginning, of being advocates either of lavish expenditure or of needless taxation: we have fought in the ranks of retrenchment and reform too earnestly and too long not to have earned the right to speak our thoughts now, and to be listened to with patience and candour when we say, that England can well bear, and ought not to grudge, any expenditure needed for the maintenance of the national credit, for the completion and consolidation of the national interests, for the perfecting of our judicial institutions, for the collection of that full and close statistical information without which rulers must often be working in the dark, and for the remuneration of those public services which, where truly, ably, and conscientiously rendered, it is not easy to overpay. We warn the country that the danger is imminent and serious, when a low and bastard economy has become the god of our idolatry, when a Lord Chancellor can utter without shame, and without clear untruth, such a plea for misgovernment as we have quoted. What *ought* to be done, *dares not* be done, (we are told,) because our senators take a narrow, partial, short-sighted view of their duties, and forget that they have other and higher functions than that of mere guardians of the public purse. They forget that they are intrusted with the money of the nation, in order that they may purchase therewith those blessings which the nation needs, and on which its happiness, reputation, and prosperity depend. They forget that their duty is so to dispend the public revenue as to further most effectually those objects which the public has at heart, and for which the community consents to be taxed; and that, if the first of these be defence against foreign foes, the second, at least, is the administration of prompt, easy, and impartial justice at home. In proportion as Lord Truro's charge is true—and it is impossible entirely to gainsay it,—in proportion as ministers shrink, and are excusable in shrinking, from applying to the House for needful funds for important and righteous purposes, out of a dread of its parsimo-

* The House, we rejoice to say, vindicated itself from this charge, in as far, at least, as it voted the salaries of two new judges without remonstrance. But the timid and hesitating way in which Lord John Russell proposed the vote, and his evident reluctance to do so, and dread of its probable reception, spoke volumes.

nious temper ; and in proportion as this temper has been fostered by the class of financial reformers to whom we have referred, are we justified in saying, that the sticklers for "cheap government" are—unconsciously perhaps, and unintentionally—the supporters of mal-administration ;—that matters have reached a point at which Reform or Retrenchment no longer go hand in hand, but are pitted against one another ; that, in a word, those who would *save* the money of the people, and those who would *spend it well*, are no longer identical, but distinct, at issue, and antagonistic. Economy in the public expenditure is a great object and a sacred duty ; but there are aims yet worthier and nobler, and obligations yet holier and more imperative. The education of our brutal and neglected masses is one of these. The promotion of those sanitary reforms, on which health, life, decency, and morality, so essentially depend, is one of these. The amendment of our judicial system, till it becomes in fact what it claims to be in theory, is another. The reform of our prisons, of the provision for juvenile criminals, of our whole arrangements for secondary punishments, is again an obligation of paramount magnitude, and clamorous for immediate initiation. The maintenance of those colonial interests which bind our distant dependencies to the mother country, on which hangs the future spread and permanence of our special and highly valued form of civilisation, is another of those mighty objects with which no mere considerations of immediate parsimony can be allowed to come into competition. And, finally, a prior and more sacred claim than any pecuniary saving, is the unimpaired preservation of those effective elements and external manifestations of national strength and vigour, which will not only secure Great Britain from personal danger, but will enable her to speak with decision and with influence, when she speaks at all ; which will render her in future, as in the past, the protectress of the weak and the refuge of the oppressed ; which will enable her, when civilisation is endangered, when humanity is outraged, when morality is trampled under foot, to remonstrate in that language of disgust and indignation which could not be rashly disregarded ; which, in a word—when one sovereign tramples out the guaranteed and consolidated freedom of his subjects, as in the case of Hesse ; when another summons in the savage succour of a barbarous power to aid him in crushing the liberties of a generous and long-descended people, as in the case of Hungary ; when a third violates every promise, ravishes every right, sanctions every cruelty, sets at nought every decency, as in the case of Naples ; or when the uncontrolled citizens of a powerful State do not scruple to turn pirates, and invade an unoffending neighbour, simply because they covet her possessions, as in the case of Cuba—will empower her, when such iniquities are perpetrated, to step forward, fearless of the conse-

quences, and bold in her conscious capacity to meet them, and say, "These things shall not be!"

These considerations appear to us so important at the present juncture, and in the actual state of the public mind, that we are glad to fortify ourselves by the opinions of a writer whose deep popular sympathies it is impossible to doubt, and whose deliberate and searching wisdom has won him the first place among social philosophers,—we mean Mr. J. S. Mill. The intense dissatisfaction which would arise were our whole revenue "of fifty millions raised by direct taxes, would, he conceives, be productive of more harm than good. . Of the fifty millions in question nearly thirty are pledged, under the most binding obligations, to those whose capital has been borrowed and spent by the State; and while this debt remains unredeemed, a greatly increased impatience of taxation would involve no little danger of a breach of faith similar to that which, in the defaulting States of America, has been produced, and in some of them still continues, from the same cause. That part, indeed, of the public expenditure which is devoted to the maintenance of civil and military establishments, is still in many cases unnecessarily profuse; but though many of the items will bear great reduction, others certainly require increase. There is hardly any public reform or improvement of the first rank, proposed of late years, and still remaining to be effected, which would not probably require, at least for a time, an increased instead of a diminished appropriation of public money. Whether the object be popular education, emigration and colonization, a more efficient and accessible administration of justice, a more judicious treatment of criminals, improvement in the condition of soldiers and sailors, a more effective police, reforms of any kind which, like slave emancipation, require compensation to individual interests; or, finally, what is as important as any of these, the entertainment of a sufficient staff of able and highly educated public servants, to conduct, in a better than the present awkward manner, the business of legislation and administration; every one of these things implies considerable expense, and *many of them have again and again been prevented by the reluctance which exists to apply to Parliament for an increased grant of public money*, though the cost would be repaid, often a hundred-fold, in mere pecuniary advantage to the community generally. I fear that we should have to wait long for most of these things if taxation were as odious as it probably would be if it were exclusively direct."*

It is time to sum up, and bring this long paper to a close. We have seen that there is no tax to which valid objections do

* Principles of Political Economy, vol. ii. p. 418.

not apply,—no tax which is not, more or less, inequitable in its pressure, injurious in its operation, and annoying in its collection. This objection, though from its universality not decisive against any particular tax, is decisive against making it the only one. It is in a *variety* of imposts that we are to look for the solution of the great problem of the Finance Minister—how to make taxation equitable and enduring. We have seen that the apparent merits of direct taxation are apparent only. We have seen that it does not fulfil *all* the requirements of Adam Smith's "good tax" better than the indirect system, and that it scarcely fulfils any of them better. It is at least as unequal in its incidence, as unfair in its severity, as prolific in stimulants to fraud,—and immeasurably more irritating and vexatious. It is even questionable whether it is more economical in the collection. It is the first, the easiest, the coarsest mode which suggests itself to rude and uncivilized financiers. The paramount duty of a government in fiscal matters, is to levy the revenue *fairly*: This takes precedence over all other considerations. But next to this, if its first duty is to levy taxes so as to cause least injury, its second unquestionably is to levy them so as to cause least irritation. We have seen, finally, that taxation, whether direct or indirect, cannot be, and ought not to be, confined to the few;—that to approach this verges upon confiscation, that to recommend it is to preach *Jacquerie* and spoliation.

At the risk of exposing ourselves to the sarcasms with which the actual Chancellor of the Exchequer loves to reward those "amateurs" who offer him useful suggestions, or hint that there is a Science in his Art which he has not fathomed, and principles in fiscal policy which he either has not mastered or habitually sets at nought,—we shall venture to enumerate those sources of revenue on which—following out the views above developed—we think it would be safe, just, and prudent to rely. The first of these is a house-tax, which, taking a pivot of 20 per cent., should vary from 15 to 25 per cent., according to the exigencies of the Exchequer. This should be levied on all the 4,500,000 houses in the kingdom, without exemption. Of these it is estimated that about 500,000 are above £20 a year rent, and the rest under.* The former we may fairly take at an average rent of £45, which, at 20 per cent., would yield £4,500,000:—the latter, at an average rent of £5, would yield above £4,000,000 more. The Legacy Duty, on *personal* property only, now yields £1,400,000:—if levied at the same rate on *all* property, it would bring, it is calculated, £3,000,000 into the Exchequer. The Land and Assessed Taxes in Great Britain, leaving out the Window-tax, reach £2,835,000:—If Ire-

* The data of the above calculation are as follows. The total inhabited houses in Great Britain are (in 1851) 3,647,611, to which we may add for Ireland

land were included we might take them at £3,000,000. So much for direct taxes. The tax on tea should be reduced certainly to 1s. a lb., perhaps still lower, but would probably, according to all analogy, yield at that rate as large a revenue as at present. The tax on spirits and tobacco, there can be no reason for reducing below the point at which smuggling and illicit distillation could be prevented. Probably this might entail some loss on the article of tobacco. Our budget would then stand thus—taking the receipts of 1849 as our standard:—

DIRECT TAXES—

House Tax,	£8,500,000	
Legacy Duty,	3,000,000	
Assessed Taxes,	8,000,000	
		<hr/> £14,500,000

INDIRECT TAXES—

British Spirits,	£6,000,000	
Malt,	5,000,000	
Tobacco,	4,400,000	
Wine and Foreign Spirits,	4,600,000	
Tea,	5,500,000	
Sugar,	4,000,000	
Coffee,	500,000	
Miscellaneous articles of luxury,	1,000,000	
Post Office,	1,000,000	
		<hr/> 32,000,000
		<hr/> £46,500,000

£46,500,000, out of the £50,000,000 needed, is thus provided for. The remainder might be raised by a continuance of the present modified Stamp Duties, till the augmented consumption of the above articles, which would ensue as our population increased and improved, rendered them superfluous;—or, as Mr. Mill suggests, by raising £10,000,000 instead of £8,500,000 from the House-tax, and by a higher Legacy Duty.

852,389. Now, till 1824, we had a House-tax in Great Britain levied on all houses (except farm-houses) above £5 a year rent. In that year there were—

	<i>Houses.</i>	<i>Rent.</i>	<i>Average Rent.</i>
Above £5 and under £10,	171,522	£1,161,667	£6 15 0
£10 and upwards,	375,410	10,516,550	28 0 0
In the same year there were			
under £20,	361,513	3,537,742	9 15 0
above £20,	185,419	8,146,475	43 15 0
In that year all houses under £10 were exempted.			
In 1833, just before the entire repeal of the tax, the case stood thus—			
From £10 to £20,	227,604	2,997,524	13 3 0
£20 and upwards,	214,438	9,606,388	44 15 0

- ART. III.—1. *Kugler's Hand-Book of Painting—The Schools of Painting in Italy*. Translated from the German of KUGLER, by a LADY. Edited, with Notes, by SIR CHARLES L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A., F.R.S. Second Edition, thoroughly revised, with much additional matter. London, 1851.
2. *Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte*. Von DR. FRANZ KUGLER, Professor an der Königlichen Akademie der Künste zu Berlin. Zweite Auflage, mit Zusätzen. Von DR. TAE BURCKHARDT. Berlin, 1848.
3. *Ancient Art and its Remains; or a Manual of the Archæology of Art*. By C. O. MÜLLER. New Edition, by F. G. WILCKER. Translated from the German by JOHN LEITCH. London, 1850.

FOR many years past the condition of the Fine Arts in Edinburgh has been to us a subject of the gravest concern, and the period, if we mistake not, has at last arrived when, with some hope of sympathy, we may impart our solicitude to the more serious portion of our fellow-townsmen.

We have now for a quarter of a century had an annual exhibition of the works of living artists, and what we have fondly called a school has been formed under the auspices of those who, on behalf of the public, have judged and purchased the works which there appeared.

To the school thus created one merit above all the schools that ever existed must be conceded. It has had the glory of testing, by a prolonged and careful experiment, the applicability of one of the favourite doctrines of modern political science to the production of works of art. The *laissez-faire* system has been tried in the most favourable circumstances. With the influential to countenance it, the wealthy to patronize it, the fair to commend it, and the general public eager, by every means within their reach, to express their interest and sympathy, the art of our country has been left unfettered by one single regulation, untrammelled by one single law either of nature or tradition. No compulsory course of uniform training has checked the vigour of its native growth, no tyrant master has set limits to its freedom, or stamped on its productions the impress of his too dominant thought. On the contrary, every new freak which it imagined, every fresh vagary which it perpetrated, has been hailed as a manifestation of originality and a pledge of progress. It has been romantic, sentimental, pathetic, devotional, genteel, and vulgar; and in each of these phases it has not only been left in undisturbed possession of its self-complacency, but it has been con-

gratulated by a grateful public on having at last stumbled on the upward path.

We are willing to admit that with institutions it may be as with men, that those who ultimately effect most are neither earliest to exhibit the signs of future eminence nor least prone to the eccentricities and extravagances of youth. But there is a limit to the consolation which this acknowledged fact affords us. If the years of ripe manhood have been reached without one trace of serious purpose in life, if the tastes continue trivial, the occupations desultory and planless, the will feeble, and the aim low, then, with sorrow and reluctance indeed, but with very considerable confidence, we should pronounce that the individual in question, to all human seeming, was destined for no very heroic part. But the rule by which we measure the probability of ultimate individual success is applicable by more than analogy to such an institution as our Scottish Academy, for its effects, if any, must be seen in the character which it has stamped on its pupils; and he who drew breath on the day of its first opening will now have attained to that period of life at which we feel entitled to expect that the lineaments of his completed manhood, if not *in esse* shall *in posse*, at least, be very distinctly traceable.

But it may be well that we at once relieve our readers from any apprehensions of individual fault-finding which these observations may possibly have occasioned, by mentioning in the outset that our concern has reference rather to the manner in which art in general is regarded, as manifested in the artistic productions of this, and we may add other countries, at the present time, than to any deficiency of ability which it has exhibited in the realization of its conceptions. Our animadversions will be directed against its objects rather than its efforts, and our objections to the conduct of our artists will have reference not to what they have succeeded or what they have failed in, but to what they have not even attempted.

The advancement which several departments of physical science have recently made, have not only greatly facilitated the imitation of external nature, but have had the effect of directing the attention of artists more exclusively to this, which has been called the primary, but which is far from being the ultimate object of art. By means of a few very simple chemical arrangements and mechanical processes, we can now obtain a mathematically perfect representation of every form, and but one step more is requisite in order to perpetuate in their totality those images of which the changing face of a mirror has hitherto been the only recipient. It is by no means impossible that these inventions may be carried to such perfection as that every object which

greeted the eyes of one generation may be preserved for the gratification of every generation which shall follow. Is this, then, an invasion which science has made on the province of art? At first sight, in truth, it wears much of this aspect, and may well occasion anxiety to the artist who has assigned to himself no other function than that of servilely imitating nature. Already, in so far as form is concerned, he fights with the Calotypist at a sad disadvantage; and when the domain of colour shall also have been conquered by the latter, his occupation, it would seem, must for ever cease. If mere truth to individual nature is the object to be attained, no human hands will ever rival the looking-glass, which reflects your king or your hero. But will any single reflection, or any number of reflections of the individual face present an image corresponding to the prevailing mental characteristics which entitled the individual to the appellation of hero or king? Will it abstract or subordinate the accidental and temporary peculiarities, which in the individual existence interfered with the manifestation of regal or heroic qualities; or will it gather together the specific manifestations of these qualities, and present them to the eye as a consistent and harmonious expression of the character in question? We here come upon the artist's proper function, and viewed in this light it is as permanent as natural imperfection, against which he stands over as an antagonist.

For the sake of distinctness, we shall arrange the few general observations on art with which we think it desirable to preface the more practical part of the present Article under three heads, premising, however, that these distinctions are by no means of so absolute or exclusive a kind as to render the principles which govern any one altogether inapplicable to the others. We shall speak

1st, Of portrait, or the representation of the idea of an individual, which we shall call individual idealization.

2d, Of the representation of types of particular classes, or specific idealization; and,

3d, Of ideal art, properly so called, or generic idealization.

As individual portraiture is not only the department to which the inventions of which we have spoken have been most successfully applied, and in which the artist has consequently been dragged into immediate rivalry with nature, but as it is the one with reference to which, more, perhaps, than any other, erroneous and unworthy views at present prevail, we shall make no apology before proceeding to the higher branches of artistic endeavour, for dwelling on the duties of the portrait painter with some degree of minuteness. In doing so, we shall endeavour to answer what seems to us the primary question of

his art, viz., in what does a true portrait differ from a correct likeness?

Has it ever happened to the reader to be present in a family when one of its members has produced from his pocket a Calotype or Daguerreotype likeness of himself which he has just had taken. It is, we shall suppose, a sharp and good impression; after many trials the artificer has selected it as the best, and he has not deceived his employer. It is a perfect likeness; and still, though everybody knows for whom it must be intended, and everybody admits that it must be like, no one for a time can trace the resemblance. First, the children mark how well the hair is *done*, and the whiskers, and the shirt collar, and all the other immovable portions; then the features, one by one, are compared and found to be accurate; if it be a fine example, perhaps the very texture of the skin can be traced, and every imperfection, at all events, is infallibly to be found in its proper place. Nothing, in short, can exceed its accuracy in every respect. At last there is a discussion about the expression, and in this it is thought that a key to the difficulty may be found; but no—the expression also is one by no means alien to the face, with which every one who knows the individual is perfectly familiar, and which all agree that he very probably would assume on the occasion. Notwithstanding all this, however, the likeness continues to be not only not a pleasing one, but not even a striking one. Now, let the same individual betake himself to a really good portrait painter, and let the result of his labours be carried in the same unexpected manner into the midst of his family circle, and the very reverse of all this immediately takes place. The first impression produced on every one is that of marvellous likeness. It is the man himself, as they have always known him, as they have always thought of him, liker almost than himself as he sits amongst them. But then, when they commence to examine the details, it seems almost as if the likeness were vanishing from their sight. In many respects these are positively inaccurate. The nose is straighter, and possibly more prominent; the mouth firmer, the eyebrows overshadow the keen and vigilant eyes even more decidedly than in the original; the whole person is more vigorous; and though both the colour and texture of the skin have been preserved with astonishing truth, *les traces de la petite verolle*, (if the individual partook of the misfortune of Mirabeau,) have probably disappeared. In all these respects it is less true to nature than the Calotype, and yet it is not only a more pleasing object of contemplation, but positively more like the individual on the whole. Now, how is this mystery of greater likeness arising from inaccuracy than from accuracy to be explained? It is simply that the character of the individual

has been seized, not as it presents itself at any one given point of time, but as it manifests itself habitually. In the portrait you have actually more of the man than in the Calotype, more of him than you have in himself at any one moment. It is the concentrated image of him, not as he lives only, but as he has lived and will live, nay even, but for accidental misfortunes, as he might have lived. The primary intention of nature with regard to him the artist has fulfilled; he has accomplished the idea which lay at the root of his life, and which his friends unconsciously associated with him. The ideal not of a man, or of a class, but of the individual man whom you have known, stands before you; and you are strangely satisfied. But though many, and perhaps most persons who have bestowed any thought on the subject at all, will agree with us, that something similar to that which we have described must be achieved, or at least attempted, by the portrait painter who lays claim to the character of an artist, there is, if we mistake not, a very considerable amount of error which prevails on the part both of artists and critics with reference to the method which must be adopted for its attainment. We are told, and told truly, that the artist must abstract and generalize, that he must analyze before he paints; but then what is usually understood by this is simply that he is to lay aside individual peculiarities and imperfections, in order that he may bring his subject nearer to the generic idea of man, which is supposed to be some strange negation of all individual qualities; and the result is, that instead of being developed and strengthened, the generic qualities, as manifested in the individual, are stripped and emasculated, and what is presented to us is not a loftier and grander specimen of the species of man which nature intended, but a being enfeebled by the softening down and paring away of those characteristics through which, and through which alone, the generic qualities were manifested. It is not by taking from, but by adding to individual existence that the portrait painter's work is to be done. His effort must be not to denude the generic qualities of their accidents, but, by discovering and exhibiting them in these accidents themselves, to give unity and harmony and meaning to what seemed blind caprice. In this sense the portrait painter is truly an interpreter of nature, for before he can trace one feature with security, he must have read the riddle which she has written on the whole countenance.

But it may be objected that no confessional is attached to the studio, and that consequently unless the painter forms a league with the priest, it is impossible, according to our principles, that he can paint at all. We reply, he must form his theory, a true one if he can, if not a false one, but at all events one to which

he consistently adheres. He may paint a saint or a hypocrite, a hero or a bully, a knave or a fool, but he will produce but a feeble and unsatisfactory portrait, if he attempts to paint a man without determining for the nonce, at all events, to which of these categories he belongs. The character which rightly or wrongly he has thus adopted must be the centre thought, the dominant idea, around which the minor characteristics range themselves like ministering spirits.

Such then, as it seems to us, is the principle upon which individual idealization must proceed. The whole man must be heightened and intensified, by heightening and intensifying the individual characteristics of which he is made up, whilst unity and harmony is communicated to the image by subordinating the minor features to the dominant and ruling idea. These views will be further illustrated if we attend to the distinction between portraiture, as we have here described it, and caricature, which Aristotle, if he had troubled himself about the matter, would probably have laid down as a *παρέκβασις* of individual idealization. Caricature, even more decidedly than portraiture, depends on the subordination of minor characteristics to one dominant characteristic, but the difference lies here: in caricature the characteristic selected is not the leading idea of the whole individual existence, around which the character, bodily as well as mental, has formed itself, and of whose colouring, so to speak, every feature partakes, but the most prominent external peculiarity, which is magnified to such an extent as to destroy all harmony in the image, whilst the other characteristics, instead of being strengthened and intensified, are diminished so as to give to the whole a mean and ludicrous appearance. Let us take a well known example. Suppose a caricature of Lord Brougham is desired: the most striking peculiarity in his countenance is a square portion of flesh which is pendulous from his nose. With this the caricaturist begins: this he adopts as his leading idea, and to this he subordinates all the other features in that remarkable face, till he renders the whole image absurd and laughable. What you have is not Lord Brougham, with his nose of an abnormal form, but Lord Brougham's nose immensely magnified, to which is appended a likeness of his other features greatly diminished. Now, let a painter take him up: the first characteristic he would fix upon would probably be the intense activity of his nervous system, as exhibited in the restless life of his whole countenance. He would say to himself, "Here is a man of unusually quick and versatile parts;" and this idea once adopted he would work into each individual feature, as he painted it, till it became the involuntary exclamation of every spectator on first glancing at the canvass. The nose unquestion-

ably he would not ignore, but by raising and strengthening the other features he would bring it into such harmony with the whole idea that its irregularity would cease to be very obtrusive.

We have dwelt on this portion of our subject with some earnestness, not from any idle fancy that what we have said is to possess the character of an æsthetic discovery to the better instructed and sounder headed portion of our readers, but from a firm conviction that to a forgetfulness of the principles which we have attempted to revive on the part of the general public, and of those popular artists who reflect its sentiments, is to be ascribed that want of confidence at the present time so prevalent in all artistic efforts which professedly depart from the letter of individual nature. Against the spurious idealization which consists either in taming down individual characteristics or in magnifying accidental peculiarities, the charges of feebleness on the one hand, and exaggeration on the other, are most justly directed; but the error consists in supposing that every departure from nature, as she presents herself in special circumstances, must be in one or other of these directions.

So much then for individual idealization, the first step which the artist makes out of the region of actual existence, and short of which he cannot stop, if he is to lay claim to the character of an artist at all. The next step is one very frequently attempted, with more or less success, by modern artists, and which commonly forms the limit of their endeavours,—we mean specific idealization, or the seizing of the *type* of a particular species or class of men, animals, or things. It was at this that the whole school of Dutch painters aimed, and it was in this that our own Wilkie was so signally successful. His “Blind Fiddler” is the type of all blind fiddlers; and in his “Rent Day,” his “Village Politicians,” his “Chelsea Pensioners,” and others of his pictures, we have frequent examples of most complete success in this department. The object of the painter is here to subordinate the individual peculiarities, not to the leading idea of the individual life, but to the most prominent peculiarity of the class of which it is intended that the subject shall serve as a representative. The field of action is, in a certain sense, a wider one than in individual portraiture, the generalization stands on a broader basis; and if the subject selected be such as to admit of the free exhibition of generic qualities in and through the specific, the work will border upon the higher department of which we have next to speak. Suppose the type to be aimed at is that of a soldier or an orator, the appropriate image will not differ greatly from a work of ideal art, properly so called. The full expression of the specific qualities, of the idiosyncrasies of class, is here not only consistent with an exhibition of the

generic qualities of man, but seems absolutely to demand it. Even the canon according to which nature has proportioned the human figure, may not only be adhered to with propriety, but can scarcely be departed from with impunity. The specific peculiarities, in short, from the very nature of the case, must be exhibited in a well proportioned and fully developed human form; and these peculiarities are in themselves of so simple and universal a kind, as to be perfectly consistent with that unity of purpose which must ever be conspicuous in works of art of the highest kind. But such are by no means the subjects usually chosen by artists who devote themselves to this department; on the contrary, those cases in which the generic qualities must of necessity be subordinated to, and as it were obscured by the specific offer to many persons, for reasons not difficult to discover, a temptation scarcely to be resisted. The more abnormal any object or class of objects is, the more easily will an effect of a certain kind be produced, and a certain species of success be secured by its representation; for when the qualities of the genus are thrown into the shade, no great amount of skill is required to make those of the species stand forth with peculiar vividness. Let us take an example. The Irish have long been distinguished for their powers of public speaking, and their orators possess so many peculiarities as to render it quite possible that an artist should present a type of the class. In addition to the peculiarities of an Irishman, however, he would in this case require to bestow on his subject the qualities of a well formed and largely developed man, the better classes in Ireland being large and handsome. Now, one-tenth part of the ability which would be requisite thus to preserve the Irishman in, and present him through the generic qualities of well developed manhood, would suffice, if the artist were permitted to subordinate these entirely to peculiarities of race, which he probably would be entitled to do if he were representing an Irishman of the people. In the former case, the normal human form being preserved without any serious alteration, would form a continual element of likeness, against which the typical peculiarities, so to speak, would have to struggle; whereas in the latter, it might be distorted to any extent which was requisite, to bring out the specialities of the case with greater force. It is for this reason that the subjects selected by artists in this department are usually those, the effect of whose occupations or habits is to destroy the symmetry of their form. Tailors and shoemakers with bent backs, bleary eyes, and wrinkled faces, fat cooks with thick arms, bloated drunkards with thin legs, idiots with "foreheads villanous low," grinning from ear to ear; such were the favourite subjects of the Dutch masters, and if they have not

been precisely followed in them by our countrymen, it is because the fastidiousness of our times demands subjects of greater refinement, though by no means partaking to a greater extent of absolute or generic qualities. It is from this circumstance that the tendency to caricature in this department of art is even greater than in individual portraiture; and so much so indeed has this been the case, that the great majority of Dutch pictures might be more correctly described as caricatures of a class, than by any other epithet.

As it is to this department of specific idealization that nineteen out of every twenty of the cabinet pictures which crowd the walls of all our exhibition rooms belong, we may regard it as pretty certain that it at present enjoys no small share of favour both with artists and the public. For this favour many reasons might be assigned besides that of its comparatively easy execution, which we have mentioned as a temptation to the less aspiring class of artists. From dealing almost entirely with prominent external peculiarities, it is far more easily understood by the vulgar than works of art of a higher class, nay, even than thoroughly good portraits, whilst to a more universal interest than portraiture can possibly possess, it adds the charm of caricature without the malignity of individual satire. To those who regard art as a mere amusement, it is unquestionably the most attractive form in which it can present itself, and by all it must be admitted that it affords an infinite field for the display, not only of good-natured humour, but of shrewd observation of life and manners. Notwithstanding all these advantages however, we must admit that the frequency of its appearance is to us a subject of regret, regarding it, as we do, as probably less calculated than any other to affect the great ends and purposes of art, of which it will presently be our business to speak.

But independently of the class (we fear a numerous one) of those who are contented to rest at the stage which we have now reached, and who seek in art nothing higher than a harmless amusement, arising either from that literal copying of natural objects by which their instinctive love of imitation is gratified, or from a clever seizing of some of those peculiarities by which different classes of their fellow-men are distinguished, there is, if we may trust a species of indefinite longing which frequently expresses itself in a scarcely articulate manner both from the press and the platform, no small number of persons who would willingly regard it in a very different light. From them we continually hear of the influence which art is calculated to exercise in reforming the taste and in elevating the imagination of the people; and by them it is not unfrequently referred to as an instrument, the use of which, those whose business it is to watch

over the advance of civilisation are not entitled to neglect. It is at the instigation of persons holding these opinions that galleries are built, academies founded, and a very considerable portion both of public and private wealth expended on works of art. It is very rarely, however, that we hear from them anything like an intelligible account of the manner in which they look for the attainment of these results; and if we do not greatly err, it is from a certain want of clearness on this point, that so much laudable enthusiasm for the promotion of art in this country has hitherto been productive of so little. We constantly find that persons professing these expectations, practically bestow their patronage upon those very departments of art which receive the countenance of those who have no such sanguine views with regard to it. Now, could we predicate an unlimited amount of patience on the part of our readers, we believe it would be no hard task to demonstrate, that from neither of the departments of which we have hitherto spoken, least of all from the second, as it is usually practised, can any important social influence by possibility arise. In individual portraiture, if the primary idea of nature be brought out with greater consistency and clearness than she herself has exhibited it, something unquestionably will be taught to him who appreciates the work, beyond what, with unartistic eyes, he could have read in the individual face; but where the magnifying of accidental peculiarities alone is attempted, whether they be those of an individual or a class, the spectator may learn the influence of circumstances on the human frame, but he will not be raised one step nearer to the idea after which it was formed. It is from the last and highest department of art alone, that which, according to the division which we have adopted, we call generic idealization, that these results can be expected; and in order that we may see in what manner they flow from it rather than from the others, we must endeavour to determine in what respect it differs from them.

The main distinction between the highest department of art and every other, we take to be that from the former deformity, *i.e.*, all violation of the norm, or general law of nature, with reference to the object to be represented, is absolutely excluded. In the most freely idealized portrait, in order to preserve the identity to which he is bound down, the artist may be compelled to admit positive deformity, and the type of any class of actually existing beings, must necessarily exhibit many characteristics at variance with nature's absolute law.* In both cases, the representation

* The artist may represent an individually idealized hunchback, or a specifically idealized hunchback, but a generically idealized hunchback would be a self-contradiction.

must unquestionably be consistent with nature, but with nature only in so far as she has manifested herself in this or that particular case, or class of cases. In the higher art, however, the image presented by the artist must be natural beyond nature herself, as exhibited in any individual example. It must be absolutely, not relatively natural. "The painter," says Sir J. Reynolds, "corrects nature by herself, her imperfect state by her more perfect; his eye being able to distinguish the accidental differences, excrescences and deformities of things, from their general figures, he makes out an abstract idea of their forms more perfect than any original, and what may seem a paradox, he learns to design naturally, by drawing figures unlike to any one object." After this most orthodox exposition, however, Sir Joshua, without guarding them by any definition, or qualifying them by any comment, makes use of certain customary modes of expression, which have done much to propagate an error which still occasions no small difficulty to many in considering this subject. He speaks of "this idea of the perfect state of nature, which the artists call the ideal beauty." Elsewhere he mentions the *beau ideal*, and at last, as if anticipating what would now be regarded as a Germanic mode of putting the same thought, he calls it, "that central form from which every deviation is deformity."* From these and similar phrases, persons little acquainted with the subject have not unnaturally inferred that not only deformity, but variety also, must be excluded from ideal art, and that if carried to its highest perfection it must necessarily end, in so far as the human form is concerned, in one ideal man, and one ideal woman; or perhaps by carrying the abstraction a little farther, in one sexless human form. Such, however, we are persuaded, was far from the meaning which Sir Joshua Reynolds intended to convey, and such certainly was not the view upon which the ancients, who framed the canon of form which he adopted, acted in their own practice. Of this latter fact no farther proof is necessary than that which will be afforded by the most cursory examination of a gallery of Greek statues, where they will be found to vary quite as much as an equal number of family portraits. They have not only the peculiarities incident to sex and to age, but they have, moreover, and very conspicuously, those necessary for the expression of the mythological ideas which respectively attached to them. It would be difficult to find two men more unlike than a Jove and an Apollo, or a Hercules and a Mercury.

If the extraordinary attempt of arriving at "one central

* In a subsequent page, (63 of the edition of 1798,) Sir Joshua goes somewhat farther, and, we fear, falls quite into the error which we have here endeavoured to point out.

form" were actually made, it is obvious that it must be in one or other of two ways; either the whole qualities of life, moral, intellectual, and physical, must in all instances be subordinated to the same ruling quality, such as power, majesty, love, or the like, which should be selected as their representative; or, they must be co-ordinated, and presented in an expression infinitely complex. But in neither of these was it attempted by the Greeks at all events; for against the first of these methods the whole system of Pantheism, which it was the peculiar function of their artists to embody, may be regarded as a standing protest, its leading characteristic being, not to embrace every form of existence in divinity, but to exhibit divinity under every form of existence; whilst the other is excluded by a rule of art which Sir Joshua has himself professedly derived from them, viz., that the expression of a mixed passion, emotion, or quality, is beyond the reach of art. On this subject Sir Joshua is far more sound than consistency with his own principles would have warranted. After mentioning the childish delight which a certain class of critics in his day exhibited in attempting to trace mixed passions in some of the figures in Raffaele's Cartoons, he has these most sensible observations, which we would gladly see engraven on the walls of every exhibition-room in the kingdom:—"What has been, and what can be done in art, is sufficiently difficult; we need not be mortified or discouraged at not being able to execute the conceptions of a romantic imagination. Art has its boundaries, though imagination has none. We can easily, like the ancients, suppose Jupiter to be possessed of all those powers and perfections which the subordinate deities were endowed with separately; yet, when they employed their art to represent him, they confined his character to majesty alone." The "central form," then, in this sense at all events, according to Sir Joshua's own shewing, becomes an impossibility. If it contains "*equally* the activity of the Gladiator, the delicacy of the Apollo, and the strength of the Hercules," as he elsewhere says it must, it sins against his own law of unity of expression, and ceases to be a legitimate work of art; and conversely, if it complies with the requirements of the law of unity, it ceases to fulfil his idea of the central form. This central form, indeed, if such there were, would be nothing short of a sensible expression of the *τὸ πᾶν*, which it is as little within the province of the imagination to conceive as of art to portray.

But what then, it will be asked, is this invariable element, this opposite to deformity, with which we have said that an absolute compliance is requisite in works of ideal art? According to our view, nothing more definite can be said of it than that it is the law of organic form, that is to say, the law in the shape of

the several parts, and their relative proportion to each other, within which nature in the general case confines herself, and which may be arrived at or approximated by a comparison of her several workings in any particular species. So long as this canon is complied with, the variations which are requisite for the expression of the qualities or attributes of the individual are as legitimate in the highest department of art as in any other; for, like those which are incident to sex and age, they are as much in accordance with the scheme of nature, and consequently as far removed from the forbidden deformities, as the invariable proportions themselves. But in saying that this absolute law of form, this idea which an undisturbed and perfect natural action would have exhibited in each individual, may be approximated by a generalization from particular instances, we do not mean to assert that a mathematical law of construction has been, or can be evolved. To set a limit to all flagrant and glaring deformity, it is true, is within the reach of every one who possesses a tolerable acquaintance with the structure of the human frame; but when we come to a finer harmony of the parts, principles unknown to the mathematician and the anatomist are brought into play, and we touch upon the law of beauty itself, which has hitherto been found to be far too subtle for such definite handling. Novalis said that painting was nothing but "the art of seeing;" and in every other department of art as well as painting this may be called the *ars artium*. It is to this faculty of artistic vision, and not to any rules, either mathematical or anatomical, that the artist must finally trust for separating the permanent idea from, or tracing it in, its accidental and abnormal accompaniments; and, once acquired, we believe the faculty is exercised, for the most part, as spontaneously and unconsciously as the ordinary operations of acquired perception. But, unconscious as it is at the moment of its exercise, they err gravely, if we mistake not, who suppose that its acquisition is equally unconscious. To some, it may be, the happy gift has been imparted of seeing instinctively in all things the glory of the original idea, unclouded by the accidents of individual imperfections, or the peculiarities of specific existence; but to far the majority of mankind not only is its perception at first hand impossible, but even its recognition, when presented by another, (in other words, the appreciation of a work of art,) is the result of careful and serious and conscious culture.

As to the methods by which this art is to be acquired, the primary and the ultimate one, that by which the earliest artists of necessity began, that with which the highest artists must of necessity end, is what Sir Joshua calls, "the correcting of nature by herself, her imperfect states by her more perfect." Since it

is with nature and with nature alone that the artistic faculty is to occupy itself, it is from nature and nature alone that it can be acquired. But is it necessary to his ultimate success that the artist should enter the school of nature without a teacher; or has it been decreed that in this department of activity alone the experience of one generation shall avail nothing to those which follow? Must the tide of ignorance again overflow the field of his labours, so soon as the breath has departed from the body of the discoverer; or shall he be forced to return to the bosom of nature the secret which by long solicitation he had won? Were such the case, truly of all tasks that of the artist would be the hardest, of all roads his the longest. In every other sphere of effort, before anything approaching to perfection could be reached, men have had to stand on the shoulders of men, and generations of generations. The chain by which they mounted was of many links, forged by many artificers. Nor has any one that we know of pointed out a principle according to which the arts form an exception to this law, though many at the present day seem willing to recommend its practical violation. To us it seems that no more recondite faculty than that which is known by the name of "mother wit" is requisite to enable us to conclude, that the simplest method of becoming acquainted with any process whatsoever, consists in examining the manner in which it has been performed by others; and consequently, that if the mystery of artistic treatment is to be learned at all by the majority of men, it will be by comparing those works in which it is exhibited, with the actual productions of nature. It is with the lamp of what Sir J. Reynolds calls "experience" thus lighted, that they are to seek for the golden corns of nature's permanent idea amidst the chaff of her diseased and deformed individual productions. "The investigation, I grant, is painful, and I know but of one method of shortening the road, that is, by a careful study of the works of the ancient sculptors." Such was the opinion of Sir Joshua, and notwithstanding all that has been written, and in a certain sense written learnedly and well, on æsthetics lately, we know nothing better than the chapters in which he treats of what was and was not to be acquired by, what was and was not to be sought in, these studies. The benefit which he looked for was by no means a crowding of our galleries with copies from, or variations on classical works, but the acquisition on the part of artists themselves of what he called experience of nature's modes of production, what we have called the faculty of artistic vision. But if the tendency of such studies be to develop this faculty, the absurdity of the prevalent notion that their effect is to cramp originality, becomes at once apparent; since it is its possession alone which can enable the artist, with any approach

to safety, to quit the path which custom has trodden. Carrying as it were the secret of nature within himself, he can boldly and confidently push to the very limit of her possible working, nay, even when he altogether oversteps the possible, he need be in no terror of falling into the extravagant or eccentric, because though he has forsaken the letter, he feels that he is still guided by the spirit of her law. There is no distinction more important, and none more frequently forgotten than that between a departure from, and a soaring above individual or specific instances, between what is odd and what is imaginative, between a perverse violation of the laws by which nature acts, and a free and unconstrained treatment of natural objects according to these laws. For the former little beyond wilfulness is requisite; the latter, which is the groundwork of all true originality, can be effected only in and through the artistic faculty of which we have spoken, and the methods which lead most directly to its culture, must not be neglected, if we wish a foundation for its exercise to be laid. "*Das echte neue,*" says Schlegel, "*keimt nur aus dem alten.*" All originality which is not the legitimate consequence of a law as old as the creation itself, is worthy of no better name than artistic raving, and those whose ambition it is to possess this law, or what is better still, *to be possessed by it*, will scarcely act wisely if they shut their eyes and their ears against the lessons of those who have been happy enough to seize it in former times. There could scarcely be a more striking proof of the fact that lawlessness is not the root to originality, than is furnished by the insignificant results of that "*unchartered freedom,*" which modern schools of art have allowed themselves.

From what we formerly said it appears that, according to our view, the only limit to this department of art is where nature oversteps the boundaries of her regular and healthy working; and that an object, however mean, whether man, animal, or thing, if represented in its perfect state, and with no abnormal varieties of expression, would in a certain sense be a work of ideal art. But though perfection in kind thus forms the principle of exclusion, it does not furnish the principle of selection. There are many subjects which, though treated in such a manner as to satisfy the former, would by no means fulfil those of the latter; though no subject, however lofty, if treated without regard to the absolute laws of form, whatever might be the merits of the treatment otherwise, could by possibility be entitled to the appellation of a work of ideal art. The distinction between the primary and secondary requirements of a work of art, is thus pointed out by Müller, in language which, after what we have said, will require no commentary even to those least familiar with German æsthetic writings.

"The artistic form must, in the first place, in order to excite a connected emotion in the sensitive faculty, possess a general conformity to laws which is manifested in the observance of mathematical relations or organic forms of life; without this regularity, it ceases to be artistic form."

After illustrating this by music and sculpture, he continues :—

"But this conformity to law is not, in itself, capable of expressing an internal life—it is only a condition of representation—the boundary of the artistic forms, which range to and fro within, modifying, but, on the whole, preserving this conformity."

He then proceeds to the secondary requirement of artistic form, with reference to which he is by no means so satisfactory.

"Whilst this regularity is the first requisite in the artistic form generally, beauty is a more immediate predicate of the artistic form in reference to sensation. We call those forms beautiful which cause the soul to feel in a manner that is grateful, truly salutary, and entirely conformable to its nature, which, as it were, produce in it vibrations that are in accordance with its inmost structure."

This seems, indeed, a threatening passage, and to those of our readers who are not metaphysically disposed, may not unnaturally have caused apprehensions that they were about to be let into a discussion of the nature of the beautiful; but we shall at once relieve them from all such terrors, by mentioning that our object in quoting it was simply to point to the necessity, in works of ideal art, of the recognition of another principle than that which we had laid down as the excluding one. It is from the right use of this latter principle, which we regard as the vehicle not only of sentiments of beauty, but of all elevated emotions whatever, that its civilizing influence must be anticipated.

If art is truly to raise the imagination and thinking of a people, it must be the expression not only of perfection in each particular kind, (in which case it would be little more than an exponent of natural history,) but of perfection, (and something more than perfection, in the negative sense, of the absence of deformity,) in the most perfect kinds, in the highest forms of organized life. Its proper function has ever been to give sensible expression to the loftiest conceptions of the age to which it belonged, and it is from the fidelity with which, in most cases, it has discharged this function, that its history comes to have such important bearings upon the general history of mental progress. Of the manner in which it thus reflects its age, the most remarkable instance, and also the most easily traceable, is to be found in its short but glorious existence in Greece. If we take the age of Phidias as the culminating point of the earlier schools, and the Peloponnesian War as marking the period of transition, we have not only a regular progress from poverty of concep-

tion and utter barbarism of execution, through all the stages of immobility, stiffness, and hardness, to perfection on the one hand, and on the other an equally noticeable decline, through effeminacy, mannerism, and affectation to an idealess manual dexterity; but we have each of these stages corresponding to the condition of the people, and the character of the most prominent historical personages at the periods to which they correspond.

Our limits forbid the attempt to verify this observation in detail, but, by way of illustration, we may glance at the relative condition of society and the arts immediately before and after the Peloponnesian War.

In the severe majesty of the works of Phidias, the simple and manly spirit which, notwithstanding their love of magnificence, characterized the Athenians of his day, and of which Pericles may be regarded as the impersonation, found a corresponding expression. The enthusiastic and lofty self-consciousness which the Persian successes had engendered, are scarcely more conspicuous in the monuments which have come down to us from this time, than a certain austerity which we are told Pericles exhibited even in his personal appearance and manner. "He had a gravity of countenance," says Plutarch, "which relaxed not into laughter; a firm and even tone of voice; a quiet manner of walking, and a decency of dress, which no vehemence of speaking ever put into disorder." The impression of quiet and unimpassioned dignity with which the presence of the politician inspired his friend and companion, the sculptor has conveyed by his works, and in neither case was its appearance accidental, but in both the necessary external manifestation of the internal life of the time. The subjects which Phidias selected were such as to call for the conscious expression of ideas rather than an enthusiastic resigning of the imagination to sensuous emotions. By far the greater number of his works are statues of gods, in which the majesty of the divine idea is made conspicuous through the respective characteristics of the particular divinities. The ideals which he perfected, and on which he impressed the types which were followed in after times, were the Minerva and the Jupiter: facts in themselves pretty significant of the tendencies of his school. Such was the character of Athenian art, when Athenian life, social and political, was at the summit of health and vigour. But the jealousy of Sparta lighted up a war which, during a space of nearly thirty years, exerted a wasting influence on the whole Greek race.

"At its extinction," says Kugler, "not less in severe Sparta than in excitable Athens had the antique dignity of Greek life disappeared. A new generation had grown up during its continuance, who, incapable of deriving gratification from internal resources, sought it in the external enjoyments and excitements of the moment. Thus their art

also experienced a change. For the execution of great public monuments the means were often wanting, still more frequently the desire, and Architecture consequently was deprived of its main supports; whilst plastic art, in place of that quietness of spirit which characterized the works of the former period, acquired a direction towards the expression of passion, the representation of sensual longing and sensuous charms."

In these circumstances, the second Attic school arose under Scopas and Praxiteles, and the immediate change of subjects is remarkable. Minerva and Jupiter give place to Venus and Bacchus; and as the sentiments which they represented became prevalent, the ideals in which these sentiments were embodied were brought to perfection. We have no one political character who represents this period with the same fidelity with which Pericles corresponded to the other, though we may regard the ill-regulated genius of Alcibiades, to whom the love of power and enjoyment, not the sense of duty, gave law, as already foreshadowing a state of society which speedily became too relaxed to render it capable of producing a well-marked and consistent representative man.

But if the change of subjects was remarkable as an index of the state of society and the habits of thinking, that of their treatment of the same subject was no less so. We have selected one from the pages of the works before us which we shall present in a condensed form to our readers, as a specimen of the extent to which art may, in this respect, become the commentator of history. It is the ideal of Mercury:—

"1st, The earliest form in which Hermes was represented was that of a bearded head on the top of a square pillar. As the bringer of good luck there was a desire in these simple times to see him at every turn, and hence it was necessary to have him in a cheap form. The practice of placing the head on a pillar existed also with reference to the other gods, and, besides the reason which we have assigned, arose no doubt from the absence of artistic skill.

"2d, Having gradually passed from the character of the god of good luck to that of an economical and mercantile deity, of a protector of profit and commerce, (*κρηδωός*), he became the patron of heralds, whose duty it was to facilitate the business transactions of early ages. In this manner he obtained the form under which we must think of him throughout the whole of the elder poetry, that of a sturdy active man, with a strong pointed beard, braided hair, clad in a robe (*χλαμύς*) thrown back as the most suitable dress for rapid motion, with a 'travelling cap' on his head, wings to his feet, and in his hand the *caduceus*. This was the hard style of representation which preceded the Peloponnesian War.

"3d, By the younger Attic school the character of the god was regarded in an entirely new light. He was viewed as the bestower of corporeal vigour, and was consequently represented in the form of

a youth who had just received the completed training of the gymnasium. His hair is short and curling, in allusion to the custom of cutting off the hair at this period of life, and dedicating it to a god. The expression of the countenance in this form of the Mercury is mild and intelligent.

"4th, In connexion with these there exist statues similar in other respects, but having the right hand elevated, as indicating that he is to be regarded as the god of oratorical skill, (*Ἑρμῆς λόγιος*).

"5th, As the messenger of Jove, he is seen half sitting and half springing up in order to hurry on the mission of his master. In bronzes he is frequently represented in this character audaciously darting through the air; sometimes also reposing after a long journey.

"6th, In smaller works of art he often occurs as the minister in sacrificial rites, an office which formed part of the duties of the Herald; as the protector of cattle, especially sheep; the inventor of the lyre; and finally, as the conductor of souls to Hades."

Nor is it in an historical point of view alone that such modes of representation as we have here recounted are important. In every one of these forms, even the rudest, it is obvious that the idea of the god is taken up in such a manner as to raise the imagination of the spectator above ordinary life, and that thus something is added by the artist to the popular thinking of his time. Even if he took the prevalent idea as he found it, by clothing it with a form he gave to it a precision and clearness which it could not otherwise have had to the many, and he probably enabled them to see in it a meaning which they had never seen before. In addition to this, when he arrived at the point of familiarizing their eyes with a perfect human form, he gave them a glimpse of the principle on which Nature works in her most perfect organisms. He expounded nature whilst he raised them above her. But it is not in this general manner alone, that the author of a generic work of art adds to the intelligent thinking of his time. In his own special department, he communicates to every one who beholds his work, some portion of that artistic vision by which he himself had been guided in its execution. If public taste is ever to be developed to the extent of becoming a safe tribunal for artists to appeal to, it must be cultivated by artists themselves, and the means which they must employ, are none other than those to which they were indebted for their own culture. If it be by a study of the antique that the road to original artistic production is to be shortened, it will be by rendering the public more, and more generally, familiar with works of art of the same class, that a genuine criticism will be most expeditiously and surely evoked. So long as criticism has no other foundation than natural feeling, it too often is nothing more than an expression of individual caprice, and he whose fate it is to wait upon its changes, will

have a hard taskmaster. Even where a principle can be traced in its action, it scarcely presents to the aspiring artist a brighter prospect, for its preferences are invariably for works of a low class. "It is certain," says Sir Joshua, "that the lowest style will be the most popular, as it falls within the compass of ignorance itself; and the vulgar will always be pleased with what is natural, in the confined and misunderstood sense of the word." Now, if there be one respect in which artists of the present day sin more conspicuously than another, not only against the dignity of their calling, but against what never can be separated from it—their own true interest, it is by the anxiety with which they conform to public taste. Instead of endeavouring to diminish the numbers of the vulgar, and to swell the ranks of those from whom they might look for a consistent and intelligent patronage, their constant endeavour is to gratify the former, whilst to the complaints of the latter, the comparative insignificance of their numbers is considered a sufficient answer.

As a counterpoise to the many advantages which have arisen in modern times, from the transference of patronage from the few great to the many small, must be regarded the want of judgment with which it is occasionally exercised. Where the question is one of fact, there can be no better tribunal than an ordinary jury of impartial men; but a special jury alone can do justice where it is one of skill, and to a special jury the artist cannot afford to appeal. It is the voice of the people alone which can decree him an immediate substantial reward, and with this reward he is rarely in a condition to dispense. Aristotle says that demagogues are the sycophants of the people, and it is in this capacity that too many of our artists are forced to appear. Unless their pictures are popular, they know that their means of subsistence are gone, and Sir Joshua Reynolds has already named the cost at which popularity is to be gained. But what is to be done? The tendencies of modern society have once for all decided that the public are, and must continue to be, the dispensers of success. Our answer is a simple one. You must endeavour to communicate to the many, or at least to as many as will be able to make their voice heard, the qualities which hitherto have been the exclusive property of a few. You must educate the public taste if you would either improve the condition of the artist, or have a school of art in any of its branches worthy of the name.

We here come upon the more practical part of our present Article, and we trust that the honest interest which we feel in the subject will form a sufficient bond of union between our readers and ourselves, to prevent the novelty of the few observations and suggestions which we shall offer, from depriving them of the benefit of a patient hearing.

The truth of the proposition, as we have laid it down, viz., that if the arts are to be safe the arbiters of artistic success must be educated for their task, will not, we believe, be disputed, but as to the means which must be adopted for the attainment of this end very considerable difference of opinion may possibly arise.

In the first place, however, it seems to us pretty plain that no such result can be looked for from exhibitions of works of art which do, and for the reasons which we have already hinted at must represent the actually existing taste. It will never be by contemplating works the very end and object of which is to shadow forth their own imaginings that the imaginations of the people will be elevated to a higher sphere. So long as popular taste is to set a limit to a school its influence at best will be negative. It may disseminate the prevailing taste more widely, it may perform the duties of an efficient minister, but the office of a guide and a leader it has renounced. Nor can a school thus stationary be trusted to beyond a very limited extent, even as a means of disseminating the existing taste. A principle which we advanced and illustrated at some length in a former Article, when pleading for the higher instruction generally, viz., that in civilisation rest is equivalent to retrogression, here comes into play. Each time an idea, or class of ideas, is repeated, it loses something of its force, till what was once a truth becomes a truism. What was a *plus* sign to one generation becomes a *minus* to the next. If the art of the present day tells the same tale which it did twenty years ago, that tale, depend upon it, will not produce the same effect. In literature we are familiar with this fact. The critical opinions of the *Edinburgh Review* are no longer the same, even to those who never heard of its existence, that they were to the generation in which they first appeared. If equal effects are to be produced it must be by other means, by doing as its authors did, that is, by outrunning their age, not by doing what they did, which would be to lag behind our own. Nor let it be supposed that this view is irreconcilable with what we formerly said of the necessity of an acquaintance with the works of the ancient masters. What we are to learn from them is the art of doing as they did, i.e., of treating our age and its ideas as they treated theirs. A Mercury with a pointed beard, a staff in his hand, and wings to his feet, would no longer be a fitting emblem of trade; but still it may be possible to give artistic expression to the idea as it exists in modern times, and a mode of doing so may be suggested by a knowledge of the manner in which it was effected then.*

* One instance of an attempt to take up a national subject in an ideal form which we have lately seen, we must not pass over without bestowing upon it our mite of commendation: we refer to Mr. Park's statue of Wallace. The manner in which the idea of a Scottish hero has been seized is worthy of the highest praise, and

Such is our first ground for doubting the beneficial influence of Exhibitions as at present conducted; and in some measure it involves our second. It is constantly said that by their means a market for works of art is created, and that, on the soundest principles of political economy, it can be shewn that by no other means can you so surely encourage production. Our answer is, that they do *not* create a market for works of art of the better class. A supply of such works as they demand they unquestionably call forth, but let a work of another class, which they do not demand, appear, and it will speedily be seen that for it no market has been provided. The late David Scott, it is now beginning to be admitted, was the greatest artist whom Scotland has yet produced, and yet for years his works were unappreciated and unpurchased—a subject of terror to the timid and of merriment to the gay, and this not by any means entirely in consequence of the tinge of something more than eccentricity which unquestionably pervaded them, but too often simply because they did not fall in with prevailing tastes, and customary modes of thinking. He viewed his subjects differently from people in general; and as patronage was dispensed in accordance with their views, it came not to his door. The cry was constantly, “Why does he not conform?” which being interpreted, means simply, “Why does he attempt to lead where he ought to follow? Why does he insist on being a devotee to art as he understands it, instead of an humble expounder of our ideas? Why will he persevere in teaching us when he knows that we hate to be taught?” Though Scott had been far less perversely eccentric than he was, we believe that the fate which he experienced in his lifetime would have been substantially the same.

But if our objections to the Exhibition itself be well founded, it is obvious that they apply equally to any gallery of art which could be formed by purchasing the works exhibited, or any efforts to disseminate the thoughts which they embody by means of engraving. If the institution itself be so constituted as that the prevailing public taste shall, of necessity, set a limit to the art which it calls forth, then it must by the merest accident if a picture appears which has any value beyond that of illustrating the history of the time. In no circumstances can the preservation and dissemination of works of this class be productive of any important artistic working; for, even if art should sink still

gives promise of a bolder school of art than any which we have yet seen in this country. The execution, in some respects, we confess, did not appear to us faultless. The same amount of character, if we mistake not, might have been given to the countenance though the treatment had been more purely generic, and we fear there is a slight attempt at something like the expression of a “mixed emotion,” which Sir Joshua Reynolds has stigmatized in painting, and which in sculpture is altogether inadmissible.

lower than it is, far more efficacious means than the contemplation of the art of our day will be at hand to raise it, whereas, if it rises, the only use which could be made of them then, would be to gratify the vanity of our children, by enabling them to contrast their creations with ours. It is not enough that works of art be preserved, if they are not worth preserving. There is scarcely an architectural monument erected since the time of Charles II., which is not now in existence, and we are very certain that they, at all events, have had nothing to do with the recent revival of architecture. At Versailles there is a whole gallery of national heroic pictures, but no school that we know of, either in France or elsewhere, has yet been reduced to the condition of learning from them. Still, if we were asked to name the means by which we conceive artistic taste might best be cultivated in public, and genuine encouragement of art secured, those that we should fix upon would be precisely the formation of a gallery of pictures, and the dissemination of engravings. But then we should propose that the gallery should be brought together, not by the purchase of a certain number of the best works exhibited annually, whether their absolute value be great or small, but by an annual purchase of a work or works better than any which are exhibited, if possible originals, if not, first-rate copies. We believe that, by means of the mechanical processes to which we referred in the beginning of our Article, copies so accurate as, for the purposes of instruction, to possess almost every quality of originals, can now be produced; and we see no reason why every town of note, particularly such a town as our own, should not possess a small Pitti Palace for the instruction of its artists, and the cultivation of artistic tastes among its people. In the existing gallery of ancient pictures, we have already a very respectable nucleus around which such a collection might be formed, and one half of the sums annually expended on the purchase of pictures which, for either of the ends we have mentioned, are utterly valueless, would bring it into a very fair workable condition in not many years.

A gallery of casts of no contemptible character we already possess, but why, we would ask, is it not arranged according to schools, and furnished with a catalogue? To the student of form, when the casts can be seen, which, from the manner in which they are huddled together, is not always the case, it may be of some service in its present condition; but to the student of the history of art it is utterly useless, unless he be possessed of means which do not lie at the beck of every one, and time to use them, which all do not possess. We believe that it is the want of such simple aids as systematic arrangement, complete catalogues, and perhaps a few elementary but not altogether superficial lectures,

more than anything else, which has led the great mass even of cultivated persons in this country to regard all acquaintance with the higher art as a hopeless task.

Again, as to engravings, in place of the present system of sending forth annually an issue of engravings of such a class as to be regarded as worthless by the great mass of those who receive them, we should propose that one work of art of acknowledged merit be engraved every year in the best style, and that the copies be distributed by lottery, as with pictures at present, a prize being allotted to every fifth or tenth ticket, as the expense might require. It seems to us that this method, in addition to its other advantages, would have the effect of acting as a greater stimulus to engraving than the mere employment which is given to it at present. We believe that by a judicious distribution of engravings more may be done for the culture of the public taste than by any other means whatsoever. One thoroughly good engraving fairly established and domiciled in a house, will do more for the inmates in this respect than a hundred visits to a hundred galleries of modern pictures. It is a teacher of form, a lecturer on the beautiful, a continually present artistic influence. Nor do we see any reason why the same system should not be extended to casts, which might be taken either after the antique, or some thoroughly good modern sculptor, such as Thorwaldsen or Kiss. If such a system were carried out, matters might soon be brought to a state in which there should scarcely be any family which did not possess within its own walls the means of forming a taste, and that a genuine and high one, both in painting and sculpture.

One very important step towards diffusing a critical knowledge of art over a wider circle than could have been reached by more original writers, has been made by the publication and occasional translation into English of the very useful class of compilations known by the name of hand-books in Germany. Of these, probably the most serviceable are those of Professor Kugler of Berlin. The portion of his "Hand-Book of the History of Painting," which has reference to the Italian schools, has been "done" into very excellent English by "A Lady," and the second edition is now presented to the public under the able editorship of Sir Charles Eastlake. The circumstance of a book of this description having within the space of a very few years attained to a second edition, we cannot but regard as an unequivocal sign of very considerable interest in the subject being felt by a large class. We hope that the success which has attended this experiment will lead to a speedy publication of his larger work on the General History of Art, which with ourselves, we confess, has always been the favourite. Travelling as it does over a much larger

space, it is more condensed than the History of Painting, whilst it furnishes almost all the information that can be desired short of a really learned treatment of the subject. Its arrangement is far simpler than that of most German works; it possesses the cardinal virtue of excellent *indices*, and if it had occasional notes and references to sources, it would come very near to perfection in its kind. A book of much higher pretensions, and unquestionably far more satisfactory for special reference in the department of which it treats, is Müller's "Ancient Art and its Remains," which, in its English dress, has likewise attained to the honours of a second edition. In the thorough manner in which the Archæology of Art is here treated, we have an instance of the effect which the modern school of philology in Germany has produced on all kindred studies. Whatever we may think of the recent art of our neighbours, as to the importance of their artistic criticism, there can be but one opinion. But whilst the work before us possesses the virtues, it must be admitted that it partakes also of the vices of a German book. The arrangement, though simple in appearance, is not so in reality, the same subject being often treated of in several places from several points of view. There are too many divisions, and the large type being unintelligible without the small type, and the small type without the large, they seem as if they were intended to be read simultaneously by two eyes of different ranges of vision. When well marked before hand, however, it is an excellent companion to a sculpture gallery, and it is in this way that we would chiefly recommend its use. The very complete set of engravings indeed which accompany the German editions, both of this and of Kugler's works, but more particularly Müller's, go as far as anything of the sort can do to supply the place of casts, though the proper light in which to regard them is rather as a means of preparation before, and of revisal after a visit to a gallery.

There is one institution for the cultivation of artistic taste, and the dissemination of artistic knowledge among the higher classes, the want of which has long been felt, and often deplored, —we mean a professorship of the history of art in the University. We believe there is scarcely a university in existence out of this country in which such a chair does not exist; and in Germany there are usually two or three professors in each university lecturing on the subject of æsthetics in its different phases. The history of art is there regarded as a constituent portion of the history of civilisation; it being thought, and, as it seems to us, thought justly, that history would be but imperfectly represented by a system which takes no cognizance of the manner in which men of different races, in different stages of advancement, have endeavoured to express to the senses their ideas of the beautiful

and the good. We know no subject which can be more satisfactorily taught by lectures, and none, which by the aid of illustration by pictures, casts, and engravings, may be rendered more attractive. Were such a chair endowed, the local galleries of painting and sculpture would of course be placed at the service, perhaps under the superintendence, of the professor, and it would be his interest, and probably would be in his power, to contribute to their improvement. The person who held the chair, in our view of the matter, ought rather to be an æsthetic scholar than an artist. His function being that of the acknowledged representative of the literature of art, he ought to be the friend and counsellor, rather than the rival of artists; and, were such the case, he might reckon on the friendly co-operation of those who were more directly engaged in cultivating the special departments of art.*

It is not accidentally that we have given to the cultivation of artistic tastes among the public, a priority of place even to the education of artists themselves. We are persuaded that the former once secured, the latter will follow as an inevitable consequence. By raising the taste of the public, you raise the requirements for their service; and as the means of rewarding must remain in their hands, you render it the interest of artists to prepare themselves for their newly imposed duties. The principle, that the supply follows the market, is still that to which we trust; and the only change which we would propose, would be so to constitute the market as that its demands should influence the quality as well as the quantity of the commodity. We believe that a salutary dissatisfaction with the article usually offered has already been created in many quarters by the wider acquaintance with the principles of artistic criticism which has resulted, partly from the study of such works as those of Kugler and Müller, and partly from the influence of increased travel; and we confess that it is this circumstance more than any other which we are disposed to regard as a hopeful sign in the present condition of art. So soon as the public cease to regard art as a mere amusement, they will cease to be satisfied with the form in which it is usually presented to them at present, and then we doubt not, more liberal institutions for the instruction of artists at home, and for supplying them with the means of study abroad, will spring up on all sides; and a school of art will arise possessing all the qualities which an enlightened and thorough instruction can secure. But before we finally take leave of the

* We have been told that the endowment of such a chair is one of the objects which some of the most intelligent members of the Scottish Architectural Institute have most at heart, and there is no part of their scheme in which they have our best wishes more sincerely.

subject, there is one grand and leading objection of the opponents to learned artistic culture, and thorough artistic instruction, which we must endeavour to meet. It will be said that though the doctrines which we have here advanced, when considered *a priori*, seem plausible enough, it is impossible to set them up empirically, that experience has shewn that artistic eminence is a boon which God bestows but on a few generations of men, and that though the experiment has often been tried, no important results have ever followed from an attempt artificially to secure it. Now our answer to this is, that it is but half true, and that the half of it which is true no more furnishes an argument against the cultivation of art than of any other department of mental endeavour. It is certain that no training will ever call into being a strongly and originally productive mind; you cannot create genius; but in the present case, as in every other, you can supply the conditions of its working so soon as it shall be sent into the world; nay, what is more, you can secure the nearest approach to its energizing which is consistent with the comparative weakness of ordinary minds. Now, if we place ourselves in the most favourable position for the reception of genius when it arrives; whilst in the meantime we turn the ordinary staple commodity of talent to the best advantage, we accomplish all that we aimed at, and it is no fair reproach against a system that it does not do more. "But can you shew us an example even of this minor success?" We answer, "many;" and as the instances are not only more numerous, but far more important than seems usually to be supposed in this country, we shall select two or three of them by way of example. The first we translate from Kugler:—

"In Greece itself, after the age of Alexander the Great, art experienced a gradual decline, and during the whole of the last period of its indigenous existence, we scarcely encounter a single distinguished name. At the close of this period, however, towards the middle of the second century (B. C.), a restoration of art was brought about at Athens by means of a renewed study of the works of the great masters, and an endeavour thus to rise again to a higher region. At this period, indeed, works of wonderful perfection were produced, but in which might be remarked a certain coldness and deficiency in naïveté which invariably characterizes periods of restoration."—(P. 223.)

What will such of our readers as are new to the subject think, after this rather cold commendation, when we tell them that it was this school which produced the Venus de Medici, the Farnese Hercules, the Torso of the Vatican, the Barberini Faun, the Diana of Gabii in the Louvre, the Venus of the Bath, and the Venus Kallipyge! It is to this school of the revival, indeed, that we are indebted for by far the larger share of exist-

ing Greek statues ; and it was this school which, when transplanted to Italy, for two hundred years longer, flourished as a vigorous exotic, to delight the eyes, and refine the manners, of a hard, unimaginaive, practical people ! Such is our first example of an artificial school ; and we shall be contented with one more, which shall be taken from more modern times. Raphael had not been dead much more than a quarter of a century, and Michael Angelo was still living in a green old age, when Ludovico Caracci was born, and yet on him was laid the task of reviving art in Italy from a state of the basest degradation into which it had sunk in the hands of the so-called *Naturalisti*, an artistic sect whose tenets very closely resembled those which the advocates of license so eloquently support in our own day. The principles on which, in the first zeal of his opposition, he attempted to found what has been called the Eclectic School, were sufficiently absurd. They are embodied in the following sonnet by Agostino Caracci :—

“ Chi farsi un buon pittor cerca, e disia,
 Il disigno di Roma abbia alla mano,
 La mossa coll' ombrar Veneziano,
 E il degno colorir di Lombardia.
 Di Michel Angiol la terribil via,
 Il vero natural di Tiziano,
 Del Correggio lo stil puro e sovrano,
 E di un Rafel la giusta simmetria.
 Del Tibaldi il decoro, e il fondamento,
 Del dotto Primaticcio l'inventare,
 E un po di grazia del Parmigianino
 Ma senza tanti studj, e tanto stento,
 Si ponga l'opre solo ad imitare
 Che qui lasciocci il nostro Niccolino.”

“This patchwork ideal,” says Kugler, “constituted only one transition step in the history of the Caracci and their school. In the prime of their artistic activity they greatly threw off their eclectic pretensions ; they neither needed the decorum of Tibaldi nor the invention of Primaticcio ; they had attained an independence of their own. The imitation of the great masters, where it is apparent, is no longer of a soulless, superficial character, but is a thoroughly understood and artistic appropriation of their highest qualities, bearing the character rather of rivalry than of imitation. It is true that the eclecticism they originally professed left its traces in a coldness, stiffness, and academical consciousness, which offends the spectator ; but we are inclined to moderate even this criticism, when we consider the difficulty of opposing fresh ideas to the exaggerated mannerisms then existing, and when we consider also that it was the individual energy of these painters which forced them a way through the trammels of imitation. They possessed a true and a great feeling for the representation of

the higher subjects of life, and it was by their own incredible zeal that they attained a considerable, though not a perfect, harmony of corresponding style. In some respects they adopted the bold naturalism of their times, but moderated and refined by an acquaintance with the great models of antiquity, and with those of the Raphael period."

Such, in few words, was the school of the Caracci, from which, besides the founder and his two nephews and fellow-workers, Agostino and Anibale, there arose Domenichino, Albani, Guido Reni, Guerchino, Lanfranco, and others, who, whatever may be their rank as compared with the heroes of the Raphael time, have certainly never been surpassed by later painters. As the prejudices of the present day against all art which is not supposed to be the result of immediate inspiration, have led many to adopt a depreciatory view of the Bolognese school, it may not be out of place, for the benefit of those whose opinions are swayed by authority, to recall the sentiments of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the already often quoted father of English artistic criticism. In speaking of "style," which he characterizes as "a power over materials, whether words or colours, by which conceptions or sentiments are conveyed," he says, "In this Ludovico Caracci (I mean in his best works) appears to me to approach the nearest to perfection. His unaffected breadth of light and shadow, the simplicity of his colouring, which, holding its proper rank, does not draw aside the least part of the attention from the subject; and the solemn effect of that twilight which seems diffused over his pictures, appear to me to correspond with grave and dignified subjects, better than the more artificial brilliancy of sunshine which enlightens the pictures of Titian." "It is our misfortune," he adds, "that those works of Caracci which I would recommend to the student are not often found out of Bologna;" he enumerates them; and concludes, "I think those who travel would do well to allot a much greater portion of their time to that city than it has hitherto been their custom to bestow." In connexion with this subject, it is not unimportant that we should remark, that the only artistic revival of our day, that of architecture, has arisen precisely from the causes we have indicated as most likely to produce it in the other arts. In connexion with certain ecclesiastical tendencies in England, a greater degree of attention began to be bestowed on the subject by the public, a few good "Hand-books" appeared, and criticism revived to such an extent, that, as a friend once observed to us, every school-girl in England now knows more of Gothic architecture than the best architects did fifty years ago. A new class of architects consequently was called for; nor did the supply lag behind the demand. Pugin and his followers appeared, and we

have now a school of Gothic architecture at all events, which, if it wants the freshness and naïveté of a first enthusiasm, has almost atoned for the absence of these qualities by the skill and freedom with which it combines and adapts already existing ideas.

The unquestionable merits of modern landscape painting we are disposed to regard rather in the light of an original appearance than a revival of art, and we attribute them partly to the more accurate observation of nature, and more correct views of her working, both organic and inorganic, which modern science has introduced, and partly to the entirely novel manner in which the poetry of nature has been seized by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and their followers. Coleridge in his "Hymn to the Earth," expresses the sentiments with which the painter, as well as the poet of nature, must approach his task, when he says,—

"Thrilled with thy beauty and love in the wooded slope of the mountain,

Here, great mother, I lie, thy child, with his head on thy bosom!
Playful the spirits of noon, that rushing soft through thy tresses,
Green-haired goddess! refresh me; and hark! as they hurry or linger,

Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with musical murmurs.

Into my being thou murmurest joy, and tenderest sadness

Shedd'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the joy and the heavenly sadness

Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears, and the hymn of thanksgiving."

But whilst a seriousness of purpose, a loving and almost religious earnestness, before unknown, has been brought to bear both on the study and representation of nature in her lower manifestations, it is remarkable that whatever has reference to man as a spiritual being, and not as a mere breathing organism, is treated with a degree of frivolity which no semi-civilized race ever exhibited. Our philosophy of nature stops short whenever it arrives at the workings of spirit, and investigations into the physical principle of life, have taken the place of inquiries into the laws of mental action; our art shuns the representation of the highest form of organized existence, that in and through which alone sensuous expression can be given to spiritual qualities; and we confess that it is rather on a growing consciousness of the degrading nature of these tendencies which we imagine we perceive in many quarters, than on the circumstance that the great Exhibition of Industry is open in London, and half the world staring at our calicos and patent chubbs, that we found the hope that our national effort may yet, in our own day, be directed to higher aims than those which it has at present assigned itself.

- ART. IV.—1. *A History of the Hebrew Monarchy, from the Administration of Samuel to the Babylonish Captivity.* By FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and Author of "The Soul; Her Sorrows and Her Aspirations." London, 1847.
2. *The Creed of Christendom: its Foundation and Superstructure.* By WILLIAM RATHBONE GREG. London, 1851.

IF some impression has been made on the minds of a few thoughtful and serious persons by the perusal of Mr. Newman's Hebrew Monarchy, it must be ascribed rather to the author's reputation for ability and learning, than to any evidence of either which the volume itself affords. The fact that he is Latin Professor in University College, London, and that he bears a high character for classical scholarship, may have predisposed some to entertain favourably his pretensions as a critic and a theologian, and to listen with deference to the cavils against sacred truth to which he has lent the prestige of his name and position, but most of which would be dismissed from the thoughts at once as utterly futile, if they occurred in the pages of an anonymous or unknown author. It is because we are well aware how liable the humility of general readers is to be thus practised upon by strong assertions, resting solely on the authority of the asserter, that we are induced to offer a few considerations by means of which even "he who occupies the room of the unlearned" may satisfy himself of the invalidity, or at least the insufficiency, of the arguments by which Mr. Newman endeavours to destroy our belief in the Old Testament, as a revelation from God. Those who are well acquainted with the subject, will perceive that these considerations are not distinguished by novelty or originality; but, then, neither are the objections to which they are opposed. If Mr. Newman will condescend to reproduce the identical arguments, or rather assertions, advanced by Paine against the divine authority of Scripture, the Professor of Latin, and late Fellow of Balliol, must be content to receive the same answers which proved sufficient to refute and silence his vulgar and ignorant predecessor.

There are some persons, we know, who look on the task of refuting objections as an idle one, and are willing to waive the whole question for and against the genuineness of Scripture history; affirming, with Mr. Newman in his preface, that our faith should not rest on historic records, but on the evidence afforded by the testimony of our own hearts. They forget that a religion which is sought *only* in the heart of each man, will be a religion of his own framing, varying with the character of each individual.

It is vain to say, as many do, that the strength of Christianity rests wholly on its *internal* evidences, and that *external* ones may be thrown aside as valueless. Internal evidence is that which springs from a consideration of the intrinsic character of Christianity. How are we to know what that character is, unless we seek it in the external and historical records in which it has been handed down to us, and which profess to contain God's revealed will? Neither can we safely take our stand upon the New Testament, and abandon the Old; for the New Testament writers have set their seal upon the Old, and the two are so closely linked together, that if one fall the other must fall with it. The task of examining the Old Testament accounts is therefore one of no common importance, and demands both candour and learning in its execution.

It is generally allowed, also, that in disputing the truth of matters of fact which have always been believed by the great mass of readers, something more than mere assertion is necessary. Be they true or false, the burden of proof lies on the side of the objector.

Both these principles are violated by this author.

Mr. Newman's judgment of the Old Testament history seems to us unfair, whether viewed as a history of human events only, or as one of events occurring under a peculiar Divine government.

Considering it, first, in a purely historical point of view, we observe that those events in the course of the narrative which strike him as at all *improbable*, or even about which he can discern a shade of romance, he dismisses at once as legends. It is curious that his historical knowledge should not have taught him that the history of mankind is a series of improbabilities and unexpected incidents.* If it were otherwise, indeed, and all events answered to our ideas of what is probable, might not ordinary men become prophets? A moderate share of good sense and reflection would, in that case, enable us to anticipate all the events of history, as clearly as an experienced novel-reader foresees the conclusion of a tale. And yet, how few have ever prophesied public events correctly! What human foresight could, for example, have described the events of the last three years, including, as they do, the rapid and extraordinary changes in all the chief countries of Europe? According to Mr. Newman, these events should be set down by posterity as legends.

We may add, further, that it is too often overlooked, that in a history written by an ignorant and illiterate person, the connecting circumstances which would often explain seeming inconsistencies, are omitted or lightly passed over. Such a writer seizes

* See a very ingenious pamphlet illustrative of this, entitled, "Historic Certainties," by "Aristarchus Newlight."

only the most striking features of the case before him, and either forgets or does not comprehend the links which connect the principal events of human life.

Then again, considering the Jewish history, not as an account of ordinary events merely, but as mingled with numerous miraculous exertions of Divine power, this author's judgment is no less unfair: for without declaring, generally, that *all* miracles are *à priori* impossible, he proceeds practically on the supposition that *any* thing is more conceivable than a miraculous interposition.

This dislike to allow the possibility of a miracle is, we believe, more prevalent at the present day than is generally known, because it is oftener implied than expressed. Certain foreign writers who openly hold it, allege in defence of it, the improbability that the Creator should leave his works so imperfect as to require *interferences* of extraordinary power from time to time. This (they say) is inconsistent both with the wisdom and the power of the Supreme Being. But they forget how impossible it is to ascertain what *is* an interference with the laws of nature. May it not be doubted—to suggest one among several hypotheses—whether what we call an extraordinary interference of God's power, be not simply the result of other laws, with which we are not acquainted, and which seem to us out of the course of nature, because their sources are hidden from us, and we are only acquainted with a very small portion of that course and those laws? Many natural phenomena,—comets for example,—have been discovered, in the progress of scientific knowledge, to be no capricious interruption to the system of the universe, but a part of that system, subject to definite laws. If such discoveries are made in nature, should it not make us distrust our judgment of that other great book of Providence—the book of revealed religion, of which we can know nothing but what is directly taught us?

We may go still further. If a brute could reason, most of the works and actions of man, even the simplest, would appear to him interruptions of the laws of nature. And the works of civilized men do appear so to savages. When America was first discovered by the Spaniards, their horsemanship and use of fire-arms were attributed by the natives to magic; and the recent accounts of Terra del Fuego, shew that its savage inhabitants imagine their European visitors to be Beings of a different order from themselves, and in a certain degree superhuman. This shews how inadequate a judge Man is of what constitutes a miracle: or rather, we may say, it proves that the term *miraculous* is itself relative. What is *miraculous* to us, may perhaps be *natural* to a superior race of Beings.

But we must from these rather desultory introductory remarks return to Mr. Newman's History, through certain parts of which we propose to accompany him minutely. The earlier part of the Old Testament narrative he passes over with scarcely a remark. The few observations he does make are all founded on the *assumption*—(for he does not even attempt to *prove* it)—that the whole history of the Hebrew people, down to the days of Samuel, is a series of legends, from which no clear and connected narrative can be gathered, and to which no more credence is due than to the fables of Homer and Hesiod. In his preface he alludes to the new lights thrown on Roman and Grecian history by Grote and Niebuhr, and speaks of the absurdity of treating of sacred history, any more than profane, without making use of modern historical discoveries. This sounds plausible enough ; but Grote and Niebuhr did not content themselves with *asserting* that many of the earliest records of Greece and Rome were fabulous ; they undertook to *prove* it ; and all writers on the subject would *now* consider it necessary not only to refer continually to these and other great authorities, but to recapitulate *their* arguments, at least in part, in support of opinions but recently established. But Mr. Newman neither refers to nor quotes the arguments of others, nor yet does he bring forward any of his own : simple assertions and obscure hints are here his only weapons.*

After dismissing thus summarily the early Jewish history, and tracing, on his own plan, the settlement of the Hebrews in Canaan, and their emigration from Egypt, (which he does not dispute,) he at once chooses as the starting point of his connected history, the election of Saul as king of Israel. Why this starting point has been chosen it is not easy to see, since he has evidently as little reliance on the subsequent portions of Scripture as on those which precede the reign of Saul : the only difference he makes is to condemn the earlier records in the mass, the later ones in detail.

He observes on the election of Saul, then, that "it is highly doubtful whether Saul was chosen either by the Lord or by Samuel." The Israelites, he supposes, fixed on the young man for his stature and beauty, (1 Sam. ix. 2, 5 ;) and Samuel, after

* The "fallacy of reference," as it has been called, is very apt to lead inexperienced readers astray : for a string of learned names may often be introduced from the titles of works which are in fact wholly foreign to the question. Hence, as we have observed above, a certain degree of recapitulation is necessary where the subject discussed is little understood, and the works alluded to not generally known. Mr. Newman, however, has contented himself with an occasional reference to Ewald and other critical writers, on trivial points of scholarship and geography, quite irrelevant to the main question.

opposing their choice at first, reconciled himself to necessity, and declared that their king was chosen by God. Mr. Newman does not, however, seem to think the worse of Samuel for the pious fraud implied in this wholly gratuitous supposition.

He objects (chap. xiii. p. 46) to the expression "young man," as applied to Saul at the time of his election, when, two years afterwards, his son is spoken of as grown up. In this remark he forgets the very loose way of designating age among the ancients. The Romans spoke of a man of forty as "*adolescens*." Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego are described as "children" at an age when they were considered fit to be made rulers over part of Nebuchadnezzar's kingdom. David is called "a youth" at forty, which circumstance Mr. Newman also brings forward as an objection, instead of viewing it as an explanation of the previous passage. At the age of forty, Saul might well be the father of a son capable of bearing arms.

In the fourteenth chapter he derides the history of Jonathan's exploit with his armour-bearer in the garrison of the Philistines at Gibeah, (1 Sam. xiv.) alleging that they could not have slain twenty men between them. This objection is frivolous; for it is expressly stated that the Philistines were seized with a panic, (probably imagining that Jonathan was followed by his army,) and turned their arms against each other. Under the same circumstances a larger number of men has sometimes been slain by one or two individuals. In one of the battles between the French and Russians, for example, a Cossack is recorded to have slain twenty men single-handed with his spear, and was only checked in his career by being at last knocked on the head by one of the enemy. Many similar exploits are recorded both in ancient and modern history.

Mr. Newman considers the whole history of Saul and the Amalekites as a fiction. The accounts of the tribes of Amalek, he says, are from their earliest origin "full of contradictions," and "many legends were invented to justify the hatred" entertained by the Jews towards them,—which hatred he assumes to be causeless.* As a confirmation of these assertions he goes back to the history of the wanderings of the Israelites in the desert, and objects to the "contradiction," contained in Exodus xvii., in the account of their being near perishing with thirst in Rephidim, and saved by "the miraculous fountain," and then shortly after attacked by the Amalekites, who voluntarily marched into this thirsty desert to meet them.

* Is it not more likely that the Israelites should have been harassed by depredating tribes, such as exist at this very day in the very same country, than that they should have taken a gratuitous antipathy to the tribe of Amalek, and then invented fables to justify it?

Now, besides that the time is not specified, so that the first of these events might very possibly have taken place in the summer and the last in the winter—besides the circumstance that the Amalekites, habituated to the desert, were more likely to know where springs of water were to be found than the wandering strangers—waiving both these considerations, what is more natural than that a troop of marauders, armed, mounted, unencumbered, and able to carry skins of water enough to serve their small numbers, should march safely through a desert in which a mixed multitude, including the infirm, women, children, and numerous flocks and herds, would perish with thirst? In our own days, it appears to be a very common occurrence in the same countries, for a caravan to be distressed for water at the very time when a band of hostile Arabs can attack it with ease. The possession of a newly discovered well is also one of the commonest subjects of dispute among wandering tribes: and Archdeacon Blunt, in his treatise on the Veracity of the Books of Moses, suggests that the miraculous fountain may have thus actually been the cause of the Amalekitish invasion.

Mr. Newman proceeds to notice Samuel's rejection of Saul for sparing the Amalekite king and spoil. He blames this rejection for its cruelty. It shews Samuel, he says, "in a darker and harsher light" than we should have expected. He speaks of Saul's offence, as if it had been one merely *personal* to Samuel, even if it were to be considered as one at all. Here, again, the sin against the divine Head, *temporal* as well as spiritual, of the Jews, is overlooked. Saul was presuming to offer up to God what God had commanded him to destroy. A grosser act of disobedience to an *earthly* despotic monarch could scarcely be conceived; what it must be towards God, all must feel who acknowledge a God to whom we owe allegiance.

Objection is next made to Samuel's address to the Israelites (in the earlier part of the Scripture narrative) on their choice of a king, as "too forcible and eloquent for an *old man*."

There are so many eloquent speeches of old men, both in ancient and modern history, on record, that it is difficult to conceive how this objection could have had any force with a person of ordinary reading. The defence which Sophocles, when accused of incapability to manage his own affairs, made before the Athenian tribunal, by reading his own recently composed tragedy of *Cedipus Coloneus*, was at least *as great* a feat for an old man of ninety, as Samuel's speech. But it is wonderful how many circumstances which are considered *insurmountable difficulties* in the study of Jewish history, are viewed as perfectly natural when the scene of action is changed from Palestine to Greece.

Mr. Newman next observes, (p. 50,) that Samuel committed

what is politically called *treason* in deposing Saul and electing David. It is true that many things *are* treason in one government which are not so in another. And it must never be forgotten, that under the Jewish theocracy the kings were mere delegates, and that Samuel, as the oracle of the Most High, had as full right to appoint and depose them as the prime minister of an earthly monarch to give and withdraw appointments to subordinate offices.

The account of David's slaying Goliath with a sling is next disputed, because he was *afterwards* celebrated for excellence as a swordsman! As reasonably might it be urged that the accounts of our ancestors' skill as archers must be false, because their descendants are *now* renowned for the use of fire-arms.

David's slaying two hundred Philistines (1 Sam. xviii.) is also objected to by Mr. Newman. He seems to think that David must have slain them single-handed; whereas it is mentioned expressly that he had his men with him! The same objection is made to a similar exploit related later.

In a note he speaks of the "Jehovistic but unmoral spirit" of the book of Chronicles. This expression seems to be adopted from the German Neologians, by whom it is freely used, together with the kindred term *Eloistic*, to insinuate that the worship of Jehovah was the form or phase of the Jewish religion maintained by the authors of such books as Joshua, Chronicles, &c., and that Jehovah was regarded by them merely as the tutelary deity of their nation, in opposition to the claims of Baal or the Egyptian Ox-god. To represent the worship of the true God as in no respect more pure or spiritual than that of false deities, and to separate from it the idea of superior virtue and morality, is the continual aim of the writers whom Mr. Newman has unhappily chosen as his authorities, or rather oracles.

The next objection he proceeds to consider is one which must have presented itself as a difficulty (though not as an argument against the truth of Scripture) to many minds less disposed to cavil than Mr. Newman's—the expiation by David of Saul's slaughter of the Gibeonites. It is plain that no particular mode of giving satisfaction to the Gibeonites was dictated by the oracles of God. *Some* satisfaction was required for the cruel treachery committed by Saul; such, too, as should exhibit a terrible example to future tyrants, and become at the same time a vindication of national truth, and the protection of the most defenceless and degraded portion of the community. Nor must it be forgotten that the Mosaic dispensation was one totally different in its character from that of the New Testament; that it has been declared by an infallible authority to have been imperfect, rudimentary, and carnal, and that it con-

tained provisions and permissions due to the "hardness of man's heart," which were intended to be only temporary, and have been since entirely abrogated. Let it be observed, also, that the transaction to which we are especially referring is one of those in which the awful and mysterious idea of atonement for sin—"expiation made, not by the principal offender, or not by him alone"—was presented to the mind of the ancient Church. The form in which the idea was clothed on that occasion, may have been more suitable than we can in our circumstances conceive, to enable men's spiritual faculties to apprehend it as a reality.

Mr. Newman next proceeds to the "superstitious belief" that David was punished for numbering the people. It is certainly not very clear what fault he had committed in so doing; though most probably either the spirit or the purpose of the action were blameable. That it was something which set public opinion at defiance, or invaded the laws of the country, is proved by the horror of the deed shewn by so reckless and unscrupulous a soldier as Joab.

Mr. Newman alludes shortly after to a difficulty which is caused rather by the headings to our chapters than by the text itself; namely, David's treatment of the cities of Rabbah and Ammon, whose inhabitants he "put under saws, and under harrows of iron, and under axes of iron, and made them pass through the brick-kiln." (2 Sam. xii. 31.) Now we know that it was the practice of some ancient nations to compel a captive and defeated army to pass under a yoke or arch constructed of weapons, as was done by the Samnite general to the Roman army. So that, if the Ammonites had been said to have "passed under the sword and spear," the meaning of the passage would have been evident. The use of agricultural and servile instruments instead of arms was probably a sign of still greater humiliation. Some commentators are of opinion that this expression implied setting them to servile offices, and that "passing through brick-kilns" denoted that they were compelled to work at brickmaking, as the Israelites had done in Egypt. In any case, Mr. Newman's supposition, that a new and cruel mode of torture was implied, is wholly unwarranted, either by the context or by known ancient customs. It would appear that he was chiefly guided in his conjecture by the heading of the chapter, which does speak of David's torturing the citizens of Ammon. But the *headings* of chapters have not been generally considered as good authority; except, indeed, by a writer of a very different school, whose coincidence with Mr. Newman is in this case very curious, Dr. Hook; who, in his "Church Dictionary," refers us for mention *by name* of the "*seven Deacons*" to Acts vi., the word "Deacons" being only found in the heading to the chapter!

We may remark in passing, that it is curious to see those who pride themselves on their free and loose views of Scripture history, adhering, when they come to details which suit their purpose, to as close and servilely literal an interpretation of individual texts as the most devoted advocate for the verbal inspiration of Scripture could desire. This is remarkably exemplified by Mr. Newman. While he throws aside large portions of the Old Testament as legendary, he clings with unreasoning fidelity not only to the *verbal*, but even to the *traditional* meaning of such particular passages as imply moral wrong in the persons concerned. For instance, in an allusion to the story of Jephthah, he appears to take for granted the truth of the vulgar notion, that Jephthah *slew* his daughter for an offering to the Lord: overlooking the fact, that not only is there no express mention of her death in the narrative, but several of the most intelligent commentators consider the contrary to be implied in what the narrative does record. Hence we may see that it is not from a free interpretation of individual texts, nor from the employment of learning and knowledge of antiquity in the study of Scripture, that Christianity has anything to fear. The real danger to our belief in Revelation lies in the resolution to believe nothing which does not agree with our previously formed fancies, and in the presumptuous attempt to decide on what God is *likely* to have done or not done, and to judge Him as if he were "even such an one as ourselves." This tendency, far from being produced by extensive learning, may be found equally in the minds of all men, whatever be the extent or deficiency of their knowledge, in whom humility and candour are wanting. Mr. Newman's interpretations of Scripture, indeed, do *not* bear the character of learned ones, but the contrary, to a degree which could not have been expected in an author of his attainments, and in a work, the subject of which would seem peculiarly and imperatively to require the application of learning.

The reign of Solomon is next passed under review; and after some remarks on the splendour of that monarch's empire, and the extent of his power, we find strong sympathy expressed for the "7000 bearers of burdens, and 80,000 hewers in the mountains," whom Mr. Newman denominates "a nation of bondsmen."

That the Israelites, like other eastern nations, did keep slaves, is well known; but the supposition that this immense body of workmen were all bondsmen, is quite unauthorized. They are never mentioned as slaves, and there seems no necessity for supposing it. Solomon was a despotic monarch, at least as far as his subjects were concerned, and could therefore accomplish some of those great works which belong to such governments,

either by hiring large numbers of workmen, or more probably, by what would now be called "*corvées*"—a tax taken in a certain amount of labour instead of money, generally with a view to some specific object. The great military roads, and other works completed by the French under Napoleon, were of this character; yet we should scarcely speak of *them* as "a nation of bondsmen." What, moreover, would Mr. Newman think of a Chinese, who, on hearing of the number of excavators (or "*navies*") employed in the construction of our railroads, should infer that *we* are a nation of bondsmen?

Solomon's prayer (1 Kings viii.) is blamed by implication as "being offered up neither by priest nor prophet." It is curious to contrast this objection to the use of an ordinance *never once mentioned* in the Levitical law, with the indignation shewn by Mr. Newman at the rebuke given to Saul for offering *sacrifice*. Prayer does not appear to have formed part of the essential function either of priest or prophet among the Jews: although Solomon was most probably inspired when he pronounced that beautiful prayer and solemn blessing, which seems to excite in Mr. Newman only the disposition to cavil.

But Mr. Newman objects to Solomon's "offering sacrifice" as an innovation. It does not appear, however, that either Solomon or David, when the Ark was brought up from among the Philistines, (2 Sam. vi.) offered the burnt-offering *themselves* on the altar.* When a king or other great man is said to "have built" a palace or other public edifice, he is not generally supposed to have acted himself the part of architect or mason. But the rules which are considered obvious in matters of common life, are often neglected in examining Scripture, especially by unfriendly judges.

It appears that those who wished to "offer a sacrifice" brought the victim, and when it was slain presented it to the priest, who took of the blood and offered it on the high altar *within* the courts: (Lev. i. vii., &c.) Solomon's offering was made before the Ark, *previously* to its being placed within the Temple. (1 Kings viii.) The king did not enter into the most holy place; after the priests came out, a cloud filled the inner parts of the temple: but the memorable prayer was uttered by the king while among the people in the outer courts.

Then follows a digression on the giving of the Law in Exodus and Deuteronomy, in which Mr. Newman informs us that there were *two decalogues*: the Second Table of the Commandments being different from the first, which Moses broke in his anger at the people's idolatry. Deuteronomy he considers as a modern book, so that the repetition *there* of the contents of the Tables

* 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep (2 Chron. viii.) is the number of the victims which Mr. Newman supposes Solomon to have slain with his own hands!

goes for nothing with him. But, confining ourselves to Exodus, it may be worth considering what grounds he can find for his opinion.

The texts on which he bases it are the 10th and 24th verses of Exodus xxxiv. "Behold, I make a covenant;" "Write thou these words;"—then follows a list of directions, chiefly ceremonial, which he considers a Second Decalogue. Taking this by itself, it would seem a forced explanation, considering that there are certainly *more* than *ten* distinct commands between the 10th and 27th verses. But what appears decisive against this view is, the *first verse* of this same 34th chapter—"I will write on these tables the *words that were in the first tables*." Nothing can be conceived clearer; though, indeed, this proof was hardly needed, for, if we grant Mr. Newman's supposition, how are we to account for the fact, that what he calls "the First Decalogue" has been preserved among the Jews as "*the Decalogue*" ever since, while the list of directions he calls "the Second," was merely considered as part of the ceremonial law?

It is worth observing, that Moses repeats all these ceremonial instructions which had been given orally, but *does not* repeat the Decalogue, except the one ceremonial command contained in it, that of the observance of the Sabbath.

Mr. Newman then returns again to the subject of the dedication of the Temple, and observes, (p. 134,) that "the strange awe of the dangerous ark" seemed to have "evaporated" under Solomon, and that the fate of "the unlucky Uzzah" appeared to be forgotten. He infers this from the opening of the ark: but was not this evidently done by the priests? It is expressly mentioned (1 Kings viii.) that "*the priests brought it out*." Surely it was scarcely needful to add that they opened it, an office which could not be lawfully performed by any one else. The circumstance that nothing but the two tables of stone were found in the ark, seems at first glance startling; but it is easily accounted for, when it is remembered how many months it remained in the hands of the Philistines. They were not likely to hold its contents sacred, and probably stripped it of all that they considered valuable. If any miraculous punishment (besides the well-known pestilence) had befallen the individuals who thus spoiled the ark, it would not probably have been recorded by the idolaters. But, in fact, this discovery of the loss of the ark's contents may be considered as a corroboration of the truth of the whole history. If it had been a fiction, is it conceivable that so humiliating a fact would have been introduced by the chronicler?

Some remarks follow on the tribes of Israel, in the course of which Mr. Newman observes, that Simeon's name was omitted

in the song of Moses, whence he infers that this song was a comparatively modern composition, written when the tribe was completely swallowed up in Judah.

The omission of Simeon's name may have been caused by the crime of their prince Zimri, when he and a number of companions (probably the greater number of his tribe) fell into Midianitish idolatry; the pestilence which destroyed the delinquents, if (as is probable) most of them were of this tribe, would account both for the extraordinary thinning of their numbers, leading to ultimate extinction, and for their exclusion from the blessing of their great lawgiver.

From the consideration of Solomon's reign, Mr. Newman proceeds to the revolt of Jeroboam and the ten tribes. In speaking of the temple service, he objects to the figures of the cherubim as tending to encourage idolatry. The images of Bethel, he observes, "were neither more nor less idolatrous than the cherubim," although they are "*derided* as golden calves." The command of the Most High would seem to *us* to constitute some difference in the intention of the worshippers; but it must not, also, be overlooked, that the Israelitish *people* had no access to the cherubim. One only person in the whole nation—the high-priest—was permitted to enter the place where they were kept, and that but once a year. Will Mr. Newman affirm that this could encourage idolatry, in the same way as an image exposed to every eye? What the cherubim really were, and what they were intended to represent, can only be conjectured in these days. Mr. Newman considers that this part of the Jewish worship, as also the Urim and Thummim, and several other parts of their service, were adopted from Egypt. But the resemblance to be observed in some points to the Egyptian worship, would go *as far* to prove that the Egyptians had received these things from the Hebrews. It has been shewn to be highly probable,* that there existed at that early period a portion of the Egyptians who worshipped the true God; their sympathy with the Hebrews would naturally lead them to adopt some of their customs, (which, undoubtedly, existed in part before the introduction of the Levitical law,) and thence these ceremonies might gradually be incorporated with the established religion of Egypt.

Mr. Newman observes, with an air of some triumph, that there is "convincing casual evidence that the Hebrew people were *habitual image-worshippers*, both before and after the time of Jeroboam." That they were prone to fall continually into idolatry, is plain not from the "casual," but from the *direct* evidence of the Scriptures; that it was *not* "*habitual*," in the

* See "Lessons on the History of Religious Worship."

sense of being *countenanced* and *tolerated*,* as Mr. Newman seems to insinuate, but was severely reprimanded and punished, we have also abundant proof.

The brazen serpent is next alluded to, with an implied observation that the Israelites had worshipped it all along, from its first introduction. "It was believed towards the end of the monarchy," Mr. Newman adds, "to have been an image made by Moses!" He does not, however, attempt to adduce any proof, either of the falsity of this "belief" of the Jews, or of the truth of his own assertion, that the worship of the serpent had existed all along. Hezekiah evidently considered it a *recently* introduced superstition.

The visit of the "man of God" to Jeroboam (1 Kings) is described as "a legend forged in Josiah's days;" but Mr. Newman adduces no proof of this, except, as he says, "because *no result* followed." If this were true, it would not be a decisive proof of the falsity of the history; but it is very far from being true. Can it be called "no result" that vast numbers from the ten tribes resorted to Judah and the Temple, doubtless in consequence of this visit of the prophet? In 2 Chron. xi. we find these words:—"And the priests and the Levites that were in all Israel, resorted to him out of all their coasts. . . . And after them, out of all the tribes of Israel, such as set their hearts to seek the Lord God of Israel, came to Jerusalem to sacrifice unto the Lord God of their fathers. So they strengthened the kingdom of Judah, and made Rehoboam strong." This last clause shews how very great must have been their numbers. Later, in the reign of Asa, (2 Chron. xv.,) another considerable emigration of Israelites to Judah took place. And in 1 Kings xii. 23, this expression is found:—"Speak . . . unto the house of Judah and Benjamin, and to the *remnant* of the people," evidently indicating the Israelites who adhered to Judah.

After some just remarks on the great number of prophets at this period of the Jewish history, and the probability of their undergoing some sort of training for the prophetic office, in what were called "the schools of the prophets," Mr. Newman proceeds to the history of Ahab. His opinion of this king will be startling to most readers. Ahab, he thinks, was rather *weak* than wicked; Jezebel was *made* cruel in the course of her feud with the prophets of Jehovah: but this, he adds, was partly *their* fault for approving the slaying of the votaries of Baal. "The legend of Elijah's slaying Baal's prophets" is a proof (he continues) of the feeling existing among the prophets of Jehovah. Now, if the account in the Book of Kings is to be credited at all, the votaries of Baal were *not* slain till after the prophets of the

* The word *habitual* is itself ambiguous.

Lord had been put to death by Jezebel, and a considerable number saved only by the exertions of Obadiah.* The "legend," therefore, as Mr. Newman calls it, would go to prove that the worshippers of Baal began the hostilities. If one-half of the history would prove a hostile feeling on the part of the worshippers of Jehovah, the other half proves far more on the opposite side. But it seems to be Mr. Newman's habit, whether he regards a record as fiction or truth, to select such parts of it as have a tendency to cast a shade upon the worshippers of Jehovah. He admits that the "martyr age of the prophets of the Lord now began," but excuses Jezebel on the ground that "hers was a struggle of life and death." "The crisis," he continues, "called forth two great prophets, Elijah and Elisha, whose adventures and exploits have come down to us in such a halo of romance . . . that it is impossible to disentangle the truth."

It must be acknowledged that Mr. Newman makes no effort to perform this "impossibility," but summarily dismisses both histories, merely observing that the miracles recorded of both prophets are often mere repetitions of each other. Such a case as a similar event happening to two persons, or at different times to one, he is unable to believe possible.

"The ascription of miraculous powers" (Mr. Newman continues) "to these prophets is a notable circumstance, as being altogether *new* in Jewish history. (!) To find anything analogous we must run back to the *legendary days* of Moses." (!) The dangers of the times, he adds, worked up the people to such an enthusiasm that they were ready to *imagine* miracles. It would seem strange to readers of a less *easy* belief than Mr. Newman, that the enemies of the prophets—the zealous worshippers of Baal—should have been affected by this enthusiasm for miracles, which were wrought *against them*. Several of Elijah's miracles resemble those of our Lord and his Apostles in this circumstance, that they were wrought amongst *enemies*. Ahab and Jezebel would not have stood in such awe of an impostor. Mr. Newman's best course would have been to deny the whole history from beginning to end. This he hesitates to do in express words; but he throws additional discredit on all the facts by his assertion, (totally unsupported by the faintest attempt at a proof,) that the Book of Kings was written 300† years after the facts recorded in it.

* Obadiah's preservation of the Lord's prophets is the more remarkable from its not being ostentatiously brought forward, but incidentally, and as it were casually, mentioned in a parenthesis.

† It has been remarked by scholars deeply learned in the original language of the Old Testament, that this book bears in its construction the strongest marks of having been composed in detached pieces, as a chronicle or register at the time when the events noted down occurred.

The overthrow of the walls of Jericho is alluded to by Mr. Newman incidentally as "an old poem," which was recalled to the minds of men when "the legendary curse" was fulfilled!

He proceeds rapidly to the history of Athaliah and the murder of the young princes. He endeavours to defend, or rather palliate, her cruelty by attributing it to the alarm and "irritation" occasioned by the severity shewn by the prophets of the Lord towards the Baal worshippers. "Such (these are his words) is the train of atrocities which Elisha's message entailed on both the Hebrew kingdoms."* The study of these events, "is," he continues, "the training of mind which steeled all Europe to cruelty under the name of religion. This has lit up hell-fires in Christendom; this has perpetrated perfidious massacres unknown to Paganism; this has bequeathed, even to the present age, a confusion of mind which too often leads those who are naturally mild and equitable, to inflict hardship, vexation, degradation, and loss, on the professors of a rival creed."

"Unknown to Paganism!" How well must an accomplished scholar, like Mr. Newman, have known the contrary! How familiar must he be with the cruelties of heathen monarchs, from Phalaris down to Nero and Commodus, with the human sacrifices in Carthage, with the tortures inflicted by Hindoo Brahmins, with atrocities in every heathen country openly countenanced and approved by public opinion, such as have never been paralleled even in the darkest ages of Christianity. But his eagerness to carry his point is quite unchecked by any regard for truth. And this portion of his work is likely to be more injurious to careless readers, because it assumes the garb of Christian humanity and forbearance.

There are, however, two or three considerations which even faithful students of the Bible are apt to overlook, because connected with the peculiar character of the Jewish dispensation. We are apt to consider the case of the worshippers of the true God with regard to those of Baal, as analogous to the relation between Christians, for instance, living in close connexion with heathens, or Protestants with members of the Church of Rome. Such persons are convinced, indeed, that their companions are in grievous error, but (if imbued with a truly Christian spirit) they feel it a duty, while guarding against their mistaken belief, to treat them with kindness and forbearance. Such *was not* the duty of a pious Hebrew of Elijah's day: for what with *us* is

* Elisha is very severely treated by Mr. Newman. His zeal is called "frenzy;" and he is described as condemning a troop of *young* children for laughing at him. We have already seen that the term "children" was applied to young men; and we may here add that Benjamin was called a lad, and even a little one, when certainly more than twenty years old. The young persons whom Elisha punished were probably votaries of Baal, who insulted him as a prophet of the Lord. (See M. Burnier's Commentary on the Old Testament.)

merely *religious error*, with *them* was *high treason*; and we must again repeat, that to one who loses sight for a moment of the peculiar character of a *theocracy*, the Jewish history necessarily presents a tissue of contradictions. What would Mr. Newman have thought of a faithful subject of George the Second, who should have connived at the machinations of some emissaries of the Pretender? Should we not look on such toleration of high treason as treason itself? Would he admit, as an excuse for such conduct, the plea "that we ought to live peaceably with our neighbours?" This was precisely the case with Elijah. Under the Christian dispensation we are commanded not "to strive" for our religion; but this is because the rewards and punishments of the *new covenant* are reserved for another world, and under the sole and immediate administration of the great Mediator, that "Man whom God hath ordained to be the Judge of quick and dead." Our Saviour's own words are, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom *were* of this world, *then would my servants fight*,"—evidently acknowledging the consequence which necessarily followed from such a dispensation as that of the Old Testament.

Why such a dispensation should have been necessary, is a question which fallible mortals are not competent to answer. It is not for us to look into "the hidden things of the Lord." But it may be observed, that writers of the stamp we are now considering, seem to be unwilling to allow the possibility of God's punishing wickedness either here or hereafter, and shrink from every part of the Bible which implies it. They forget that this is a difficulty not peculiar to revealed religion, but inseparably connected with the course of natural events in this world. Sin does draw down evil on itself even in this life: why it exists, or why it is permitted, it is not for us to know: but we cannot escape from the difficulty by denying revelation.

This prevalent reluctance to look a fact thus self-evident in the face, may also be in part the cause of another evil of the present times—the tendency to confound tolerance with indifference.

Mr. Newman goes so far as to endeavour to convey a more favourable impression of the worshippers of Baal than of their opponents. He informs us (page 213,) that "they did not revenge on the priests of Jehovah the violence which they had suffered from Jehovah's prophets,"—(naturally enough, as they had slain *these* already, and could not wreak their vengeance twice over)—and in comparison with their opponents, he regards them as humane!

He proceeds to sketch rapidly, but not very clearly, the later reigns of the kings. He affirms that the Levite and priestly system was devised long after the time of Moses; the "priestly system" being "at its height in the time of Jehu," the Levite

later. For this conclusion he gives no reasons, unless we can so denominate the complaint that the pedigree of the priests was not made out before the Captivity. This is, however, just what we should expect. *After* the Captivity it was necessary to prove that their genealogy was correct: *before* that event it was needless to prove or to mention what was well established. To the same cause may be referred the omission of all mention of the Sabbaths (on which he also remarks) in the history of the monarchy.

But the object of this part of Mr. Newman's work is evidently to prove the modern origin of the Pentateuch, which he considers to have been compiled in the days of Jehoiada. The reasons adduced for this belief are not very clear: one of them seems to be, that Joshua wrote on "the stones" of the altar he erected after passing Jordan, "a copy of the law." (Joshua viii. 30.) As no stone altar could have contained the whole of the last four books of the Pentateuch, he concludes that they could not then have existed: but is it not a far more simple and obvious conclusion, that he copied the *positive commands* taken from these books; or rather, merely those which the tables contained, which would naturally, in common parlance, be called "the Law," and which our Lord afterwards referred to as *the Commandments*?

In support of his opinion, however, Mr. Newman speaks of the law *found* in Josiah's reign as "a *new* book." Is it conceivable that the people would have read it with grief and shame, had they not recognised the Law which was the acknowledged standard by which their nation had been governed?

In commenting on the prophetical writings, Mr. Newman ascribes the books of Isaiah and of Zechariah each to two different writers.* Here, however, as in every other part of his work, he seems to adopt implicitly the dicta of the German critics whom he has chosen for his authorities, and who, like his favourite prophets of the Baalistic faction, "follow their own spirit," in preference to inspiration, common sense, or fair reasoning. He delights also to dwell on those parts of the other prophetic writers from which he can draw conclusions to the discredit of their private character. Jeremiah's flight into Egypt, and the bitterness of Hosea and others towards "their *fellow-prophets*,"—as he denominates the idolaters whom they denounce,—are animadverted upon with great severity.

It is remarkable, too, that disposed as Mr. Newman is to treat the recorded facts of Scripture as myths, he is ready to assume that the metaphorical language of the prophets involves real facts, and that deeds of a questionable or an extraordinary nature, said to be performed by the prophets at God's command,

* There seems to be a considerable difference in the style of the earlier and later portions of Isaiah, which has probably led him to this conclusion.

in order to declare and explain his present will and future dealings towards his people, were in all cases real transactions, originating in the will or desire of the human agent to whom they are attributed. Now, how is it that one who holds so strongly that the Bible accounts are not trustworthy, should adhere so scrupulously to a literal interpretation of statements more probably allegorical than many to which he ascribes that character, whenever they appear to militate against the Most High, or against his accredited messengers?

To a very different class of Bible-readers many of these passages (laying aside such as through our own ignorance of ancient customs, or through doubtful readings, are in themselves uncertain) do indeed present great difficulties, chiefly, perhaps, arising from an incorrect view of the subject of inspiration.

The revelations or messages with which the prophets were entrusted seem to have been usually conveyed to them through visions or dreams; and the prophet commonly delivered his message along with the vision or dream through which it came to him. Hence the relation of actions which were not only allegorical in their meaning, but the very history of which is allegorical, as the eating of the book or roll in Ezekiel, and in St. John's Revelations. And as the vision or dream through which the revelation came to the recipient would naturally be formed of images taken from the store-house of his own imagination, they would, it is likely, be conformable to his age, his country, and his individual character. The message or revelation might indeed come to the mind of the inspired instrument clothed in language suitable for delivery—and this we have every reason to believe was the ordinary mode of its communication—but it might also come as a simple suggestion or impression, in which case he would naturally declare it by means of such images as most readily occurred to him, and which he thought best adapted to draw attention to it; and hence, besides the Oriental type which runs through *all* the language of prophecy, we find in it the marks of individual influences,—of the education, turn of thought, and moral sentiment habitual to the prophet. For God's messages seem to have been conveyed through various instruments, (as the ordinary workings of his providence take place by various means;) and the mode of delivery would therefore vary accordingly. Thus would the imagery of each prophet be more or less exalted, and his language more or less pure, according to the influence of his own natural habits of thought and life, and very much according to the nature of the prophecy he was declaring, which we find to be the case. Hence the purity and sublime simplicity of Isaiah's language in all his announcements of the Messiah, and the blessings of his kingdom, and in all his direct allusions to the Most High. And so with the

other prophets, when they touch on these subjects, though modified by their individual characters. But the allegories in which the divine messages are sometimes wrapt up, and especially such allegories as imply *action*, are regarded by Mr. Newman as requiring a *literal* interpretation, whenever such an interpretation can be plausibly represented as involving the violation of decency or morality.

We do not find many things worthy of remark in the later and less important portions of Mr. Newman's work, which ends somewhat abruptly. But the impression with which we closed it was, that he has stated no *new* difficulties in his criticisms on the Old Testament history, but has simply collected together and brought forward those which have presented themselves at different periods and in different ways to most students of the Bible, some of which, however, could only have had weight with persons engaged in seeking objections rather than in eliciting truth.

In these remarks on the "Hebrew Monarchy," we have merely had recourse to what is within the reach of every student, however humble in his attainments, to the English Bible itself. By comparing one part with another, and examining the texts quoted by Mr. Newman in support of his views, the most unlearned reader may satisfy himself of the futility of many of his arguments, and the unfairness with which passages of Scripture have been brought forward to support them.

The consistency of the various Bible narratives, written as they were in different Ages, and by persons of various conditions and attainments, will also furnish strong internal evidence of their intrinsic truth and genuineness—an evidence which indeed is made manifest through this very work, in spite of the utmost efforts of an objector so determined as Mr. Newman, and in spite of a censorship so unfair as that to which he has subjected the sacred writings—altering some parts, assuming others, acting, in short, as an unscrupulous judge might do in charging a jury for a prisoner on whose condemnation he was predetermined.

But Scripture is not to be overthrown by enemies such as these. Difficulties will ever perhaps remain attached to it; some being inseparable from our ignorance of things pertaining to God, others perhaps attributable to our imperfect acquaintance with the nature and operation of inspiration. In respect of those connected with the existence of evil, a fact which in the history of the Pagan world is often overlooked, because it passed unheeded—as the force of a stream is not known until an effort is made to resist it—all these, and many other *apparent* stumbling-blocks, seem, on study and reflection, to act rather as confirmations to the faith of those who consider them aright.

But while we hold fast, with a firm and fearless, but also a candid and *reasoning* faith, to that Scripture which has been

given us for our guide and support in this world, and on which are based all our hopes of another, we shall have no cause to tremble, "though the waters rage and swell, and the mountains shake at the tempest of the same," sure as we may be that the rivers of that very flood, however terrible, "shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High."

But we must now pass from this series of criticisms suggested by Mr. Newman's work, to discuss, very shortly, some of the principles contained in the abler and more comprehensive work, very recently published, by Mr. Greg. We shall confine ourselves at present chiefly to that part of Mr. Greg's work which relates to the Old Testament.

This book, which we have, on account of a similarity in many of its views, associated with the Hebrew Monarchy, and on which, considered in that relation, we are about to make some remarks, professes to investigate, generally, "the Foundations and Superstructure of the Creed of Christendom." In so doing the author assails doctrines which we are wont to regard as the most sacred and most worthy of regard. In saying this we are consciously ranging ourselves with those who would be pronounced by him unfit for the task we propose,—that, namely, of investigating some of the principles on which he founds his work of destruction. For if, according to a motto adopted by him, as expressive of his views, man is incapacitated for the investigation of truth by a regard for "the prospects of his soul,"*—by a desire, that is, of his own future happiness, and the exaltation and purification of his nature; and if an indifference to the result be an essential condition to a course of correct reasoning, then must such an employment of the intellectual faculties be unsuited to the *highest and best* natures among us; since it is with these that such indifference is least likely to prevail. Or if, on the other hand, the reason of man is so weak, and his prejudices so strong, that his wishes and desires on any subject must necessarily bias his judgment, then indeed must not only a desire for our own happiness, but any strong interest in that of our fellow-creatures, fetter our reasoning powers, so as to deprive us of all right to a hearing.

Now, what should we say of any one who should assert that no plan for the public good ought to be listened to which proceeded from a philanthropist, because such a man cannot but *wish* for the success of such a plan, and his wish must of course *bias* his judgment in framing his scheme. On such terms Mr. Greg would be excluded. He is himself a well-known philanthropist. According to this view, indeed, no physician should prescribe for a patient unless perfectly indifferent whether the patient

* "No inquirer can fix a direct and clear-sighted gaze towards truth, who is casting side glances all the while on the prospects of his soul."—*Martineau*.

recovers or dies. This, however, seems to be the principle adopted and set forth by some modern writers, and among them by Mr. Greg. Yet every one's own experience might have taught him that man's judgment is often even biassed the other way,—that extreme anxiety will make men distrust the probabilities in favour of something they earnestly wish for, (according to the proverbial expression of "too good news to be true,") and exaggerate the chances of something they very much dread. But we suppose that Mr. Greg would confine his theory of indifference to the hopes and promises of Christianity. We may remind him therefore, that the Gospel was introduced, and prevailed in *opposition* to all the expectations and wishes of the then world, all the habits and prejudices which are now in its favour being then arrayed *against* it.

Before entering on the proper subject of his work, Mr. Greg gives us his judgment in respect of the class of persons best fitted for the task he has imposed on himself. This judgment we find unfavourable to the class of persons whose education and habits of mind, whose knowledge of the ancient languages, and familiarity with biblical criticism, would seem to render them most fitted for such an investigation,—because it is assumed that "clergymen of all denominations are shackled by their previous professions of faith, and by the consequences to *them* of possible conclusions." Mr. Greg is unable, it would almost seem, to conceive the existence of an honest and disinterested mind so circumstanced. He is surely however aware, that in a training for the Ministry, among almost all denominations of Christians, the principal objections which infidels have raised against Christianity are presented to the student's mind in the course of study prescribed to him, and that this course does sometimes deter men—though chiefly through the minor difficulties attending on subscription to Articles—from entering the Ministry, even where, in all the more important points, their faith remains not only unshaken but confirmed by the investigation. It is reserved, however, for "an unlettered layman, endowed with no learning, but bringing to the investigation the ordinary education of an English gentleman, and a logical faculty exercised in other walks," to pursue, what Mr. Greg elsewhere declares to be "a species of criticism with which few in this country, even of our educated classes, are at all acquainted." And from this class he would, we must suppose, exclude all believers who feel any deep interest in Christianity, as *biassed* by their wishes. In short, all he requires in order to obtain a verdict that shall satisfy him, is, to pack the jury, and to have a judge of his own selecting.

It is, however, by the German critics after all, (by some few at least; for their learned men are divided on the subject,) that the great question of the truth of Christianity is, we find, to be de-

cided; as by them sufficient evidence has been laid before us to upset our faith in the truth of the scriptural records. Of these their discoveries in the science of evidence, Mr. Greg proposes to act as interpreter.

With our own theological writers Mr. Greg seems to have little acquaintance. Dr. Arnold and Mr. Coleridge, whose genius, bright as it was, did not lie in close reasoning, are his types of two classes of divinity students; and he has given some of their thoughts, and not some of their best digested thoughts, as expositions both of their own views, and of the general views of theological writers. Mr. Greg has an advantage rather apparent than real over these writers; he reasons well on premises which he has taken for granted, and his conclusions therefore have the air of truth. It is wonderful, indeed, to what a degree an imposing style of writing may dress up, so as to seem plausible, anything, however at variance with every one's own experience and knowledge, especially when, to a considerable talent for logical arrangement, is joined a very confident assurance that so and so is actually beyond the possibility of a reasonable doubt. The modest reader is appalled by strong assertion, and consents perhaps to some decision which, if stated in plain terms, his plain sense would reject as non-proven, and even wholly unworthy of serious attention. Such, we think, is frequently the case in the present work, and such its chief danger,—a danger to which a work of logical pretensions always exposes its reader; for the study of logic, it may be remarked, is just now in that state which makes a boastful pretension to it peculiarly likely to overawe a large portion of readers. Thirty years ago, a writer would have been more likely to meet with derision than with respect who should have professed himself a logician: and thirty years hence, perhaps, the study may have so far extended itself, that ordinary readers will be qualified to require some proof of the proficiency of any one who makes such a profession. But just at present, men are disposed to rate highly the importance of logical reasoning, and at the same time to give any one credit for it (especially if he makes confident pretensions) who does but arrange his arguments in a logical form, so as to give to his style the appearance of accuracy.

But it must be remembered also, that even the most perfect logical correctness is no security against an author's drawing the most absurd conclusions, if he does but take the liberty of assuming, from time to time, as his premises, whatever may suit his purposes; even as the writer now before us is enabled very logically to prove several of his *conclusions* from *principles* arbitrarily laid down by himself,—taken for granted without any proof at all,—and open to complete *dis*-proof.

It is not our purpose to enter into a critical discussion of all

the objections brought by Mr. Greg in detail, against the truth of the Old Testament history; there are writers of all denominations among us who are learned and acute enough to take up this subject either as a whole or in its several parts. Mr. Greg's most popular objections relate to the *inspiration* of Scripture. We shall concern ourselves principally with the relations of that doctrine to the Old Testament records, leaving the German critics to other hands, and merely noting down a few of the observations which occurred to us on passing through the pages before us, concerning the difficulties or objections which Mr. Greg has set forth; most of which, however, have been brought forward from time to time by older writers of the same class, and more recently by Mr. Newman.

Mr. Greg's general view of the Scripture records is, that the books of the Old and New Testament contain a human history of a divine revelation, and that their writers are consequently "to be treated as Niebuhr treated Livy, and Arnold Thucydides." The term *revelation* may, however, mislead readers not versed in modern phraseology; we must therefore premise, that certain modern writers apply that term to *all* true histories, whether of facts in human life, or discoveries in natural science; and that this language has been adopted by some of our recent poets and essayists.

The external evidences for the truth of Christianity are so strong, that Mr. Greg is unable to reject them altogether, though he impugns many of them singly; and we can scarcely conceive that a mind so clear and acute in its judgments on other subjects, should fail in this, but through the influence of some unhappy antagonist causes at work within. One of these causes, and the most important we believe to be, the erroneous notions which he appears to entertain (in common, we must acknowledge, with some sincere and able Christian writers) on the subject of Inspiration. As, however, the views which are taken by some of the soundest Divines of the present day meet most of the objections against the validity of the sacred record which are brought forward in the present work, we shall endeavour to state them as briefly as possible, rather than discuss those objections singly.* Their theory on the subject of inspiration seems to be, that the sacred writers were guarded by the Holy Spirit against error in everything which relates to *doctrine*; that their main business was to record and to teach—not scientific truth,—not historic truth,—but religious truth; and that they were concerned with facts, with *historic truth*, that is, only so far as it contained those doctrines, or that revelation of God's will and purposes, which we call *religious truth*; and that the books of the Old Testament, in particular, set forth this religious truth in the

* See particularly Bishop Hinds's "History of the Rise and Early Progress of Christianity."

records which they contain of the divine teaching, and of the divine dealings with one particular nation (and with some others in relation to that one) which they relate; together with intimations and prophecies of some future transactions—of some new revelation in which the whole world was to be concerned. The history of these transactions—of this new revelation of God's will—is the religious truth set forth in the New Testament, in the recording of which the sacred writers claimed to be inspired by his Holy Spirit. And the simplest, as well as the soundest view of this miraculously tested inspiration seems to be, that it was given to aid them—1st, in bringing (according to especial promise) "all things to their remembrance, whatsoever" their Master "had said unto them;" 2d, informing them concerning some portions of his life and teaching which they had not personally witnessed; and 3d, in guarding them from error, both with respect to doctrine and to all points at all connected with doctrine.

We may here remark, in connexion with the general question of inspiration, that, with respect to an objection to Paul's accuracy, (founded on 1 Thess. iv. 15,) urged by Mr. Greg,* the Apostle appears to be speaking, not of himself or his friends, but of such among us human Beings, "as shall be alive at the Lord's coming"—*ἡμεῖς οἱ ζῶντες οἱ περιλειπόμενοι*—"we the living and the remaining" persons of mankind. In truth, the very next chapter seems to shew that when he is speaking to the Thessalonians of "times and seasons," he is alluding to the times and seasons of their own death; and that "the day of the Lord" is this day of summons, which comes to all of us "as a thief in the night"—and not that last great day and hour concerning which he must have been aware that its times and seasons were not even revealed to the angels of God. Indeed, if we consider the repeated references made by Paul to his own expected death, at Jerusalem and elsewhere, we cannot suppose him to have believed that the resurrection was at hand, and that he *should be alive* at the Lord's coming on that day. "By the end of another century we shall probably have telegraphic communications all round the world." Now, who would infer that a person uttering such a sentence as this, meant to express his conviction that he himself should live a hundred years longer?

From moral errors in conduct, the sacred writers claimed no exemption through the inspiration afforded to them; and the candid relation of their own faults and weaknesses which we find in their writings, is one of those internal proofs of their veracity which false witnesses would certainly not have been likely to supply, though Mr. Greg seems to regard it as fatal to their claims. Our author's confusion of thought on this subject, indeed,

* See Creed of Christendom, pp. 24, 25.

leads him to suppose that the term inspiration may be applied to that ordinary assistance of God's Holy Spirit in helping our infirmities, and renewing and purifying our moral nature, which all true Christians share with the sacred writers,—to which our Lord alluded when He said, “ye cannot tell whence it cometh or whether it goeth,” but which does not enlighten our judgments, or secure us from error, in any other way than by rendering us less liable to be misled by unworthy passions.

Mr. Greg well remarks, (p. 27,) that there can be no degrees of inspiration. This is true; for any question as to differences of inspiration, must be a question not of degree, but of quantity; since, as has been rightly said, “one person cannot be *more* inspired on each point than another, though he may be inspired on more *points*.” The words of a logical writer of the present day, appear to meet this portion of the subject so suitably, that we shall be pardoned for employing them:—“It is probable that many persons deceive others and themselves, by confusing together in their minds differences of *degree* and differences of *amount*; and thence imagining (what a little calm reflection must shew to be impossible and indeed unintelligible) that there may be different *degrees* of what is properly and strictly termed inspiration; that is, the *miraculous* influence under which we conceive anything that we call an inspired work to have been written. The existence or non-existence of this inspiration is a question of *fact*; and though there may be different degrees of *evidence* for the existence of a fact, it is plain that one fact cannot be, itself, more or less a fact than another. Inspiration may extend either to the very words uttered, or merely to the subject-matter of them, or merely to a certain portion of the matter;—to all, for instance, that pertains to *religious* truth,—so as to afford a complete exemption from doctrinal error, though not to matters of geography, natural philosophy, &c. But in every case we understand that to whatever points the inspiration does extend, in these it secures *infallibility*; and infallibility manifestly cannot admit of *degrees*.”*

When, therefore, Mr. Greg complains of the dogmas of the Christian faith; he forgets that a revelation of God's will *must* consist of *dogmas*—for it must be *infallible*; and that in rejecting these dogmas he must reject all inspiration but such as his own private judgment pronounces undoubtedly true. It is not therefore inspiration, but his own private judgment that he follows. A remarkable proof of this fact is given by him in a passage† in which, while he cavils at Sir Charles Lyell for declaring the Bible to be a vehicle of religious truth, and not of geology and astronomy—and at Dr. Whewell and Dr. Buckland,

* Infant Baptism (Appendix to) by Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin.

† See pp. 49, 50.

for shewing that there is no discrepancy between the facts recorded in Genesis and the discoveries of modern science,—he admits “the grand and sublime truth, that contrary alike to the dreams of Pagan and of Oriental philosophy, heaven and earth were not self-existent and eternal but created.” Now, on what ground Mr. Greg—denying the inspiration of Scripture—receives this dogma, we are at a loss to conceive, except that, as we have said, he relies on inspiration for such truths as approve themselves to his own judgment,—in other words, that he *relies on his own inspiration*.

This whole school of writers, however, appear to take for granted that abstract probability is to be the guide of our judgment in pronouncing what is or is not true; and that whatever seems improbable, accordingly, is to be rejected. Now, it may be replied, what can be more *improbable* than that a *revelation* should contain what we should have conjectured as probable,—for, if so, why were we not left to make it out by conjecture?

Again, we have our author falling in to the strange mistake of expecting to find in the inspired writings a declaration of their own inspiration. Now, under ordinary circumstances, it is just what we should *not* expect to find, except in an imposture, such as the Koran. It is, indeed, most manifestly silly for any one (in addressing men of intelligence) to put forth, *on his own authority*, a bare assertion of his own infallibility, or, indeed of his credibility on any point. If his hearers are *already* convinced of this, why should he assert it? If they are *not*, why should they believe it on his word? Our Lord and his Apostles, accordingly, appealed, where necessary, not to assertions of their own, but to *proofs*. “If ye believe not me, believe the works: . . . The works which I do in my Father’s name, they bear witness of me.” And so also Paul’s “signs of an apostle” were not “enticing words,” but “*demonstration* of the Spirit and of power.”

Dismissing, then, the subject of inspiration, and with it almost all the real difficulties which seem to have presented themselves to Mr. Greg’s mind, we proceed,—not to reply in detail to the objections which he brings forward against the Old Testament writings, because this part of the subject has been sufficiently illustrated in our remarks on the “Hebrew Monarchy,”—nor to discuss the critical proofs of their genuineness and antiquity, but to reply to his incredulity by certain plain questions, often indeed asked, though never answered.

Can the investigator into the records of the human race, we ask, discover in all the annals of history, ancient or modern, a second instance of a nation, existing in the most barbarous ages of the world, and far from being among the most civilized even of those times, arriving, alone and unaided, at the sublime doctrine of one Creator and ruler of

the universe,*—a doctrine which had never been really discovered or fully comprehended by the wisest philosophers and most renowned teachers of antiquity,—preserving this religion in the midst of the grossest idolatries in surrounding nations, and in spite of occasional lapses of its own people into those idolatries,—governed by a code of laws which *professed* to rule them by a system of *temporal* rewards and punishments alone, and which, therefore, in case of failure, must have been speedily discovered and branded as an imposture—keeping up a system of most burdensome ceremonies, and never, even in long years of captivity amongst foreign nations, losing sight of the pure Theism which was the basis of their belief, and bearing testimony to the real existence, and to the miracles, of Him whom they nevertheless rejected?

And can such an investigator, we further ask, find an instance in modern times of a nation, conquered and reconquered, scattered among all the nations of the old world, losing, in great measure, the use of its very language as a living tongue, and yet kept strictly separate from all those nations among whom it lives; and kept separate, not by habits, not by language, not by way of life, but by *religion*,—and *by a religion the most important and essential part of which, (sacrifices in the Temple,) they cannot practise?* So that, while it is the only nation in the world kept apart from others *by religion*, it is the only nation which *could* be prevented from exercising that religion while they were still its known and permitted votaries! And, it may be added, can a nation be found (whose history is only a tenth-part as remarkable) who possess books in which that history was clearly and minutely predicted centuries before,—books foretelling their rejection of the promised benefactor and redeemer of their race, and which they nevertheless preserve with scrupulous veneration?†

Now, if Mr. Greg can ascribe all this to *a series of lucky coincidences*, a series extending, even on the lowest computation, over four or five thousand years, what right has he to complain of the *credulity* of those who believe in the Bible narratives? But, with respect to the prophetic writings, Mr. Greg does not admit that the Old Testament prophecies were really applicable to

* To those who are aware of the generally admitted fact, that the Hebrews used the plural number to denote magnitude, Mr. Greg's criticism on the word Elohim, used for God in the Book of Genesis, will present no difficulty. Mr. Greg thinks it an acknowledgment by the narrator, that he who made the heavens and the earth was only one out of many Gods! Supposing Elohim is always to be rendered "gods," the declaration of Moses, [Deut. vi. 4,] "The Lord our gods is one Lord," is to mean, "one out of many!" The form used by kings and governors among ourselves, might have suggested some other explanation.

† See "Evidences of Christianity"—Jews; published by Parker. Also, Grave's Lectures.

receive the revelation offered to him. This responsibility might suggest an awful subject of thought to those who stand in the former position.

We confine our comments on Mr. Greg's treatise meanwhile to that comparatively small part of it which properly relates to the subject of this Article. The criticisms contained in the book itself extend over a much wider field, including the New Testament as well as the Old, the doctrine of Miracles, and the Future Life. Respecting the author's treatment of the last of these subjects, we may however remark, that, if "faith" consist in a confident trust, without any ground, he surely is not wanting in such faith. He rejects the proof, and yet keeps by the doctrine. Nay, he believes it not only "without the countenance," but "in spite of the hostility of logic," (p. 303). He is full of cheering confidence that all existing evils will work out ultimate good. Yet this hope is built on—confessedly *nothing rational*. The Christian's hope *we*, at least, consider to be built on *some definite reasons*. Our author, moreover, is animated by the prospect that all our sufferings may "work together for good," not to *ourselves* indeed, but to some future generation, or to some other order of Beings; though Ulysses and his companions did not, it seems, feel much satisfaction in the thought that their flesh would furnish a dainty meal to the giant.

Enough, we think, has been said in this Article, by way of specimen, to illustrate, to fair and reasonable minds, the sort of objections to the Old Testament, which are now passing current in some quarters of our literature, together with certain of the *principles* by which they may be judged. We have seen in how great a degree these objections consist of bold and unsupported *assertions*, or of arguments which the thoughtful and intelligent writers, whose works we have selected for criticism, would deride *on any other subject*. These writers have indirectly added to the evidence, that the objections of religious scepticism to the records of the Sacred history, like the shadowy forms of twilight, acquire a mysterious power chiefly when viewed from a distance, and lose their terrors when closely examined and proved to be futile.

And as for those who, according to the proverb, are "deaf on one ear,"—who attend to all the objections against the *receiving* of a certain system, and utterly disregard all the objections against *rejecting* it—whose mode, in short, of weighing evidences is to calculate carefully the amount of the weights in one scale, and to think not at all of those in the opposite—persons of that habit of mind are not likely to be enlightened by any prolonged discussion. They would look at our arguments, like Lord Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen, with the *blind* eye.

- ART. V.—1. *Elliott's Poems*. London, 1833.
 2. *Poems of Robert Nicoll*. Third Edition. Edinburgh, 1843.
 3. *Life and Poems of John Bethune*. London, 1841.
 4. *Memoirs of Alexander Bethune*. By W. M'COMBIE. Aberdeen, 1845.
 5. *Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver*. By WILLIAM THOM of Inverury. Second Edition. London, 1845.
 6. *The Purgatory of Suicides*. By THOMAS COOPER. London, 1845.
 7. *The Book of Scottish Song*. By ALEXANDER WHITELAW. Edinburgh, 1848.

FOUR faces among the portraits of modern men, great or small, strike us as supremely beautiful; not merely in expression, but in the form and proportion and harmony of features: Shakspeare, Raffaele, Goëthe, Burns. One would expect it to be so; for the mind makes the body, not the body the mind; and the inward beauty seldom fails to express itself in the outward, as a visible sign of the invisible grace or disgrace of the wearer. Not that it is so always. A Paul, Apostle of the Gentiles, may be ordained to be "in presence weak, in speech contemptible," hampered by some thorn in the flesh—to interfere apparently with the success of his mission, perhaps for the same wise purpose of Providence which sent Socrates to the Athenians, the worshippers of physical beauty, in the ugliest of human bodies, that they, or rather those of them to whom eyes to see had been given, might learn that soul is after all independent of matter, and not its creature and its slave. But, in the generality of cases, physiognomy is a sound and faithful science, and tells us, if not, alas! what the man might have been, still what he has become. Yet even this former problem, what he might have been, may often be solved for us by youthful portraits, before sin and sorrow and weakness have had their will upon the features; and, therefore, when we spoke of these four beautiful faces, we alluded, in each case, to the earliest portraits of each genius which we could recollect. Placing them side by side, we must be allowed to demand for that of Robert Burns an honourable station among them. Of Shakspeare's we do not speak, for it seems to us to combine in itself the elements of all the other three; but of the rest, we question whether Burns's be not, after all, if not the noblest, still the most loveable—the most like what we should wish that of a teacher of men to be. Raffaele—the most striking portrait of him, perhaps, is the full-face pencil sketch by his own hand in the Taylor Gallery at Oxford—though without a taint of littleness or effeminacy, is

soft, melancholy, formed entirely to receive and to elaborate in silence. His is a face to be kissed, not worshipped. Goëthe, even in his earliest portraits, looks as if his expression depended too much on his own will. There is a self-conscious power, and purpose, and self-restraint, and all but scorn, upon those glorious lineaments, which might win worship, and did, but not love, except as the child of enthusiasm or of relationship. But Burns's face, to judge of it by the early portrait of him by Nasmyth, must have been a face like that of Joseph of old, of whom the Rabbis relate, that he was literally mobbed by the Egyptian ladies whenever he walked the streets. The magic of that countenance, making Burns at once tempter and tempted, may explain many a sad story. The features certainly are not as regular or well-proportioned as they might be; there is no superabundance of the charm of mere animal health in the outline or colour; but the marks of intellectual beauty in the face are of the highest order, capable of being but too triumphant among a people of deep thought and feeling. The lips, ripe, yet not coarse or loose, full of passion and the faculty of enjoyment, are parted, as if forced to speak by the inner fulness of the heart; the features are rounded, rich, and tender, and yet the bones shew thought massively and manfully everywhere; the eyes laugh out upon you with boundless good humour and sweetness, with simple, eager, gentle surprise—a gleam as of the morning star, looking forth upon the wonder of a new-born world—altogether

“ A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.”

Bestow on such a man the wittiest and most winning eloquence—a rich flow of spirits and fulness of health and life—a deep sense of wonder and beauty in the earth and man—an instinct of the dynamic and supernatural laws which underlie and vivify this material universe and its appearances, healthy, yet irregular and unscientific, only not superstitious—turn him loose in any country in Europe, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and it will not be difficult, alas! to cast his horoscope.

And what an age in which to be turned loose!—for loose he must go, to solve the problem of existence for himself. The grand simple old Scottish education which he got from his parents must prove narrow and unsatisfying for so rich and manifold a character; not because it was in itself imperfect; not because it did not contain implicitly all things necessary for his “salvation”—in every sense, all laws which he might require for his after-life guidance; but because it contained so much of them as yet *only* implicitly; because it was not yet conscious of its own breadth and depth, and power of satisfying the new doubts and cravings of such minds and such times as Burns's.

It may be that Burns was the devoted victim by whose fall it was to be taught that it must awaken and expand and renew its youth in shapes equally sound, but more complex and scientific. But it had not done so then. And when Burns found himself gradually growing beyond his father's teaching in one direction, and tempted beyond it in another and a lower one, what was there in those times to take up his education at the point where it had been left unfinished? He saw around him in plenty animal good-nature and courage, barbaric honesty and hospitality—more, perhaps, than he would see now; for the upward progress into civilized excellencies is sure to be balanced by some loss of savage ones—but all reckless, shallow, above all, drunken. It was a hard-drinking, coarse, materialist age. The higher culture, of Scotland especially, was all but exclusively French—not a good kind, while Voltaire and Volney still remained unanswered, and “*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*” were accepted by all young gentlemen, and a great many young ladies, who could read French, as the best account of the relation of the sexes.

Besides, the philosophy of that day, like its criticism, was altogether mechanical, nay, as it now seems, materialist in its ultimate and logical results. Criticism was outward, and of the form merely. The world was not believed to be already, and in itself, mysterious and supernatural, and the poet was not defined as the man who could see and proclaim that supernatural element. Before it was admired, it was to be raised above nature into the region of “the picturesque,” or what not; and the poet was the man who gave it this factitious and superinduced beauty, by a certain “*komsologia*” and “*meteoroepeia*,” called “poetic diction,” now happily becoming extinct, mainly, we believe, under the influence of Burns, although he himself thought it his duty to bedizen his verses therewith, and though it was destined to flourish for many a year more in the temple of the father of lies, like a jar of paper flowers on a Popish altar.

No wonder that in such a time, a genius like Burns should receive not only no guidance, but no finer appreciation. True; he was admired, petted, flattered; for that the man was wonderful, no one could doubt. But we question whether he was understood; whether, if that very flowery and magniloquent style which we now consider his great failing had been away, he would not have been passed over by the many as a writer of vulgar doggerel. True, the old simple ballad-muse of Scotland still dropped a gem from her treasures, here and there, even in the eighteenth century itself—witness Auld Robin Gray. But who suspected that they were gems, of which Scotland, fifty years afterwards, would be prouder and more greedy than of

all the second-hand French culture which seemed to her then the highest earthly attainment? The review of Burns in an early number of the *Edinburgh Review*, said to be from the pen of the late Lord Jeffrey, shews, as clearly as anything can, the utterly inconsistent and bewildered feeling with which the world must have regarded such a phenomenon. Alas! there was inconsistency and bewilderment enough in the phenomenon itself, but that only made confusion worse confounded; the confusion was already there, even in the mind of the more practical literary men, who ought, one would have thought, also to have been the most deep-sighted. But no. The reviewer turns the strange thing over and over, and inside out—and some fifteen years after it has vanished out of the world, having said out its say and done all that it had to do, he still finds it too utterly abnormal to make up his mind about in any clear or consistent way, and gets thoroughly cross with it, and calls it hard names, because it will not fit into any established pigeon-hole or drawer of the then existing anthropological museum. Burns is “a literary prodigy,” and yet it is “a derogation” to him to consider him as one. And that we find, not as we should have expected, because he possessed genius which would have made success a matter of course in any rank, but because he was so well educated—“having acquired a competent knowledge of French, together with the elements of Latin and Geometry,” and before he had composed a single stanza, was “far more intimately acquainted with Pope, Shakspeare, and Thomson, than nine-tenths of the youths who leave school for the University,” &c. &c.;—in short, because he was so well educated, that his becoming Robert Burns, the immortal poet, was a matter of course and necessity. And yet, a page or two on, the great reason why it was more easy for Robert Burns the cottar to become an original and vigorous poet, rather than for any one of “the herd of scholars and academical literati,” who are depressed and discouraged by “perusing the most celebrated writers, and conversing with the most intelligent judges,” is found to be, that “the literature and refinement of the age does not exist for a rustic and illiterate individual; and consequently the present time is to him what the rude times of old were to the vigorous writers who adorned them.”—In short, the great reason of Robert Burns’s success was that he did not possess that education, the possession of which proves him to be no prodigy, though the review begins by calling him one, and coupling him with Stephen Duck and Thomas Dermody.

Now if the best critic of the age, writing fifteen years after Burns’s death, found himself between the horns of such a dilemma—which indeed, like those of an old Arnee bull, meet at the points,

and form a complete circle of contradictions—what must have been the bewilderment of lesser folk during the prodigy's very lifetime? what must, indeed, have been his own bewilderment at himself, however manfully he may have kept it down? No wonder that he was unguided, either by himself or by others. We do not blame them; him we must deeply blame; yet not as we ought to blame ourselves, did we yield in the least to those temptations under which Burns fell.

Biographies of Burns, and those good ones, according to the standard of biographies in these days, are said to exist: we cannot say that we have as yet cared to read them. There are several other biographies, even more important, to be read first, when they are written. Shakspeare has found as yet no biographer; has not even left behind him materials for a biography, such at least as are considered worth using. Indeed, we question whether such a biography would be of any use whatever to the world; for the man who cannot, by studying his dramas in some tolerably accurate chronological order, and using as a running accompaniment and closet commentary those awe-inspiring sonnets of his, attain to some clear notion of what sort of life William Shakspeare must have led, would not see him much the clearer for many folios of anecdote. For after all, the best biography of every sincere man is sure to be his own works; here he has set down, "transferred as in a figure," all that has happened to him, inward or outward, or rather, all which has formed him, produced a permanent effect upon his mind and heart; and knowing that, you know all you need know, and are content, being glad to escape the personality and gossip of names, and places, and of dates even, except in as far as they enable you to place one step of his mental growth before or after another. Of the honest man this holds true always; and almost always of the dishonest man, the man of cant, affectation, hypocrisy; for even if he pretend in his novel or his poem to be what he is not, he still shews you thereby what he thinks he ought to have been, or at least what he thinks that the world thinks he ought to have been, and confesses to you, in the most *naïve* and confidential way, like one who talks in his sleep, what learning he has or has not had; what society he has or has not seen, and that in the very act of trying to prove the contrary. Nay, the smaller the man or woman, and the less worth deciphering his biography, the more surely will he shew you, if you have eyes to see and time to look, what sort of people offended him twenty years ago; what meanness he would have liked "to indulge in," if he had dared, when young, and for what other meanness he relinquished it, as he grew up; of what periodical he stood in awe when he took pen in hand, and so forth. Whether his books

treat of love or political economy, theology or geology, it is there, the history of the man legibly printed, for those who care to read it. In these poems and letters of Burns, we apprehend, is to be found a truer history than any anecdote can supply, of the things which happened to himself, and moreover of the most notable things which went on in Scotland between 1759 and 1796.

This latter assertion may seem startling, when we consider that we find in these poems no mention whatsoever of the discoveries of steam-boats and spinning-jennies, the rise of the great manufacturing cities, the revolution in Scottish agriculture, or even in Scottish metaphysics. But after all, the history of a nation is the history of the men, and not of the things thereof; and the history of those men is the history of their hearts, and not of their purses, or even of their heads; and the history of one man who has felt in himself the heart experiences of his generation, and anticipated many belonging to the next generation, is so far the collective history of that generation, and of much—no man can say how much—of the next generation; and such a man, bearing within his single soul a generation and a half of working-men, we take Robert Burns to have been; and his poems, as such, a contemporaneous history of Scotland, the equal to which we are not likely to see written for this generation, or several to come.

Such a man sent out into such an age, would naturally have a hard and a confused battle to fight, would probably, unless he fell under the guidance of some master mind, end *se ipso minor*, stunted and sadly deformed, as Burns did. His works are after all only the *disjecta membra poetæ*; hints of a great might-have-been. Hints of the keenest and most dramatic appreciation of human action and thought. Hints of an unbounded fancy, playing gracefully in the excess of its strength, with the vastest images, as in that robe of the Scottish muse, in which

“ Deep lights and shades, bold mingling, threw
 A lustre grand,
 And seem'd to my astonished view
 A well-known land.”

The image, and the next few stanzas which dilate it, might be a translation from Dante's *Paradiso*, so broad, terse, vivid, the painter's touch.—Hints, too, of a humour, which, like that of Shakspeare, rises at times by sheer depth of insight into the sublime; as when

“ Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch
 Just like a winking baudrons.”—

Hints of a power of verbal wit, which, had it been sharpened in such a perpetual word-battle as that amid which Shakspeare

lived from the age of twenty, might have rivalled Shakspeare's own; which even now asserts its force by a hundred little never-to-be-forgotten phrases scattered through his poems, which stick, like barbed arrows, in the memory of every reader.—And as for his tenderness—the quality without which all other poetic excellence is barren—it gushes forth toward every creature, animate and inanimate, with one exception, namely, the hypocrite, ever alike “*spiacente a Dio e ai nemici sui*,” and therefore intolerable to Robert Burns's honesty, whether he be fighting for or against the cause of right. Again we say, there are evidences of a versatile and manifold faculty in this man, which, with a stronger will and a larger education, might have placed him as an equal by the side of those great names which we mentioned together with his at the commencement of this Article.

But one thing Burns wanted; and of that one thing his age helped to deprive him,—the education which comes by reverence. Looking round in such a time, with his keen power of insight, his keen sense of humour, what was there to worship? Lord Jeffrey, or whosoever was the author of the review in the *Edinburgh*, says disparagingly, that Burns had as much education as Shakspeare. So he very probably had, if education mean book-learning. Nay, more, of the practical education of the fireside, the sober, industrious, God-fearing education, and “drawing out” of the manhood, by act and example, Burns may have had more under his good father than Shakspeare under his; though the family life of the small English burgher in Elizabeth's time would have generally presented, as we suspect, the very same aspect of staid manfulness and godliness which a Scotch farmer's did fifty years ago. But let that be as it may, Burns was not born into an Elizabethan age. He did not see around him Raleighs and Sidneys, Cecils and Hookers, Drakes and Frobishers, Spensers and Johnsons, Southamptons and Willoughbys, with an Elizabeth, guiding and moulding the great whole, a crowned Titaness, terrible, and strong, and wise—a woman who, whether right or wrong, bowed the proudest, if not to love, yet still to obey.

That was the secret of Shakspeare's power. Heroic himself, he was born into an age of heroes. You see it in his works. Not a play but gives patent evidence that to him all forms of human magnanimity were common and way-side flowers—among the humours of men which he and Ben Jonson used to wander forth together to observe. And thus he could give living action and speech to the ancient noblenesses of Rome and the middle age; for he had walked and conversed with them, unchanged in everything but in the dress. Had he known Greek literature he could have recalled to imperishable life such

men as Cimon and Miltiades, Leonidas and Themistocles, such deeds as Marathon and Salamis. For had we not had our own Miltiades, our own Salamis, written within a few years of his birth; and were not the heroes of it still walking among men? It was surely this continual presence of "men of worship," this atmosphere of admiration and respect and trust, in which Shakspeare must have lived, which tamed down the wild self-will of the deer-stealing fugitive from Stratford, into the calm large-eyed philosopher, tolerant and loving, and full of faith in a species made in the likeness of God. Not so with Burns. One feels painfully in his poems the want of great characters; and still more painfully that he has not drawn them, simply because they were not there to draw. That he has a true eye for what is noble, when he sees it, let his "Lament for Glencairn" testify, and the stanzas in his "Vision," in which, with a high-bred grace which many a courtly poet of his day might have envied, he alludes to one and another Scottish worthy of his time. There is no vein of saucy and envious "banausia" in the man; even in his most graceless sneer, his fault—if fault it be—is, that he cannot and will not pretend to respect that which he knows to be unworthy of respect. He sees around him and above him, as well as below him, an average of men and things dishonest, sensual, ungodly, shallow, ridiculous by reason of their own lusts and passions, and he will not apply to the shams of dignity and worth, the words which were meant for their realities. After all, he does but say what every one round him was feeling and thinking: but he said it; and hypocritical respectability shrank shrieking from the mirror of her own inner heart. But it was all the worse for him. In the sins of others he saw an excuse for his own. Losing respect for and faith in his brother men, he lost, as a matter of course, respect for himself, faith in himself. The hypocrisy which persecutes in the name of law, whether political or moral, while in private it transgresses the very law which is for ever on its tongue, is turned by his passionate and sorely-tempted character into a too easy excuse for disbelieving in the obligation of any law whatsoever. He ceases to worship, and therefore to be himself worshipful,—and we know the rest.

"He might have still worshipped God?" He might, and surely amid all his sins, doubts, and confusions, the remembrance of the old faith learned at his parent's knee, *does* haunt him still as a beautiful regret—and sometimes, in his bitterest hours, shine out before his poor broken heart as an everlasting Pharos, lighting him homewards after all. Whether he reached that home or not, none on earth can tell. But his writings shew, if anything can, that the vestal-fire of conscience still burned within, though

choked again and again with bitter ashes and foul smoke. Consider the time in which he lived, when it was "as with the people, so with the priest," and the grand old life-tree of the Scottish Church, now green and vigorous with fresh leaves and flowers, was all crusted with foul scurf and moss, and seemed to have ceased growing, and to be crumbling down into decay; consider the terrible contradiction between faith and practice which must have met the eyes of the man, before he could write with the same pen—and one as honestly as the other—"The Cottar's Saturday Night," and "Holy Willie's Prayer." But those times are past, and the men who acted in them gone to another tribunal. Let the dead bury their dead; and, in the meantime, instead of cursing the misguided genius, let us consider whether we have not also something for which to thank him; whether, as competent judges of him aver from their own experience, those very seeming blasphemies of his have not produced more good than evil; whether, though "a savour of death unto death," to conceited and rebellious spirits, they may not have helped to open the eyes of the wise to the extent to which the general eighteenth century rottenness had infected Scotland, and to make intolerable a state of things which ought to have been intolerable, even if Burns had never written.

We are not attacking the reviewer, far less the *Edinburgh Review*, which some years after this not only made the *amende honorable* to Burns, but shewed a frank impartiality only too rare in the reviews of these days, by publishing in its pages the noble article on Burns which has since appeared separately in Mr. Carlyle's *Miscellanies*; what we want to shew from the reviewer's own words, is the element in which Burns had to work, the judges before whom he had to plead, and the change which, as we think, very much by the influence of his own poems, has passed upon the minds of men. How few are there who would pen now about him such a sentence as this—"He is," (that is, was, having gone to his account fifteen years before,) "perpetually making a parade of his own inflammability and imprudence, and talking with much self-complacency and exultation of the offence he has occasioned to the sober and correct part of mankind,"—a very small part of mankind, one would have thought, in the British isles at least, about the end of the last century. But, it was the fashion then, as usual, to substitute the praise of virtues for the practice of them, and three-bottle and ten-tumbler men had a very good right, of course, to admire sobriety and correctness, and denounce any two-bottle and six-tumbler man who was not ashamed to confess in print the weaknesses which they confessed only by word of mouth. Just, and yet not just. True, Burns does make a parade of his

thoughtlessness, and worse—but, why? because he gloried in it? He must be a very skin-deep critic who cannot see, even in the most insolent of those blameworthy utterances, an inward shame and self-reproach, which if any man had ever felt in himself, he would be in no wise inclined to laugh at it in others. Why, it is the very shame which wrings those poems out of him. They are the attempt of the strong man fettered to laugh at his own consciousness of slavery—to deny the existence of his chains—to pretend to himself that he likes them. To us, some of those wildest, “Rob the Ranter” bursts of blackguardism are most deeply mournful, hardly needing that the sympathies which they stir up should be heightened by the little scraps of prayer and bitter repentance, which lie up and down among their uglier brethren, the *disjecta membra* of a great “De Profundis,” perhaps not all unheard. These latter pieces are most significant. The very doggerel of them, the total absence of any attempt at ornament in diction or polish in metre, is proof complete of their deep heart-wrung sincerity. They are like the wail of a lost child, rather than the remorse of a Titan. The heart of the man was so young to the last; the boy-vein in him, as perhaps in all great poets, beating on through manhood for good and for evil. No! there was parade there, as of the lost woman, who tries to hide her self-disgust by staring you out of countenance, but of complacency and exultation, none.

On one point, namely politics, Burns's higher sympathies seem to have been awakened. It had been better for him, in a worldly point of view, that they had not. In an intellectual, and even in a moral point of view, far worse. A fellow-feeling with the French Revolution, in the mind of a young man of that day, was a sign of moral health, which we should have been sorry to miss in him. Unable to foresee the outcome of the great struggle, having lost faith in those everlasting truths, religious and political, which it was madly setting at nought, what could it appear to him but an awakening from the dead, a return to young and genial health, a purifying thunder-storm. Such was his dream, the dream of thousands more, and not so wrong a one after all. For that, since that fearful outburst of the nether pit, all Europe has arisen and awakened into manifold and beautiful new life, who can deny? We are not what we were, but better; or rather, with boundless means of being better if we will. We have entered a fresh era of time for good and evil; the fact is patent in every sermon we hear, in every book we read, in every invention, even the most paltry, which we see registered. Shall we think hardly of the man who saw the dawn of our own day, and welcomed it cheerfully and hopefully, even though he fancied the mist-spectres to be elements

of the true sunrise, and knew not—and who knows?—the purposes of Him whose paths are in the great deep, and His ways past finding out? At least, the greater part of his influence on the times which have followed him, is to be ascribed to that very “Radicalism” which in the eyes of the respectable around him, had sealed his doom, and consigned him to ignoble oblivion. It has been, with the working men who read him, a passport for the rest of his writings; it has allured them to listen to him, when he spoke of high and holy things, which but for him, they might have long ago tossed away as worthless, in the recklessness of ignorance and discontent. They could trust *his* “Cottar’s Saturday Night;” they could believe that he spoke from his heart, when in deep anguish he cries to the God whom he had forgotten, while they would have turned with a distrustful sneer from the sermon of the sleek and comfortable minister, who in their eyes, however humbly born, had deserted his class, and gone over to the camp of the enemy, and the flesh-pots of Egypt.

After the time of Burns, as was to be expected, Scottish song multiplies itself tenfold. The nation becomes awakened to the treasures of its own old literature, and attempts, what after all, alas! is but a revival; and like most revivals, not altogether a successful one. Of the twelve hundred songs contained in Mr. Whitelaw’s excellent collection, whereof more than a hundred and fifty are either wholly or partly Burns’s, the small proportion written before him are decidedly far superior in value to those written after him; a discouraging fact, though not difficult to explain, if we consider the great social changes which have been proceeding, the sterner subjects of thought which have been arising, during the last half-century. True song requires for its atmosphere a state rather of careless arcadian prosperity, than of struggle and doubt, of earnest looking forward to an unknown future, and pardonable regret for a dying past; and in that state the mind of the masses, throughout North-Britain, has been weltering confusedly for the last few years. The new and more complex era into which we are passing has not yet sufficiently opened itself to be sung about; men hardly know what it is, much less what it will be; and while they are hard at work creating it, they have no breath to spare in talking of it: one thing they do see and feel, painfully enough at times, namely, that the old Scottish pastoral life is passing away, before the combined influence of manufactures and the large-farm system, to be replaced, doubtless, hereafter by something better, but in the meanwhile dragging down with it in its decay but too much that can ill be spared of that old society which inspired Ramsay and Burns. Hence the later Scottish song writers seldom really sing; their proses want the unconscious lilt and flash of their old models;

they will hardly go (the true test of a song) without music—the true test, we say, of a song. Who needs music, however fitting and beautiful the accustomed air may happen to be, to “Roy’s Wife of Aldivalloch,” or “The bride cam’ out o’ the byre,” or either of the casts of “The Flowers of the Forest,” or to “Auld Lang Syne” itself? They bubble right up out of the heart, and by virtue of their inner and unconscious melody, which all that is true to the heart has in it, shape themselves into a song, and are not shaped by any notes whatsoever. So with many, most indeed, of Burns’s and a few of Allan Cunningham’s; the “Wet sheet and a flowing sail,” for instance. But the great majority of these later songs seem, if the truth is to be spoken, inspirations at second hand, of people writing about things which they would like to feel, and which they ought to feel, because others used to feel them in old times, but which they do not feel as their forefathers felt—a sort of poetical Tractarianism, in short. Their metre betrays them, as well as their words; in both they are continually wandering, unconsciously to themselves, into the elegiac—except when on one subject, whereon the muse of Scotia still warbles at first hand, and from the depths of her heart—namely, alas! the barley bree! and yet never, even on this beloved theme, has she risen again to the height of Burns’s bacchanalian songs.

But when sober, there is a sadness about the Scottish muse now-a-days—as perhaps there ought to be—and the utterances of hers which ring the truest are laments. We question whether in all Mr. Whitelaw’s collection there is a single modern poem, (placing Burns as the transition point between the old and new,) which rises so high, or pierces so deep, with all its pastoral simplicity, as Smibert’s “Widow’s Lament.”

“Afore the Lammas tide
 Had dun’d the birken tree,
 In a’ our water side,
 Nae wife was blest like me:
 A kind gudeman, and twa
 Sweet bairns were round me here;
 But they’re a’ ta’en awa’
 Sin’ the fa’ o’ the year.

“Sair trouble cam’ our gate,
 And made me, when it cam’,
 A bird without a mate,
 A ewe without a lamb.
 Our hay was yet to maw,
 And our corn was yet to shear;
 When they a’ dwined awa’
 In the fa’ o’ the year.

- " I daurna look a-field,
For aye I trow to see,
The form that was a bield
To my wee bairns and me;
But wind, and weet, and snaw,
They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca',
In the fa' o' the year.
- " Aft on the hill at e'ens
I see him 'mang the ferns,
The lover o' my teens,
The father o' my bairns:
For there his plaid I saw,
As gloamin' aye drew near—
But my a's now awa',
Sin' the fa' o' the year.
- " Our bonnie rigs theirsel',
Reca' my waes to mind,
Our puir dumb beasties tell
O' a' that I ha'e tyned;
For whae our wheat will saw,
And whae our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa',
In the fa' o' the year?
- " My heart is growing cauld,
And will be caulder still,
And sair, sair in the fauld,
Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' dwined awa',
In the fa' o' the year.
- " I ettle whiles to spin,
But wee wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I first maun greet:
I ken its fancy a',
And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.
- " Be kind, O heav'n abune!
To ane sae wae and lane,
An' tak' her hamewards sune,
In pity o' her mane:
Lang ere the March winds blaw,
May she, far far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa',
Sin' the fa' o' the year."

It seems strange why the man who could write this, who shews, in the minor key of metre, which he has so skilfully chosen, such an instinct for the true music of words, could not have written much more. And yet, perhaps, we have ourselves given the reason already. There was not much more to sing about. The fashion of imitating old Jacobite songs is past, the mine now being exhausted, to the great comfort of sincerity and common sense. The peasantry, whose courtships, rich in animal health, yet not over pure or refined, Allan Ramsay sung a hundred years ago, are learning to think, and act, and emigrate, as well as to make love. The age of Theocritus and Bion has given place to—shall we say the age of the Cæsars, or the irruption of the barbarians?—and the love-singers of the North are beginning to feel, that if that passion is to retain any longer its rightful place in their popular poetry, it must be spoken of henceforth in words as lofty and refined as those in which the most educated and the most gifted speak of it. Hence, in the transition between the old animalism and the new spiritualism, a jumble of the two elements, not always felicitous; attempts at ambitious description, after Burns's worst manner; at subjective sentiment, after the worst manner of the world in general; and yet, all the while, a consciousness that there was something worth keeping in the simple objective style of the old school, without which the new thoughtfulness would be hollow, and barren, and windy; and so the two are patched together, "new cloth into an old garment, making the rent worse." Accordingly, they are universally troubled with the disease of epithets, these new songs. Ryan's exquisite "*Lass wi' the Bonny Blue Een*," is utterly spoiled by two offences of this kind.

"She'll steal out to meet her *loved* Donald again,"

and—

"The world's *false and vanishing* scene;"

as Allan Cunningham's still more exquisite "*Lass of Preston Mill*" is by one subjective figure,—

"Six hills are woolly with my sheep,
Six vales are lowing with my kye."

Burns doubtless committed the same fault again and again; but in his time it was the fashion; and the older models (for models they are and will remain for ever) had not been studied and analyzed as they have been since. Burns, indeed, actually spoiled one or two of his own songs by altering them from their first cast to suit the sentimental taste of his time. The first version, for instance, of the "*Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon*," is far superior to the second and more popular one, because it

dares to go without epithets. Compare the second stanza of each :—

“ Thou’lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough ;
Thou minds me o’ the happy days
When my fause love was true.”

* * * * *

“ Thou’lt break my heart, thou *warbling* bird,
That *wantons* through the *flowery* thorn ;
Thou minds me o’ *departed* joys,
Departed *never to return*.”

What is said in the latter stanza which has not been said in the former, and said more dramatically, more as the images would really present themselves to the speaker’s mind? It would be enough for him that the bird was bonnie, and singing; and his very sorrow would lead him to analyze and describe as little as possible a thing which so painfully contrasted with his own feelings; whether the thorn was flowery or not, would not have mattered to him, unless he had some distinct association with the thorn-flowers, in which case he would have brought out the image full and separate, and not merely thrown it in as a make-weight to “thorn;”—and this is the great reason why epithets are, nine times out of ten, mistakes in song and ballad poetry, he never would have thought of “departed” before he thought of “joys.” A very little consideration of the actual processes of thought in such a case, will shew the truth of our observation, and the instinctive wisdom of the older song-writers, in putting the epithet as often as possible after the noun, instead of before it, even at the expense of grammar. They are bad things at all times in song-poetry, these epithets; and, accordingly, we find that the best German writers, like Uhland and Heine, get rid of them as much as possible, and succeed thereby, every word striking and ringing down with full force, no cushion of an epithet intruding between the reader’s brain-anvil and the poet’s hammer to break the blow. In Uhland’s “Three Burschen,” if we recollect right, there are but two epithets, and those of the simplest descriptive kind—“Thy fair daughter” and a “black pall.” Were there more, we question whether the poet would have succeeded, as he has done, in making our flesh creep as he leads us on from line to line and verse to verse. So Tennyson, the greatest of our living poets, eschews as much as possible, in his later writings, these same epithets, except in cases where they are themselves objective and pictorial—in short, the very things which he wants you to look at, as, for instance,—

“ And into *silver* arrows break
The *sailing* moon in creek and cove.”

This is fair enough; but, indeed, after laying down our rule, we must confess that it is very difficult to keep always true to it, in a language which does not, like the Latin and German, allow us to put our adjectives very much where we choose. Nevertheless, whether we can avoid it or not, every time we place before the noun an epithet which, like "*departed* joys," relates to our consciousness concerning the object, and not merely to the object itself; or an epithet which, like "*flowery* thorn," gives us, before we get to the object itself, those accidents of the object which we only discern by a second look, by analysis and reflection; (for the thorn, if in the flower, would *look* to us, at the first glance, not "*flowery*," but "*white*," "*snowy*," or what you will which expresses colour, and not scientific fact)—every time, we repeat, this is done, the poet descends from the objective and dramatic domain of song, into the subjective and reflective one of elegy.

But the field in which Burns's influence has been, as was to be expected, most important and most widely felt, is in the poems of working men. He first proved that it was possible to become a poet and a cultivated man, without deserting his class, either in station or in sympathies; nay, that the healthiest and noblest elements of a lowly born poet's mind might be, perhaps certainly must be, the very feelings and thoughts which he brought up with him from below, not those which he received from above, in the course of his artificial culture. From the example of Burns, therefore, many a working man, who would otherwise have "*died and given no sign*," has taken courage, and spoken out the thought within him, in verse or prose, not always wisely and well, but in all cases, as it seems to us, in the belief that he had a sort of divine right to speak and be heard, since Burns had broken down the artificial ice-wall of centuries, and asserted, by act as well as song, that "*a man's a man for a' that*." Almost every volume of working men's poetry which we have read, seems to re-echo poor Nicoll's spirited, though somewhat over-strained address to the Scottish genius:—

"This is the natal day of him,
Who, born in want and poverty,
Burst from his fetters, and arose,
The freest of the free.

"Arose to tell the watching earth
What lowly men could feel and do,
To shew that mighty, heaven-like souls
In cottage hamlets grew.

"Burns! thou hast given us a name
To shield us from the taunts of scorn:
The plant that creeps amid the soil
A glorious flower has borne.

“ Before the proudest of the earth
We stand with an uplifted brow ;
Like us, thou wast a toil-worn man,
And we are noble now !”

The critic, looking calmly on, may indeed question whether this new fashion of verse writing among working men has been always conducive to their own happiness. As for absolute success as poets, that was not to be expected of one in a hundred, so that we must not be disappointed if among the volumes of working men's poetry, of which we give a list at the head of our Article, only two should be found, on perusal, to contain any writing of a very high order, although these volumes form a very small portion of the verses which have been written, during the last forty years, by men engaged in the rudest and most monotonous toil. To every man so writing, the art, doubtless, is an ennobling one. The habit of expressing thought in verse not only indicates culture, but is a culture in itself of a very high order. It teaches the writer to think tersely and definitely ; it evokes in him the humanizing sense of grace and melody, not merely by enticing him to study good models, but by the very act of composition. It gives him a vent for sorrows, doubts, and aspirations, which might otherwise fret and canker within, breeding, as they too often do in the utterly dumb English peasant, self-devouring meditation, dogged melancholy, and fierce fanaticism. And if the effect of verse writing had stopped there, all had been well ; but bad models have had their effect, as well as good ones, on the half-tutored taste of the working men, and engendered in them but too often a fondness for frothy magniloquence and ferocious raving, neither morally nor æsthetically profitable to themselves or their readers. There are excuses for the fault ; the young of all ranks naturally enough mistake noise for awfulness, and violence for strength ; and there is generally but too much, in the biographies of these working poets, to explain, if not to excuse, a vein of bitterness, which they certainly did not learn from their master, Burns. The two poets who have done them most harm, in teaching the evil trick of cursing and swearing, are Shelley and the Corn-Law Rhymer ; and one can well imagine how seducing two such models must be, to men struggling to utter their own complaints. Of Shelley this is not the place to speak. But of the Corn-Law Rhymer we may say here, that howsoever he may have been indebted to Burns's example for the notion of writing at all, he has profited very little by Burns's own poems. Instead of the genial loving tone of the great Scotchman, we find in Elliott a tone of deliberate savageness, all the more ugly, because evidently intentional. He tries to curse ; “ he delights ”—may we

be forgiven if we misjudge the man—"in cursing;" he makes a science of it; he defiles, of malice prepense, the loveliest and sweetest thoughts and scenes (and he can be most sweet) by giving some sudden, sickening revulsion to his reader's feelings; and he does it generally with a power which makes it at once as painful to the calmer reader as alluring to those who are struggling with the same temptations as the poet. Now and then, his trick drags him down into sheer fustian and bombast; but not always. There is a terrible Dantean vividness of imagination about him, perhaps unequalled in England, in his generation. His poems are like his countenance, coarse and ungoverned, yet with an intensity of eye, a rugged massiveness of feature, which would be grand but for the absence of love and of humour—love's twin and inseparable brother. Therefore it is, that although single passages may be found in his writings, of which Milton himself need not have been ashamed, his efforts at dramatic poetry are utter failures, dark, monstrous, unrelieved by any really human vein of feeling or character. As in feature, so in mind, he has not even the delicate and graceful organization which made up in Milton for the want of tenderness, and so enabled him to write, if not a drama, yet still the sweetest of masques and idyls.

Rather belonging to the same school than to that of Burns, though never degrading itself by Elliott's ferocity, is that extraordinary poem, "The Purgatory of Suicides," by Thomas Cooper. As he is still in the prime of life, and capable of doing more and better than he yet has done, we will not comment on it as freely as we have on Elliott, except to regret a similar want of softness and sweetness, and also of a clearness and logical connexion of thought, in which Elliott seldom fails, except when cursing. The imagination is hardly as vivid as Elliott's, though the fancy and invention, the polish of the style, and the indications of profound thought on all subjects within the poet's reach, are superior in every way to those of the Corn-Law Rhymers; and when we consider that the man who wrote it had to gather his huge store of classic and historic anecdote while earning his living, first as a shoemaker, and then as a Wesleyan country preacher, we can only praise and excuse, and hope that the day may come when talents of so high an order will find some healthier channel for their energies than that in which they now are flowing.

Our readers may wonder at not seeing the Ettrick Shepherd's poems among the list at the head of the Article. It seems to us, however, that we have done right in omitting them. Doubtless, he too was awakened into song by the example of Burns; but he seems to us to owe little to his great predecessor, beyond

the general consciousness that there was a virgin field of poetry in Scotch scenery, manners, and legends—a debt which Walter Scott himself probably owed to the Ayrshire peasant just as much as Hogg did. Indeed, we perhaps are right in saying, that had Burns not lived, neither Wilson, Galt, Allan Cunningham, or the crowd of lesser writers who have found material for their fancy in Scotch peculiarities, would have written as they have. The three first names, Wilson's above all, must have been in any case distinguished; yet it is surely no derogation to some of the most exquisite rural sketches in "Christopher North's Recreations," to claim them as the intellectual foster-children of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." In this respect, certainly, the Ettrick Shepherd has a place in Burns's school, and, in our own opinion, one which has been very much overrated. But the deeper elements of Burns's mind, those which have especially endeared him to the working man, reappear very little, or not at all, in Hogg. He left his class too much below him; became too much of the mere æsthetic prodigy, and member of a literary clique; frittered away his great talents in brilliant talk and insincere Jacobite songs, and, in fine, worked no deliverance on the earth. It is sad to have to say this, but we had it forced upon us painfully enough a few days ago, when re-reading "Kilmeny." There may be beautiful passages in it; but it is not coherent, not natural, not honest. It is throughout an affectation of the Manichæan sentimental-sublime, which God never yet put into the heart of any brawny, long-headed, practical Borderer, and which he therefore probably put into his own head, or, as we call it, affected, for the time being; a method of poetry writing which comes forth out of nothing, and into nothing must return.

This is unfortunate, perhaps, for the world; for we question whether a man of talents in anywise to be compared with those of the Ettrick Shepherd has followed in the footsteps of Burns. Poor Tannahill, whose sad story is but too well known, perished early, at the age of thirty-six, leaving behind him a good many pretty love-songs of no great intrinsic value, if the specimens of them given in Mr. Whitelaw's collection are to be accepted as the best. Like all Burns's successors, including even Walter Scott and Hogg, we have but to compare him with his original to see how altogether unrivalled on his own ground the Ayrshire farmer was. In one feature only Tannahill's poems, and those later than him, except where pedantically archaist, like many of Motherwell's, are an improvement on Burns; namely, in the more easy and complete interfusion of the two dialects, the Norse Scotch and the Romanesque English, which Allan Ramsay attempted in vain to unite; while Burns, though

not succeeding by any means perfectly, welded them together into something of continuity and harmony—thus doing for the language of his own country very much what Chaucer did for that of England.—A happy union, in the opinion of those who, as we do, look on the vernacular Norse Scotch as no barbaric dialect, but as an independent tongue, possessing a copiousness, melody, terseness, and picturesqueness which makes it, both in prose and verse, a far better vehicle than the popular English for many forms of thought.

Perhaps the young peasant who most expressly stands out as the pupil and successor of Burns, is Robert Nicoll. He is a lesser poet, doubtless, than his master, and a lesser man, if the size and number of his capabilities be looked at; but he is a greater man, in that, from the beginning to the end of his career, he seems to have kept that very wholeness of heart and head which poor Burns lost. Nicoll's story is, *mutatis mutandis*, that of the Bethunes, and many a noble young Scotsman more. Parents holding a farm between Perth and Dunkeld, they and theirs before them for generations inhabitants of the neighbourhood, "decent, honest, God-fearing people." The farm is lost by reverses, and manfully Robert Nicoll's father becomes a day-labourer on the fields which he lately rented: and there begins, for the boy, from his earliest recollections, a life of steady sturdy drudgery. But they must have been grand old folk these parents, and in nowise addicted to wringing their hands over "the great might-have-been." Like true Scots Bible-lovers, they do believe in a God, and in a will of God, underlying, absolute, loving, and believe that the might-have-been ought not to have been, simply because it has not been; and so they put their shoulders to the new collar patiently, cheerfully, hopefully, and teach the boys to do the same. The mother especially, as so many great men's mothers do, stands out large and heroic, from the time when, the farm being gone, she, "the ardent book-woman," finds her time too precious to be spent in reading, and sets little Robert to read to her as she works—what a picture!—to the last sad day, when, wanting money to come up to Leeds to see her dying darling, she "shore for the siller," rather than borrow it. And her son's life is like her own—the most pure, joyous, valiant little epic. Robert does not even take to work as something beyond himself, uninteresting and painful, which, however, must be done courageously: he lives in it, enjoys it as his proper element, one which is no more a burden and an exertion to him than the rush of the strid is to the trout who plays and feeds in it day and night, unconscious of the amount of muscular strength which he puts forth in merely keeping his place in the stream. Whether carrying Kenilworth

in his plaid to the woods, to read while herding, or selling currants and whisky as the Perth storekeeper's apprentice, or keeping his little circulating library in Dundee, tormenting his pure heart with the thought of the twenty pounds which his mother has borrowed wherewith to start him, or editing the *Leeds Times*, or lying on his early deathbed, just as life seems to be opening clear and broad before him, he

"Bates not a jot of heart or hope,"

but steers right onward, singing over his work, without bluster or self-gratulation, but for very joy at having work to do. There is a keen practical insight about him, rarely combined, in these days, with his single-minded determination to do good in his generation. His eye is single, and his whole body full of light.

"It would indeed," writes the grocer's boy, encouraging his despondent and somewhat Werterean friend, "be hangman's work to write articles one day to be forgotten to-morrow, if that were all; but you forget the comfort—the repayment. If one prejudice is overthrown, one error rendered untenable; if but one step in advance be the consequence of your articles and mine—the consequences of the labour of all true men—are we not deeply repaid?"

Or again, in a right noble letter to his noble mother:—

"That money of R.'s hangs like a mill-stone about my neck. If I had paid it, I would never borrow again from mortal man. But do not mistake me, mother; I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation—to which earth is the gate. . . . If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ills of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and Mammon-worship on earth than is. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent; and if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man."

And yet, there is a quiet self-respect about him withal:—

"In my short course through life," says he in confidence to a friend at one-and-twenty, "I have never feared an enemy, or failed a friend; and I live in the hope I never shall. For the rest, I have written my heart in my poems; and rude and unfinished, and hasty as they are, it can be read there."

"From seven years of age to this very hour, I have been dependent only on my own head and hands for everything—for very bread. Long years ago—aye, even in childhood—adversity made me think,

and feel, and suffer; and would pride allow me, I could tell the world many a deep tragedy enacted in the heart of a poor, forgotten, uncared-for boy. . . . But I thank God, that though I felt and suffered, the scathing blast neither blunted my perceptions of natural and moral beauty, nor, by withering the affections of my heart, made me a selfish man. Often when I look back I wonder how I bore the burden—how I did not end the evil day at once and for ever.”

Such is the man, in his normal state; and as was to be expected, God's blessing rests on him. Whatever he sets his hand to, succeeds. Within a few weeks of his taking the editorship of the *Leeds Times*, its circulation begins to rise rapidly, as was to be expected with an honest man to guide it. For Nicoll's political creed, though perhaps neither very deep nor wide, lies clear and single before him, as everything else which he does. He believes naturally enough in ultra-Radicalism according to the fashions of the Reform Bill era. That is the right thing; and for that he will work day and night, body and soul, and if needs be, die. There, in the editor's den at Leeds, he “begins to see the truth of what you told me about the world's unworthiness; but stop a little. I am not sad as yet. . . . If I am hindered from feeling the soul of poetry among woods and fields, I yet trust I am struggling for something worth prizing—something of which I am not ashamed, and need not be. If there be aught on earth worth aspiring to, it is the lot of him who is enabled to do something for his miserable and suffering fellow-men; and this you and I will try to do at least.”

His friend is put to work a ministerial paper, with orders “not to be rash, but to elevate the population *gradually*,” and finding those orders to imply a considerable leaning towards the By-ends, Lukewarm, and Facing-both-ways school, kicks over the traces, wisely, in Nicoll's eyes, and breaks loose.

“Keep up your spirits,” says honest Nicoll. “You are higher at this moment in my estimation, in your own, and that of every honest man, than you ever were before. Tait's advice was just such as I should have expected of him; honest as honesty itself. You must never again accept a paper but where you can tell the whole truth without fear or favour. . . . Tell E. (the broken-loose editor's lady-love) from me to estimate as she ought, the nobility and determination of the man who has dared to act as you have done. Prudent men will say that you are hasty: but you have done right, whatever may be the consequences.”

This is the spirit of Robert Nicoll; the spirit which is the fruit of early purity and self-restraint, of living “on bread and cheese and water,” that he may buy books; of walking out to the Inch of Perth at four o'clock on summer mornings, to write and read in peace before he returns to the currants and the

whisky. The nervous simplicity of the man comes out in the very nervous simplicity of the prose he writes; and though there be nothing very new or elevated in it, or indeed in his poems themselves, we call on our readers to admire a phenomenon so rare, in the "upper classes" at least, in these days, and taking a lesson from the peasant's son, rejoice with us that "a man is born into the world."

For Nicoll, as few do, practises what he preaches. It seems to him, once on a time, right and necessary that Sir William Molesworth should be returned for Leeds; and Nicoll having so determined, "throws himself, body and soul, into the contest, with such ardour, that his wife afterwards said, and we can well believe it, that if Sir William had failed, Robert would have died on the instant!"—why not? Having once made up his mind that that was the just and right thing, the thing which was absolutely good for Leeds, and the human beings who lived in it, was it not a thing to die for, even if it had been but the election of a new beadle? The advanced sentry is set to guard some obscure worthless dike-end—obscure and worthless in itself, but to him a centre of infinite duty. True, the fate of the camp does not depend on its being taken; if the enemy round it, there are plenty behind to blow them out again. But that is no reason whatsoever why he, before any odds, should throw his musket over his shoulder, and retreat gracefully to the lines. He was set there to stand by that, whether dike-end or representation of Leeds; that is the right thing for him; and for that right he will fight, and if he be killed, die. So have all brave men felt, and so have all brave deeds been done, since man walked the earth. It is because that spirit, the spirit of faith, has died out among us, that so few brave deeds are done now, except on battle-fields, and in hovels whereof none but God and the angels know.

So the man prospers. Several years of honourable and self-restraining love bring him a wife, beautiful, loving, worshipping his talents; a help meet for him, such as God will send at times to those whom he loves. Kind men meet and love and help him—"The Johnstones, Mr. Tait, William and Mary Howitt;" Sir William Molesworth, hearing of his last illness, sends him unsolicited fifty pounds, which, as we understand it, Nicoll accepts without foolish bluster about independence. Why not?—man should help man, and be helped by him. Would he not have done as much for Sir William? Nothing to us proves Nicoll's heart-wholeness more than the way in which he talks of his benefactors, in a tone of simple gratitude and affection, without fawning, and without vapouring. The man has too much self-respect to consider himself lowered by accepting a favour.

But he must go after all. The editor's den at Leeds is not the place for lungs bred on Perthshire breezes; and work rises before him, huger and heavier as he goes on, till he drops under the ever-increasing load. He will not believe it at first. In sweet childlike playful letters, he tells his mother that it is nothing. It has done him good—"opened the grave before his eyes, and taught him to think of death." "He trusts that he has not borne this, and suffered, and thought in vain." This too, he hopes, is to be a fresh lesson-page of experience for his work. Alas! a few months more of bitter suffering and of generous kindness, and love from all around him,—and it is over with him, at the age of twenty-three. Shall we regret him?—shall we not rather believe that God knew best, and considering the unhealthy moral atmosphere of the press, and the strange confused ways into which old ultra-Radicalism, finding itself too narrow for the new problems of the day, has stumbled and floundered in the last fifteen years, believe that he might have been a worse man had he been a longer-lived one, and thank heaven that "the righteous is taken away from the evil to come?"

As it is, he ends as he began. The first poem in his book is "The Ha' Bible;" and the last, written a few days before his death, is still the death-song of a man—without fear, without repining, without boasting, blessing and loving the earth which he leaves, yet with a clear joyful eye upwards and outwards and homewards. And so ends his little epic, as we called it. May Scotland see many such another!

The actual poetic value of his verses is not first-rate by any means. He is far inferior to Burns in range of subject, as he is in humour and pathos. Indeed, there is very little of these latter qualities in him anywhere—rather playfulness, flashes of childlike fun, as in "The Provost," and "Bonnie Bessie Lee." But he has attained a mastery over English, a simplicity and quiet which Burns never did; and also, we need not say, a moral purity. His "poems, illustrative of the Scotch peasantry," are charming throughout—alive and bright with touches of real humanity, and sympathy with characters apparently antipodal to his own.

His more earnest poems are somewhat tainted with that cardinal fault of his school, of which he steered so clear in prose—fine words; yet he never, like the Corn-Law Rhymers, falls a cursing. He is evidently not a good hater even of "priests and kings, and aristocrats, and superstition;" or perhaps he worked all that froth safely over and off in debating club-speeches and leading articles, and left us, in these poems, the genuine Meth-e-glin of his inner heart, sweet, clear, and strong; for there is no form of loveable or right thing which this man has come

across, which he does not seem to have appreciated. Beside pure love and the beauties of nature, those on which every man of poetic power—and a great many of none, as a matter of course, have a word to say, he can feel for and with the drunken beggar, and the warriors of the ruined manor-house, and the monks of the abbey, and the old-mailed Normans with their “priest with cross and counted beads in the little Saxon chapel”—things which a radical editor might have been excused for passing by with a sneer.

His verses to his wife are a delicious little glimpse of Eden ; and his “ People’s Anthem ” rises into somewhat of true grandeur by virtue of simplicity :—

“ Lord, from Thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon !
God save the Poor !
Teach them true liberty—
Make them from tyrants free—
Let their homes happy be !
God save the Poor !

“ The arms of wicked men
Do Thou with might restrain—
God save the Poor !
Raise Thou their lowliness—
Succour Thou their distress—
Thou whom the meanest bless !
God save the Poor !

“ Give them stanch honesty—
Let their pride manly be—
God save the Poor !
Help them to hold the right ;
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all LIFE and LIGHT !
God save the Poor ! ”

And so we leave Robert Nicoll, with the parting remark, that if the “ poems illustrative of the feelings of the intelligent and religious among the working-classes of Scotland ” be fair samples of that which they profess to be, Scotland may thank God, that in spite of glen-clearings and temporary manufacturing rot-heaps, she is still whole at heart, and that the influence of her great peasant poet, though it may seem at first likely to be adverse to Christianity, has helped, as we have already hinted, to purify and not to taint ; to destroy the fungus, but not to touch the heart of the grand old Covenant-kirk life-tree.

Still sweeter, and, alas ! still sadder, is the story of the two Bethunes. If Nicoll’s life, as we have said, be a solitary melody, and short though triumphant strain of work-music, theirs is a

harmony and true concert of fellow-joys, fellow-sorrows, fellow-drudgery, fellow-authorship, mutual throughout, lovely in their joint-life, and in their deaths not far divided. Alexander survives his brother John only long enough to write his *Memoirs*, and then follows; and we have his story given us by Mr. M'Combie, in a simple unassuming little volume—not to be read without many thoughts, perhaps not rightly without tears. Mr. M'Combie has been wise enough not to attempt panegyric. He is all but prolix in details, filling up some half of his volume with letters of preternatural length, from Alexander to his publishers and critics, and from the said publishers and critics to Alexander, altogether of an unromantic and business-like cast, but entirely successful in doing that which a book should do—namely, in shewing the world that here was a man of like passions with ourselves, who bore from boyhood to the grave hunger, cold, wet, rags, brutalizing and health-destroying toil, and all the storms of the world, the flesh and the devil, and conquered them every one.

Alexander is set at fourteen to throw earth out of a ditch so deep, that it requires the full strength of a grown man, and loses flesh and health under the exertion; he is twice blown up in quarrying with his own blast, and left for dead, recovers slowly, maimed and scarred, with the loss of an eye. John, when not thirteen, is set to stone-breaking on the roads during intense cold, and has to keep himself from being frost-bitten and heart-broken by monkey gambols; takes to the weaving trade, and having helped his family by the most desperate economy to save £10 wherewith to buy looms, begins to work them, with his brother as an apprentice, and finds the whole outlay rendered useless the very same year by the failures of 1825-26. So the two return to day-labour at fourteenpence a day. John in a struggle to do task-work honestly overexerts himself, and ruins his digestion for life. Next year he is set in November to clean out a water-course knee-deep in water, and then to take marl from a pit, and then to drain standing water off a swamp during an intense December frost, and finds himself laid down with a three months' cough, and all but sleepless illness, laying the foundation of the consumption which destroyed him. But they will not give in. Poetry they will write, and they write it to the best of their powers on scraps of paper, after the drudgery of the day, in a cabin pervious to every shower, teaching themselves the right spelling of the words from some "Christian Remembrancer" or other—apparently not our meek and unbiassed contemporary of that name; and all this without neglecting their work a day or even an hour, when the weather permitted—the "only thing which tempted them to fret,"

being—hear it readers and perpend!—"the being kept at home by rain and snow." Then an additional malady (apparently some calculous one) comes on John, and stops by him for the six remaining years of his life. Yet between 1826 and 1832, John has saved £14 out of his miserable earnings, to be expended to the last farthing on his brother's recovery from the second quarry accident. Surely the devil is trying hard to spoil these men! But no. They are made perfect by sufferings. In the house with one long narrow room, and a small vacant space at the end of it, lighted by a single pane of glass, they write and write untiring, during the long summer evenings, poetry, "*Tales of the Scottish Peasant Life*," which at last bring them in somewhat; and a work on practical economy, which is bepraised and corrected by kind critics in Edinburgh, and at last published—without a sale. Perhaps one cause of its failure might be found in those very corrections. There were too many violent political allusions in it, complains their good Mentor of Edinburgh, and persuades them, seemingly the most meek and teachable of heroes, to omit them; though Alexander, while submitting, pleads fairly enough for retaining them, in a passage which we will give, as a specimen of the sort of English possible to be acquired by a Scotch day-labourer, self-educated, all but the rudiments of reading and writing, and a few lectures on popular poetry from "a young student of Aberdeen," now the Rev. Mr. Adamson, who must look back on the friendship which he bore these two young men, as one of the noblest pages in his life.

"Talk to the many of religion, and they will put on a long face, confess that it is a thing of the greatest importance to all—and go away and forget the whole. Talk to them of education: they will readily acknowledge that its 'a braw thing to be weel learned,' and begin a lamentation, which is only shorter than the lamentations of Jeremiah, because they cannot make it as long, on the ignorance of the age in which they live; but they neither stir hand nor foot in the matter. But speak to them of politics, and their excited countenances and kindling eye shew in a moment how deeply they are interested. Politics are therefore an important feature, and an almost indispensable element in such a work as mine. Had it consisted solely of exhortations to industry and rules of economy, it would have been dismissed with an 'Ou ay, its braw for him to crack that way: but if he were whaur we are, deed he wad just hae to do as we do.' But by mixing up the science with politics, and giving it an occasional political impetus, a different result may be reasonably expected. In these days no man can be considered a patriot or friend of the poor, who is not also a politician."

It is amusing, by the bye, to see how the world changes its codes of respectability, and how, what is anathema one year,

becomes trite in twenty more. The political sins in the work were, that "my brother had attacked the corn-laws with some severity; and I have attempted to level a battery against that sort of servile homage which the poor pay to the rich!"

There is no use pursuing the story much further. They again save a little money, and need it; for the estate on which they have lived from childhood changing hands, they are, with their aged father, expelled from the dear old dog-kennel, to find house-room where they can. Why not?—"it was not in the bond." The house did not belong to them; nothing of it, at least, which could be specified in any known lease. True, there may have been associations, but what associations can men be expected to cultivate on fourteenpence a day? So they must forth, with their two aged parents, and build with their own hands a new house elsewhere, having saved some £30 from the sale of their writings. The house, as we understand, stands to this day—hereafter to become a sort of artisan's caaba and pilgrim's station, only second to Burns's grave. That, at least, it will become, whenever the meaning of the words "worth" and "worship" shall become rightly understood among us.

For what are these men, if they are not heroes and saints? not of the Popish sort, abject and effeminate, but of the true, human, evangetic sort, masculine and grand—like the figures in Raffaele's Cartoons, compared with those of Fra Bartolomeo. Not from superstition, not from selfish prudence, but from devotion to their aged parents, and the righteous dread of dependence, they die voluntary celibates, although their writings shew that they, too, could have loved as nobly as they did all other things. The extreme of endurance, self-restraint, of "conquest of the flesh," outward as well as inward, is the life-long lot of these men; and they go through it. They have their share of injustice, tyranny, disappointment; one by one each bright boy's dream of success and renown is scourged out of their minds, and sternly and lovingly their Father in heaven teaches them the lesson of all lessons. By what hours of misery and blank despair that faith was purchased, we can only guess; the simple strong men give us the result, but never dream of sitting down and analyzing the process for the world's amusement, or their own glorification. We question, indeed, whether they could have told us; whether the mere fact of a man's being able to dissect himself, in public or in private, is not proof-patent that he is no man, but only a shell of a man, with works inside, which can of course be exhibited and taken to pieces—a rather more difficult matter with flesh and blood. If we believe that God is educating, the when, the where, and the how, are not only unimportant, but, considering who is the

teacher, unfathomable to us, and it is enough to be able to believe with John Bethune, that the Lord of all things is influencing us through all things; whether sacraments, or sabbaths, or sun-gleams, or showers—all things are ours, for all are His, and we are His, and He is ours;—and for the rest, to say with the same John Bethune:—

“ Oh, God of glory ! thou hast treasured up
For me my little portion of distress ;
But with each draught—in every bitter cup
Thy hand hath mixed, to make its soreness less,
Some cordial drop, for which thy name I bless,
And offer up my mite of thankfulness.
Thou hast chastised my frame with dire disease,
Long, obdurate, and painful ; and thy hand
Hath wrung cold sweat-drops from my brow ; for these
I thank thee too. Though pangs at thy command
Have compassed me about, still, with the blow,
Patience sustained my soul amid its wo.”

Of the actual literary merit of these men's writings there is less to be said. However extraordinary, considering the circumstances under which they were written, may be the polish and melody of John's verse, or the genuine spiritual health; deep death-and-devil-defying earnestness, and shrewd practical wisdom, which shines through all that either brother writes, they do not possess any of that fertile originality, which alone would have enabled them, as it did Burns, to compete with the literary savans, who, though for the most part of inferior genius, have the help of information and appliances, from which they were shut out. Judging them, as the true critic, like the true moralist, is bound to do, “according to what they had, not according to what they had not,” they are men who, with average advantages, might have been famous in their day. God thought it better for them to “hide them in his tabernacle from the strife of tongues,”—and, seldom believed truism, He knows best. Alexander shall not, according to his early dreams, “earn nine hundred pounds by writing a book, like Burns,” even though his ideal method of spending be to buy all the boys in the parish “new shoes with iron tackets and heels,” and send them home with shillings for their mothers, and feed their fathers on wheat bread and milk, with tea and bannocks for Sabbath-days, and build a house for the poor old toil-stiffened man whom he once saw draining the hill-field, “with a yard full of gooseberries, and an apple-tree!”—not that, nor even, as the world judges, better than that, shall he be allowed to do. The poor, for whom he writes his “Practical Economy,” shall not even care to read it; and he shall go down to the grave a failure and a lost thing

in the eyes of men :—but not in the eyes of grand God-fearing old Alison Christie, his mother, as he brings her, scrap by scrap, the proofs of their dead idol's poems, which she has prayed to be spared just to see once in print, and, when the last half-sheet is read, loses her sight for ever ;—not in her eyes, nor in those of the God who saw him, in the cold winter mornings, wearing John's clothes, to warm them for the dying man before he got up.

His grief at his brother's death is inconsolable. He feels for the first time in his life, what a lot his is—for he feels for the first time that—

“ Parent and friend and brother gone,
I stand upon the earth alone.”

Four years he lingers ; friends begin to arise from one quarter and another, but he, not altogether wisely or well, refuses all pecuniary help. At last Mr. Hugh Miller recommends him to be editor of a projected “ Non-Intrusion ” paper in Dumfries, with a salary, to him boundless, of £100 a year. Too late ! The iron has entered too deeply into his soul ; in a few weeks more he is lying in his brother's grave—“ Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths not divided.”

“ William Thom of Inverury ” is a poet altogether of the same school. His “ Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver ” are superior to those of either Nicoll or the Bethunes, the little love-songs in the volume reminding us of Burns's best manner, and the two languages in which he writes being better amalgamated, as it seems to us, than in any Scotch song writer. Moreover, there is a terseness, strength, and grace about some of these little songs, which would put to shame many a volume of vague and windy verse, which the press sees yearly sent forth by men, who, instead of working at the loom, have been pampered from their childhood with all the means and appliances of good taste and classic cultivation. We have room only for one specimen of his verse, not the most highly finished, but of a beauty which can speak for itself.

“ DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

“ The morning breaks bonny o'er mountain and stream,
An' troubles the hallowed breath of my dream.
The gowd light of morning is sweet to the e'e,
But ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer to me.
The dull common world then sinks from my sight,
And fairer creations arise to the night ;
When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my e'e,
Then bright are the visions awakened to me !

"Oh, come, spirit-mother! discourse of the hours
My young bosom beat all its beating to yours,
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell
On ears—how unheedful, proved sorrow might tell!
That deathless affection nae sorrow could break;
When all else forsook me, ye would na forsake;
Then come, oh my mother! come often to me,
An' soon an' for ever I'll come unto thee!

"An' then, shrouded loveliness! soul-winning Jean,
How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen!
'Twas kind—for the love that your e'e kindled there
Will burn, aye an' burn, till that breast beat nae mair—
Our bairnies sleep round me, oh bless ye their sleep!
Your ain dark eyed Willie will wauken an' weep!
But blythe through his weepin', he'll tell me how you,
His heaven-hamed mammie, was daunting his brow.

"Though dark be our dwellin', our happin' tho' bare,
An' night closes round us in cauldness and care,
Affection will warm us—and bright are the beams
That halo our hame in yon dear land o' dreams:
Then weel may I welcome the night's deathly reign,
Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then;
The gowd light of morning is lightless to me,
But, oh! for the night with its ghost revelrie!"

But, even more interesting than the poems themselves, is the autobiographical account prefixed, with its vivid sketches of factory life in Aberdeen, of the old regime of 1770, when "four days did the weaver's work—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, were of course jubilee. Lawn frills gorged (?) freely from under the wrists of his fine blue, gilt-buttoned coat. He dusted his head with white flower on Sunday, smirked and wore a cane; walked in clean slippers on Monday; Tuesday heard him talk war bravado, quote Volney, and get drunk: weaving commenced gradually on Wednesday. Then were little children pirn-fillers, and such were taught to steal warily past the gate-keeper, concealing the bottle. These wee smugglers had a drop for their services, over and above their chances of profiting by the elegant and edifying discussions uttered in their hearing. Infidelity was then getting fashionable." But by the time Thom enters on his seventeen years' weaving, in 1814, the nemesis has come. "Wages are six shillings a week where they had been forty; but the weaver of forty shillings, with money instead of wit, had bequeathed his vices to the weaver of six shillings, with wit instead of money." The introduction of machinery works evil rather than good, on account of the reckless way in which it is used, and the reckless material which it uses. "Vacancies in

the factory, daily made, were daily filled by male and female workers; often queer enough people, and from all parts—*none too coarse for using*. The pick-pocket, trained to the loom six months in Bridewell, came forth a journeyman weaver, and his precious experiences were infused into the common moral puddle, and in due time did their work." No wonder that "the distinctive character of all sunk away. Man became less manly—woman unlovely and rude." No wonder that the factory, like too many more, though a thriving concern to its owners, becomes "a prime nursery of vice and sorrow." "Virtue perished utterly within its walls, and was dreamed of no more; or, if remembered at all, only in a deep and woful sense of self-debasement—a *struggling to forget, where it was hopeless to obtain*." But to us, almost the most interesting passage in his book, and certainly the one which bears most directly on the general purpose of this article, is one in which he speaks of the effects of song on himself and his fellow factory-workers.

"Moore was doing all he could for love-sick boys and girls, yet they had never enough! Nearer and dearer to hearts like ours was the Ettrick Shepherd, then in his full tide of song and story; but nearer and dearer still than he, or any living songster, was our ill-fated fellow-craftsman, Tannahill. Poor weaver chiel! what we owe to you!—your 'Braes of Balquidder,' and 'Yon Burnside,' and 'Gloomy Winter,' and the 'Minstrel's' wailing ditty, and the noble 'Gleneiffer.' Oh! how they did ring above the rattle of a thousand shuttles! Let me again proclaim the debt which we owe to these song spirits, as they walked in melody from loom to loom, ministering to the low-hearted; and when the breast was filled with everything but hope and happiness, let only break out the healthy and vigorous chorus, 'A man's a man for a' that,' and the fagged weaver brightens up. . . . Who dare measure the restraining influences of these very songs? To us they were all instead of Sermons. Had one of us been bold enough to enter a church, he must have been ejected for the sake of decency. His forlorn and curiously patched habiliments would have contested the point of attraction with the ordinary eloquence of that period. Church bells rang not for us. Poets were indeed our priests: *but for those, the last relic of moral existence would have passed away*. Song was the dew-drop which gathered during the long dark night of despondency, and was sure to glitter in the very first blink of the sun. You might have seen 'Auld Robin Gray' wet the eyes that could be tearless amid cold and hunger, and weariness and pain. Surely, surely, *then there was to that heart one passage left*."

Making all allowance for natural and pardonable high-colouring, we recommend this most weighty and significant passage to the attention of all readers, and draw an *argumentum a fortiori*, from the high estimation in which Thom holds those very

songs of Tannahill's, of which we just now spoke somewhat depreciatingly, for the extreme importance which we attach to popular poetry, as an agent of incalculable power in moulding the minds of nations.

The popular poetry of Germany has held that great nation together, united and heart-whole for centuries, in spite of every disadvantage of internal division, and the bad influence of foreign taste; and the greatest of their poets have not thought it beneath them to add their contributions, and their very best, to the common treasure, meant not only for the luxurious and learned, but for the workman and the child at school. In Great Britain, on the contrary, the people have been left to form their own tastes, and choose their own modes of utterance, with great results, both for good and evil; and there has sprung up before the new impulse which Burns gave to popular poetry, a considerable literature—considerable not only from its truth and real artistic merit, but far more so from its being addressed principally to the working-classes. Even more important is this people's literature question, in our eyes, than the more palpable factors of the education question, about which we now hear such ado. It does seem to us, that to take every possible precaution about the spiritual truth which children are taught in school, and then leave to chance the more impressive and abiding teaching which popular literature, songs especially, give them out of doors, is as great a *niaiserie* as that of the Tractarians who insisted on getting into the pulpit in their surplices, as a sign that the clergy only had the right of preaching to the people, while they forgot that, by means of a free press, (of the license of which they too were not slack to avail themselves,) every penny-a-liner was preaching to the people daily, and would do so, maugre their surplices, to the end of time. The man who makes the people's songs is a true popular preacher. Whatsoever, true or false, he sends forth, will not be carried home, as a sermon often is, merely in heads, to be forgotten before the week is out: it will ring in the ears, and cling round the imagination, and follow the pupil to the workshop, and the tavern, and the fireside, even to the deathbed, such power is in the magic of rhyme. The emigrant, deep in Australian forests, may take down Chalmers's sermons on Sabbath evenings from the scanty shelf; but the songs of Burns have been haunting his lips, and cheering his heart, and moulding him unconsciously to himself, in clearing and in pasture all the weary week. True, if he be what a Scotchman should be, more than one old Hebrew psalm has brought its message to him during these week-days; but there are feelings of his nature on which those psalms, not from defect, but from their very purpose, do not touch;

how is he to express them, but in the songs which echo them? These will keep alive, and intensify in him, and in the children who learn them from his lips, all which is like themselves. Is it, we ask again, to be left to chance what sort of songs these shall be?

As for poetry written for the working-classes by the upper, such attempts at it as we yet have seen, may be considered *nil*. The upper must learn to know more of the lower, and to make the lower know more of them—a frankness of which we honestly believe they will never have to repent. Moreover, they must read Burns a little more, and cavaliers and Jacobites a little less. As it is, their efforts have been as yet exactly in that direction which would most safely secure the blessings of undisturbed obscurity. Whether “secular” or “spiritual,” they have thought proper to adopt a certain Tommy-good-child tone, which, whether to Glasgow artisans or Dorsetshire labourers, or indeed for any human being who is “grinding among the iron facts of life,” is, to say the least, nauseous; and the only use of their poemacula has been to demonstrate practically, the existence of a great and fearful gulf between those who have, and those who have not, in thought as well as in purse, which must be, in the former article at least, bridged over as soon as possible, if we are to remain one people much longer. The attempts at verse for children are somewhat more successful—a certain little “Moral Songs” especially, said to emanate from the Tractarian School, yet full of a health, spirit, and wild sweetness, which makes its authoress, in our eyes, “wiser than her teachers.” But this is our way. We are too apt to be afraid of the men, and take to the children as our *pis aller*, covering our despair of dealing with the majority, the adult population, in a pompous display of machinery for influencing that very small fraction, the children. “Oh, but the destinies of the empire depend on the rising generation!” Who has told us so?—how do we know that they do not depend on the risen generation? Who are likely to do more work during our life-time, for good and evil,—those who are now between fifteen and five-and-forty, or those who are between five and fifteen? Yet for those former, the many, and the working, and the powerful, all we seem to be inclined to do is to parody Scripture, and say, “He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still.”

Not that we ask any one to sit down, and, out of mere benevolence, to write songs for the people. Wooden, out of a wooden birthplace, would such go forth, to feed fires, not spirits. But if any man shall read these pages, to whom God has given a truly poetic temperament, a gallant heart, a melodious ear, a

quick and sympathetic eye for all forms of human joy, and sorrow, and humour, and grandeur—an insight which can discern the outlines of the butterfly, when clothed in the roughest and most rugged chrysalis-hide; if the teachers of his heart and purposes, and not merely of his taste and sentiments, have been the great songs of his own and of every land and age; if he can see in the divine poetry of David and Solomon, of Isaiah and Jeremiah, and, above all, in the parables of Him who spake as never man spake, the models and elemental laws of a people's poetry, alike according to the will of God and the heart of man; if he can welcome gallantly and hopefully the future, and yet know that it must be, unless it would be a monster and a machine, the loving and obedient child of the past; if he can speak of the subjects which alone will interest the many, on love, marriage, the sorrows of the poor, their hopes, political and social, their wrongs, as well as their sins and duties; and that with a fervour and passion akin to the spirit of Burns and Elliott, yet with more calm, more purity, more wisdom, and therefore with more hope, as one who stands upon a vantage ground of education and culture, sympathizing none the less with those who struggle behind him in the valley of the shadow of death, yet seeing from the mountain peaks the coming dawn, invisible as yet to them. Then let that man think it no fall, but rather a noble rise, to shun the barren glacier ranges of pure art, for the fertile gardens of practical and popular song, and write for the many, and with the many, in words such as they can understand, remembering that that which is simplest is always deepest, that the many contain in themselves the few, and that when he speaks to the wanderer and the drudge, he speaks to the elemental and primeval man, and in him speaks to all who have risen out of him. Let him try, undiscouraged by inevitable failures; and if at last he succeeds in giving vent to one song which will cheer hardworn hearts at the loom and the forge, or wake one pauper's heart with the hope that his children are destined not to die as he died, or recall, amid Canadian forests or Australian sheep-walks, one thrill of love for the old country, and her liberties, and her laws, and her religion, to the settler's heart;—let that man know that he has earned a higher place among the spirits of the wise and good, by doing, in spite of the unpleasantness of self-denial, the duty which lay nearest him, than if he had outrivalled Goëthe on his own classic ground, and made all the cultivated and the comfortable of the earth desert, for the exquisite creations of his fancy, Faust, and Tasso, and Iphigenie.

ART. VI.—*The Works of John Owen, D.D.* Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM H. GOOLD, Edinburgh. Vols. 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 14, (to be completed in Fifteen Volumes.) London and Edinburgh. 1850-51.

TWO hundred years ago the Puritan dwelt in Oxford; but, before his arrival, both Cavalier and Roundhead soldiers had encamped in its Colleges. Sad was the trace of their sojourn. From the dining-halls the silver tankards had vanished, and the golden candlesticks of the cathedral lay buried in a neighbouring field. Stained windows were smashed, and the shrines of Bernard and Frideswide lay open to the storm. And whilst the heads of marble apostles, mingling with cannon-balls and founders' coffins, formed a melancholy rubbish in many a corner, straw heaps on the pavement and staples in the wall, reminded the spectator that it was not long since dragoons had quartered in All-Souls, and horses crunched their oats beneath the tower of St. Mary Magdalene.

However, matters again are mending. Broken windows are repaired; lost revenues are recovered; and the sons of Crispin have evacuated chambers once more consecrated to syntax and the syllogism. Through these spacious courts we recognise the progress of the man who has accomplished the arduous restoration. Tall, and in the prime of life, with cocked-hat and powdered hair, with lawn tops to his morocco boots, and with ribbons luxuriant at his knee, there is nothing to mark the Puritan,—whilst in his easy unembarrassed movements and kindly-assuring air, there is all which bespeaks the gentleman: but, were it not for the reverences of obsequious beadies and the recognitions of respectful students, you would scarce surmise the academic dignitary. That old-fashioned divine,—his square cap and ruff surmounting the doctor's gown,—with whom he shakes hands so cordially, is a Royalist and Prelatist, but withal the Hebrew Professor, and the most famous Orientalist in England, Dr. Edward Pocock. From his little parish of Childry, where he passes for “no Latiner,” and is little prized, he has come up to deliver his Arabic lecture, and collate some Syriac manuscript, and observe the progress of the fig-tree which he fetched from the Levant; and he feels not a little beholden to the Vice-Chancellor, who, when the Parliamentary triers had pronounced him incompetent, interfered and retained him in his living. Passing the gate of Wadham, he meets the upbreking of a little conventicle. That no treason has been transacting, nor any dangerous doctrine propounded, the guardian of the University has ample assurance in the presence of his very good friends, Dr. Wallis the Savilian

Professor, and Dr. Wilkins the Protector's brother-in-law. The latter has published a dissertation on the Moon and its Inhabitants, "with a discourse concerning the possibility of a passage thither;" and the former, a mighty mathematician, during the recent war had displayed a terrible ingenuity in deciphering the intercepted letters of the Royalists. Their companion is the famous physician Dr. Willis, in whose house, opposite the Vice-Chancellor's own door, the Oxford Prelatists daily assemble to enjoy the forbidden Prayer-Book; and the youth who follows, building castles in the air, is Christopher Wren. This evening they had met to witness some experiments which the tall sickly gentleman in the velvet cloak had promised to shew them. The tall sickly gentleman is the Honourable Robert Boyle, and the instrument with which he has been amusing his brother sages, in their embryo Royal Society, is the newly invented air-pump. Little versant in their pursuits, though respectful to their genius, after mutual salutations, the divine passes on and pays an evening visit to his illustrious neighbour, Dr. Thomas Goodwin. In his embroidered night-cap, and deep in the recesses of his dusky study, he finds the recluse old President of Magdalene; and they sit and talk together, and they pray together, till it strikes the hour of nine; and from the great Tom Tower a summons begins to sound calling to Christ Church cloisters the hundred and one students of the old foundation. And returning to the Deanery, which Mary's cheerful management has brightened into a pleasant home, albeit her own and her little daughter's weeds are suggestive of recent sorrows, the Doctor dives into his library.

For the old misers it was pleasant to go down into their bul-
lion vaults, and feel that they were rich enough to buy up all
the town, with the proud Earl in his mortgaged castle. And to
many people there is a peculiar satisfaction in the society of the
great and learned; nor can they forget the time when they talked
to the great poet, or had a moment's monopoly of Royalty. But—

“ That place that doth contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes for variety I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels.”

Not only is there the pleasant sense of property,—the rare edi-
tions, and the wonderful bargains, and the acquisitions of some
memorable self-denial,—but there are grateful memories and the
feeling of a high companionship. When it first arrived, yon
volume kept its owner up all night, and its neighbour introduced
him to realms more delightful and more strange than if he had

taken Dr. Wilkins' lunarian journey. In this biography, as in a magician's mirror, he was awed and startled by foreshadowings of his own career; and, ever since he sat at the feet of yonder sacred sage, he walks through the world with a consciousness, blessed and not vain-glorious, that his being contains an element shared by few besides. And even those heretics inside the wires—like caged wolves or bottled vipers—their keeper has come to entertain a certain fondness for them, and whilst he detests the species, he would feel a pang in parting with his own exemplars.

Now that his evening lamp is lit, let us survey the Doctor's library. Like most of its coeval collections, its foundations are laid with massive folios. These stately tomes are the Polyglotts of Antwerp and Paris, the *Critici Sacri* and *Poli Synopsis*. The colossal theologians who flank them, are Augustine and Jerome, Anselm and Aquinas, Calvin and Episcopius, Bellarmine and Jansenius, Baronius and the Magdeburg Centuriators,—natural enemies, here bound over to their good behaviour. These dark veterans are Jewish Rabbis,—Kimchi, Abarbanel, and, like a row of rag-collectors, a whole Monmouth Street of rubbish,—behold the entire Babylonian Talmud. These tall Socinians are the Polish brethren, and the dumpy vellums overhead are Dutch divines. The cupboard contains Greek and Latin manuscripts, and those spruce fashionables are Spencer, and Cowley, and Sir William Davenant. And the new books which crown the upper shelves, still uncut and fresh from the publisher, are the latest *brochures* of Mr. Jeremy Taylor and Mr. Richard Baxter.*

* In his elaborate "Memoirs of Dr. Owen," (p. 345,) Mr. Orme mentions that "his library was sold in May 1684, by Millington, one of the earliest of our book auctioneers;" and adds, "considering the Doctor's taste as a reader, his age as a minister, and his circumstances as a man, his library, in all probability, would be both extensive and valuable." Then, in a footnote, he gives some interesting particulars as to the extent of the early Non-conformist libraries, viz., Dr. Lazarus Seaman's, which sold for £700; Dr. Jacomb's, which sold for £1300; Dr. Bates's, which was bought for five or six hundred pounds by Dr. Williams, in order to lay the foundation of Red Cross Street library; and Dr. Evans's, which contained 10,000 volumes; again subjoining, "it is probable Dr. Owen's was not inferior to some of these." It would have gratified the biographer had he known that a catalogue of Owen's library is still in existence. Bound up with other sale-catalogues in the Bodleian, is the "*Bibliotheca Oweniana: sive catalogus librorum plurimis facultatibus insignium, instructissimæ Bibliothecæ Rev. Doct. Viri D. Joan. Oweni (quondam Vice-Cancellarii et Decani Ædis Christi in Academia Oxoniensi) nuperrime defuncti; cum variis manuscriptis Græcis, Latinis, &c., propria manu Doct. Patricii Junii aliorumq. conscriptis: quorum auctio habebitur Londini apud domum auctionariam, adverso Nigri Cygni in vico vulgo dicto Ave Mary Lane, prope Ludgate Street, vicesimo sexto die Maii, 1684. Per Eduardum Millington, Bibliopolam.*" In the Preface, the auctioneer speaks of Dr. Owen as "a person so generally known as a generous buyer and great collector of the best books;" and after adverting to his copies of Fathers, Councils, Church Histories, and Rabbinical Authors, he adds, "all which considered together, perhaps for their number are not to be paralleled, or upon any terms to be procured, when gentlemen are desirous of, or have a real occasion for the perusal of them." The

This night, however, the Doctor is intent on a new book no-wise to his mind. It is the "Redemption Redeemed" of John Goodwin. Its hydra-headed errors have already drawn from the scabbard the sword of many an orthodox Hercules on either side of the Tweed; and now, after a conference with the other Goodwin, the Dean takes up a ream of manuscript, and adds a finishing touch to his refutation.

At this period Dr. Owen would be forty years of age, for he was born in 1616. His father was minister of a little parish in Oxfordshire, and his ancestors were princes in Wales; indeed, the genealogists claimed for him a descent from King Caractacus. He himself was educated at Queen's College, and, under the impulse of an ardent ambition, the young student had fully availed himself of his academic privileges. For several years he took no more sleep than four hours a-night, and in his eagerness for future distinction he mastered all attainable knowledge, from mathematics to music. But about the time of his reaching majority, all his ambitious projects were suspended by a visitation of religious earnestness. In much ignorance of the divine specific, his conscience grew tender, and sin appeared exceeding sinful. It was at this conjuncture that Archbishop Laud imposed on Oxford a new code of statutes, which scared away from the University the now scrupulous scholar. Years of anxious thoughtfulness followed, partly filled up by his duties as chaplain successively to Sir Robert Dormer and Lord Lovelace, when about the year 1641 he had occasion to reside in London. Whilst there he went one day to hear Edmund Calamy; but instead of the famous preacher there entered the pulpit a country minister, who, after a fervent prayer, gave out for his text—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" The sermon was a very plain one, and Owen never ascertained the preacher's name; but the perplexities with which he had long been harassed disappeared, and in the joy of a discovered gospel and an ascertained salvation, the natural energy of his character and the vigour of his constitution found again their wonted play.

Soon after this happy change, his first publication appeared. It was a "Display of Arminianism," and, attracting the attention of the Parliamentary "Committee for purging the Church of Scandalous Ministers," it procured for its author a presentation to the living of Fordham, in Essex. This was followed by his translation to the more important charge of Coggeshall, in the

number of volumes is 2889. For the knowledge of the existence of this catalogue, and for a variety of curious particulars regarding it, the Reviewer is indebted to one of the dignitaries of Oxford, whose bibliographical information is only exceeded by the obligingness with which he puts it at the command of others, the Rev. Dr. Macbride, Principal of Magdalene Hall.

same county; and so rapidly did his reputation rise, that besides being frequently called to preach before the Parliament, he was, in 1649, selected by Cromwell as the associate of his expedition to Ireland, and was employed in re-modelling and resuscitating Trinity College, Dublin. Most likely it was owing to the ability with which he discharged this service that he was appointed Dean of Christ Church in 1651, and in the following year Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. It was a striking incident to find himself thus brought back to scenes which, fourteen years before, he had quitted amidst contempt and poverty, and a little mind would have been apt to signalize the event by a vain-glorious ovation, or a vindictive retribution. But Owen returned to Oxford in all the grandeur of a God-fearing magnanimity, and his only solicitude was to fulfil the duties of his office. Although himself an Independent, he promoted well qualified men to responsible posts, notwithstanding their Presbyterianism or their Prelacy; and, although the law gave him ample powers to disperse them, he never molested the liturgical meetings of his Episcopalian neighbours. From anxiety to promote the spiritual welfare of the students, in addition to his engagements as a Divinity lecturer and the resident head of the University, along with Dr. Goodwin he undertook to preach, on alternate Sabbaths, to the great congregation in St. Mary's. And such was the zeal which he brought to bear on the studies and the secular interests of the place, that the deserted courts were once more populous with ardent and accomplished students, and in alumni like Sprat, and South, and Ken, and Richard Cumberland, the Church of England received from Owen's Oxford some of its most distinguished ornaments; whilst men like Philip Henry, and Joseph Alleine, went forth to perpetuate Owen's principles; and in founding the English schools of metaphysics, architecture, and medicine, Locke, and Wren, and Sydenham taught the world that it was no misfortune to have been the pupils of the Puritan. It would be pleasant to record that Owen's generosity was reciprocated, and that if Oxford could not recognise the Non-conformist, neither did she forget the Republican who patronized the Royalists, and the Independent who befriended the Prelatists. According to the unsuspected testimony of Grainger, and Burnet, and Clarendon, the University was in a most flourishing condition when it passed from under his control; but on the principle which excludes Cromwell's statue from Westminster Palace, the picture-gallery at Christ Church finds no place for the greatest of its Deans.

The retirement into which he was forced by the Restoration was attended with most of the hardships incident to an ejected minister, to which were added sufferings and sorrows of his own.

He never was in prison, but he knew what it was to lead the life of a fugitive; and after making a narrow escape from dragoons sent to arrest him, he was compelled to quit his rural retreat, and seek a precarious refuge in the capital. In 1676 he lost his wife, but before this they had mingled their tears over the coffins of ten out of their eleven children; and the only survivor, a pious daughter, returned from the house of an unkind husband, to seek beside her father all that was left of the home of her childhood. Soon after he married again; but though the lady was good, and affectionate, and rich withal, no comforts and no kind tending could countervail the effects of bygone toils and privations, and from the brief remainder of his days, weakness and anguish made many a mournful deduction. Still the busy mind worked on. To the congregation, which had already shewn at once its patience and its piety, by listening to Caryl's ten quartos on Job, and which was afterwards to have its patience farther tried and rewarded, in the long but invalid incumbency of Isaac Watts, Dr. Owen ministered as long as he was able; and, being a preacher who had "something to say," it was cheering to him to recognise among his constant attendants persons so intelligent and influential as the late Protector's brother-in-law and son-in-law, Colonel Desborough and Lord Charles Fleetwood, Sir John Hartopp, the Hon. Roger Boyle, Lady Abney, and the Countess of Anglesea, and many other hearers who adorned the doctrine which their pastor expounded, and whose expectant eagerness gave zest to his studies, and animation to his public addresses. Besides, during all this interval, and to the number of more than thirty volumes, he was giving to the world those masterly works which have invigorated the theology and sustained the devotion of unnumbered readers in either hemisphere. Amongst others, folio by folio, came forth that Exposition of the Hebrews, which, amidst all its digressive prolixity, and with its frequent excess of erudition, is an enduring monument of its author's robust understanding and spiritual insight, as well as his astonishing industry. At last the pen dropped from his hand, and on the 23d of August 1683, he dictated a note to his like-minded friend, Charles Fleetwood: "I am going to him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me, with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but while the great pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible—that he will never leave us nor forsake us. My affectionate respects to your lady, and to the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency."

The morrow after he had sent this touching message to the representative of a beloved family was Bartholomew day, the anniversary of the ejection of his two thousand brethren. That morning a friend called to tell him that he had put to the press his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." There was a moment's gleam in his languid eye, as he answered, "I am glad to hear it: but, O brother Payne! the long wished for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world." A few hours of silence followed, and then that glory was revealed. On the fourth of September, a vast funeral procession, including the carriages of sixty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, with long trains of mourning coaches and horsemen, took the road to Finsbury; and there, in a new burying-ground, within a few paces of Goodwin's grave, and near the spot where, five years later, John Bunyan was interred, they laid the dust of Dr. Owen. His grave is with us to this day; but in the crowded Golgotha, surrounded with undertakers' sheds, and blind brick walls, with London cabs and omnibuses whirling past the gate, few pilgrims can distinguish the obliterated stone which marks the resting-place of the mighty Non-conformist.*

Many of our readers will remember Robert Baillie's description of Dr. Twiss, the Prolocutor of the Westminster Assembly: "The man, as the world knows, is very learned in the questions he has studied, and very good—beloved of all, and highly esteemed—but merely bookish . . . and among the unfittest of all the company for any action." In this respect Dr. Owen was a great contrast to his studious cotemporary; for he was as eminent for business talent as most ministers are conspicuous for the want of it. It was on this account that he was selected for the task of re-organizing the universities of Dublin and Oxford; and the success with which he fulfilled his commission, whilst it justified his patron's sagacity, shewed that he was sufficiently master of himself to become the master of other minds. Of all his brethren few were so "fit for action." To the same cause to which he owed this practical ascendancy, we are disposed to ascribe his popularity as a preacher; for we agree with Dr. Thomson, (*Life of Owen*, p. cvi.) in thinking that Owen's power in the pulpit must have been greater than is usually surmised by his modern readers. Those who knew him describe

* A copious Latin epitaph was inscribed on his tomb-stone, of which Mr. Orme speaks, in 1826, as "still in fine preservation." (*Memoirs*, p. 346.) We are sorry to say that three letters, faintly traceable, are all that can now be deciphered. The tomb of his illustrious colleague, Goodwin, is in a still more deplorable condition: not only is the inscription effaced, but the marble slab, having been split with lightning, has never been repaired.

him as a singularly fluent and persuasive speaker; and they also represent his social intercourse as peculiarly vivacious and cheerful. From all which our inference is, that Owen was one of those happy people who, whether for business or study, whether for conversation or public speaking, can concentrate all their faculties on the immediate occasion, and who do justice to themselves and the world, by doing justice to each matter as it successively comes to their hand.

A well-informed and earnest speaker will always be popular, if he be tolerably fluent, and if he "shew himself friendly;" but no reputation and no talent will secure an audience to the automaton who is unconscious of his hearers, or to the misanthrope, who despises or dislikes them. And if, as Anthony à Wood informs us, "the persuasion of his oratory could move and wind the affections of his admiring auditory almost as he pleased," we can well believe that he possessed the "proper and comely personage, the graceful behaviour in the pulpit, the eloquent elocution, and the winning and insinuating deportment," which this reluctant witness ascribes to him. With such advantages, we can understand how, dissolved into a stream of continuous discourse, the doctrines which we only know in their crystallized form of heads and particulars, became a gladsome river; and how the man who spoke them with sparkling eye and shining face was not shunned as a buckram pedant, but run after as a popular preacher.

And yet, to his written style Owen is less indebted for his fame than almost any of the Puritans. Not to mention that his works have never been condensed into fresh pith and modern portableness by any congenial Fawcett, they never did exhibit the pathetic importunity and Demosthenic fervour of Baxter. In his Platonic loftiness Howe always dwelt apart; and there have been no glorious dreams since Bunyan woke amidst the beatific vision. Like a soft valley, where every turn reveals a cascade or a castle, or at least a picturesque cottage, Flavel lures us along by the vivid succession of his curious analogies and interesting stories; whilst all the way the path is green with kind humanity, and bright with Gospel blessedness. And, like some sheltered cove, where the shells are all so brilliant, and the sea-plants all so curious, that the young naturalist can never leave off collecting, so profuse are the quaint sayings and the nice little anecdotes which Thomas Brooks showers from his "Golden Treasury," from his "Box," and his "Cabinet," that the reader needs must follow where all the road is so radiant. But Owen has no adventitious attractions. His books lack the extempore felicities and the reflected fellow-feeling which lent a charm to his spoken sermons; and on the table-land of his controversial treatises, sentence follows sentence like a file of iron-

sides, in buff and rusty steel, a sturdy procession, but a dingy uniform; and it is only here and there where a son of Anak has burst his rags, that you glimpse a thought of uncommon stature or wonderful proportions. Like candidates for the modern ministry, in his youth Owen had learned to write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but then, as now, English had no place in the academic curriculum. And had he been urged in maturer life to study the art of composition, most likely he would have frowned on his adviser. He would have urged the "haste" which "the King's business" requires, and might have reminded us that viands are as wholesome on a wooden trencher as on a plate of gold. He would have told us that truth needs no tinsel, and that the road over a bare heath may be more direct than the pretty windings of the valley. Or, rather, he would have said, as he has written—"Know that you have to do with a person who, provided his words but clearly express the sentiments of his mind, entertains a fixed and absolute disregard of all elegance and ornaments of speech."

True: gold is welcome even in a purse of the coarsest canvas; and, although it is not in such caskets that people look for gems, no man would despise a diamond because he found it in an earthen porringer. In the treatises of Owen there is many a sentence which, set in a sermon, would shine like a brilliant; and there are ingots enough to make the fortune of a Theological faculty. For instance, we open the first treatise in this new collection of his works, and we read:—"It carrieth in it a great condecency unto Divine wisdom, that man should be restored unto the image of God, by Him who was the essential image of the Father; and that He was made like unto us, that we might be made like unto Him, and unto God through Him;" and we are immediately reminded of a recent treatise on the Incarnation, and all its beautiful speculation regarding the "Pattern-Man." We read again till we come to the following remark:—"It is the nature of sincere goodness to give a delight and complacency unto the mind in the exercise of itself, and communication of its effects. A good man doth both delight in doing good, and hath an abundant reward *for* the doing it, *in* the doing of it;" and how can we help recalling a memorable sermon "On the Immediate Reward of Obedience," and a no less memorable chapter in a Bridgewater Treatise, "On the Inherent Pleasure of the Virtuous Affections?" And we read the chapter on "The Person of Christ the great Representative of God," and are startled by its foreshadowings of the sermons and the spiritual history of a remarkably honest and vigorous thinker, who, from doubting the doctrine of the Trinity, was led to recognise in the person of Jesus Christ the Alpha and Omega

of his theology. It is possible that Archdeacon Wilberforce, and Chalmers, and Arnold, may never have perused the treatise in question; and it is equally possible that under the soporific influence of a heavy style, they may never have noticed passages for which their own minds possessed such a powerful affinity. But by the legitimate expedient of appropriate language—perhaps by means of some “ornament or elegance”—Jeremy Taylor or Barrow would have arrested attention to such important thoughts; and the cause of truth would have gained, had the better divine been at least an equal orator.

However, there are “masters in Israel,” whose style has been remarkably meagre; and perhaps “Edwards on the Will” and “Butler’s Analogy,” would not have numbered many more readers, although they had been composed in the language of Addison. We must, therefore, notice another obstacle which has hindered our author’s popularity, and it is a fault of which the world is daily becoming more and more intolerant. That fault is prolixity. Dr. Owen did not take time to be brief; and in his polemical writings, he was so anxious to leave no cavil unanswered, that he spent, in closing loop-holes, the strength which would have crushed the foe in open battle. No misgiving as to the champion’s powers will ever cross the mind of the spectators; but movements more rapid would render the conflict more interesting, and the victory not less conclusive.* In the same way, that the effectiveness of his controversial works is injured by this excursive tendency, so the practical impression of his other works is too often suspended by inopportune digressions; whilst every treatise would have commanded a wider circulation if divested of its irrelevant encumbrances. Within the entire range of British authorship there exist no grander contributions toward a systematic Christology than the Exposition of the Hebrews, with its dissertations on the Saviour’s priesthood; but whilst there are few theologians who have not occasionally consulted it, those are still fewer who have mastered its ponderous contents; and we have frequently known valiant

* In his delightful reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers, Mr. J. J. Gurney says, “I often think that particular men bear about with them an analogy to particular animals: Chalmers is like a good-tempered lion; Wilberforce is like a bee.” Dr. Owen often reminds us of an elephant: the same ponderous movements—the same gentle sagacity—the same vast but unobtrusive powers. With a logical proboscis able to handle the heavy guns of Hugo Grotius, and to untwist withal the tangled threads of Richard Baxter, in his encounters with John Goodwin he resembles his prototype in a leopard-hunt, where sheer strength is on the one side, and brisk agility on the other. And, to push our conceit no further, they say that this wary animal will never venture over a bridge till he has tried its strength, and is assured that it can bear him; and, if we except the solitary break-down in the Waltonian controversy, our disputant was as cautious in choosing his ground as he was formidable when once he took up his position.

students who addressed themselves to the "Perseverance of the Saints," or the "Justification," but like settlers put ashore in a cane-brake, or in a jungle of prickly pears, after struggling for hours through the Preface or the General Considerations, they were glad to regain the water's edge, and take to their boat once more.

It was their own loss, however, that they did not reach the interior; for there they would have found themselves in the presence of one of the greatest of Theological intellects. Black and Cavendish were born ready-made chemists, and Linnæus and Cuvier were naturalists in spite of themselves; and so, there is a mental conformation which almost necessitated Augustine and Athanasius, Calvin and Arminius, to be dogmatists and systematic divines. With the opposite aptitudes for large generalization and subtile distinction, as soon as some master-principle had gained possession of their devout understandings, they had no greater joy than to develop its all-embracing applications, and they sought to subjugate Christendom to its imperial ascendancy. By itself, the habit of lofty contemplation would have made them pietists or Christian psalmists, and a mere turn for definition would have made them quibblers or schoolmen; but the two united, and together animated by a strenuous faith, made them theologians. In such intellects the seventeenth century abounded; but we question if in dialectic skill, guided by sober judgment, and in extensive acquirements, mellowed by a deep spirituality, it yielded an equivalent to Dr. Owen.

Although there is only one door to the kingdom of heaven, there is many an entrance to scientific divinity. There is the gate of Free Inquiry as well as the gate of Spiritual Wistfulness. And although there are exceptional instances, on the whole we can predict what school the new-comer will join, by knowing the door through which he entered. If from the wide fields of speculation he has sauntered inside the sacred enclosure; if he is a historian who has been carried captive by the documentary demonstration—or a poet who has been arrested by the spiritual sentiment—or a philosopher who has been won over by the Christian theory, and who has thus made a hale-hearted entrance within the precincts of the faith,—he is apt to patronize that gospel to which he has given his accession, and like Clemens Alexandrinus, or Hugo Grotius, or Alphonse de Lamartine, he will join that school where Taste and Reason alternate with Revelation, and where ancient classics and modern sages are scarcely subordinate to the "men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." On the other hand, if "fleeing from the wrath to come," through the crevice of some "faithful saying," he has struggled into enough of knowledge to calm his con-

science and give him peace with Heaven, the oracle which assured his spirit will be to him unique in its nature and supreme in its authority, and, a debtor to that scheme to which he owes his very self, like Augustine, and Cowper, and Chalmers, he will join that school where Revelation is absolute, and where "Thus saith the Lord" makes an end of every matter. And without alleging that a long process of personal solicitude is the only right commencement of the Christian life, it is worthy of remark that the converts whose Christianity has thus commenced have usually joined that theological school which, in "salvation-work," makes least account of man and most account of God. Jeremy Taylor, and Hammond, and Barrow, were men who made religion their business; but still they were men who regarded religion as a life *for* God rather than a life *from* God, and in whose writings recognitions of Divine mercy and atonement and strengthening grace are comparatively faint and rare. But Bolton and Bunyan, and Thomas Goodwin, were men who from a region of carelessness or ignorance were conducted through a long and darkling labyrinth of self-reproach and inward misery, and by a way which they knew not were brought out at last on a bright landing-place of assurance and praise; and, like Luther in the previous century, and like Halyburton, and Whitefield, and Jonathan Edwards, in the age succeeding, the strong sense of their own demerit led them to ascribe the happy change from first to last to the sovereign grace and good Spirit of God. It was in deep contrition and much anguish of soul that Owen's career began; and that creed, which is pre-eminently the religion of "broken hearts," became his system of theology.

"Children, live like Christians; I leave you the covenant to feed upon." Such was the dying exhortation of him who protected so well England and the Albigenses; and "the covenant" was the food with which the devout heroic lives of that godly time were nourished. This covenant was the sublime staple of Owen's theology. It suggested topics for his parliamentary sermons;—"A Vision of Unchangeable Mercy," and "The Steadfastness of Promises." It attracted him to that book of the Bible in which the federal economy is especially unfolded. And, whether discoursing on the eternal purposes, or the extent of redemption—whether expounding the Mediatorial office, or the work of the sanctifying Spirit—branches of this tree of life re-appear in every treatise. In such discussions some may imagine that there can be nothing but barren speculation, or, at the best, an arduous and transcendental theosophy. However, when they come to examine for themselves they will be astonished at the mass of Scriptural authority on which they are based; and, unless we greatly err, they will find them peculiarly sub-

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It was their own loss, however, interior; for there they would have presence of one of the greatest of time and Cavendish were born ready-made and Cuvier were naturalists in there is a mental conformation which fine and Athanasius, Calvin and generalization and subtle distinct principle had gained possession of them; they had no greater joy than to ascendency. By itself, the habit have made them pietists or Christians for definition would have made but the two united, and together made them theologians. In century abounded; but we got by sober judgment, and in extent a deep spirituality, it yielded : Although there is only one entrance to the gate of Free Inquiry as wellness. And although there whole we can predict what knowing the door through fields of speculation he has if he is a historian who has mentary demonstration—or a spiritual sentiment—or a the Christian theory—and entrance within that gospel to mens Alexandrine, he will with Revelation are scarcely moved by the wrath to ing," he

servient to correction and instruction in righteousness. Many writers have done more for the details of Christian conduct; but for purposes of heart-discipline and for the nurture of devout affections, there is little uninspired authorship equal to the more practical publications of Owen. In the *Life* of that noble-hearted Christian philosopher, the late Dr. Welsh, it is mentioned that in his latter days, besides the Bible, he read nothing but "Owen on Spiritual-Mindedness," and the "Olney Hymns;" and we shall never despair of the Christianity of a country which finds numerous readers for his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ," and his "Exposition of the hundred and thirtieth Psalm."

And here we may notice a peculiarity of Owen's treatises, which is at once an excellence and a main cause of their redundancies. So systematic was his mind that he could only discuss a special topic with reference to the entire scheme of truth; and so constructive was his mind, that, not content with the confutation of his adversary, he loved to state and establish positively the truth impugned: to which we may add, so devout was his disposition, that, instead of leaving his thesis a dry demonstration, he was anxious to suffuse its doctrine with those spiritual charms which it wore to his own contemplation. All this adds to the bulk of his polemical writings. At the same time it adds to their value. Dr. Owen makes his reader feel that the point in debate is not an isolated dogma, but a part of the "whole counsel of God;" and by the positive as well as practical form in which he presents it, he does all which a disputant can to counteract the sceptical and pragmatical tendencies of religious controversy. Hence, too, it comes to pass that, with one of the commonplaces of Protestantism or Calvinism for a nucleus, his works are most of them virtual systems of doctrino-practical divinity.

The alluvial surface of a country takes its complexion from the prevailing rock-formation. The *Essays* of Foster, and the *Sermons* of Chalmers excepted, the evangelical theology of the last hundred years has been chiefly alluvial; and in its miscellaneous composition the element which we chiefly recognise is a detritus from Mount Owen. To be sure, a good deal of it is the decomposition of a more recent conglomerate, but a conglomerate in which larger boulders of the original formation are still discernible. The sermon-makers of the present day may read Cecil and Romaine and Andrew Fuller; and in doing this they are studying the men who studied Owen. But why not study the original? It does good to an ordinary understanding to hold fellowship with a master mind; and it would greatly freshen the ministrations of our pulpits, if, with the eclectic eye

of modern culture, and with minds alive to our modern exigency, preachers held converse direct with the prime sources of British theology. We could imagine the reader of Boston producing a sermon as good as Robert Walker's, and the reader of Henry producing a commentary as good as Thomas Scott's, and the reader of Bishop Hall producing sketches as good as the "*Horæ Homileticæ*;" but we grow sleepy when we try to imagine Scott diluted or Walker desiccated, and from a congregation top-dressed with bone-dust from the "*Skeletons*," the crop we should expect would be neither fervent Christians nor enlightened Churchmen. And, even so, a reproduction of the men who have repeated or translated Owen, is sure to be commonplace and feeble; but from warm hearts and active intellects employed on Owen himself, we could expect a multitude of new Cecils and Romaines and Fullers.

As North British Reviewers, we congratulate our country on having produced this beautiful reprint of the illustrious Puritan; and from the fact that they have offered it at a price which has introduced it to four thousand libraries, we must regard the publishers as benefactors to modern theology. The editor has consecrated all his learning and all his industry to his labour of love; and, by all accounts, the previous copies needed a reviser as careful and as competent as Mr. Goold. Dr. Thomson's memoir of the author we have read with singular pleasure. It exhibits much research, and a fine appreciation of Dr. Owen's characteristic excellencies, and its tone is kind and catholic. Such reprints, rightly used, will be a new era in our Christian literature. They can scarcely fail to intensify the devotion and invigorate the faculties of such as read them. And if these readers be chiefly professed divines, the people will in the long-run reap the benefit. Let taste and scholarship and eloquence by all means do their utmost; but it is little which these can do without materials. The works of Owen are an exhaustless magazine; and, without forgetting the source whence they were themselves supplied, there is many an empty mill which their garner could put into productive motion. Like the gardens of Malta, many a region, now bald and barren, might be rendered fair and profitable with loam imported from their Holy Land; and many is the fair structure which might be reared from a single block of their cyclopean masonry.

ART. VII.—*On the Kawi Language in the Island of Java, with an Introduction on the Difference of Structure observable in the Languages of Mankind, and its Influence on the Intellectual Development of the Human Race.* By WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT. 3 Vols. Berlin, 1836. (*The INTRODUCTION is reprinted in the Collected Works of WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT. Vol. 6. Berlin, 1848.*)

THE comparative study of language is of quite modern date. It was hardly known in Europe thirty years ago; for that unscientific comparison of single words, without principle or analogy, which made itself so often ridiculous in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, does not deserve the name. We will just mention two reasons for its tardy appearance amongst the number of the sciences. In the *first* place, it requires the possession of a considerable amount of materials drawn from the most various sources, and these, either from want of opportunity of collecting them, or want of interest in the pursuit, have not been very long within our reach. It implies, *secondly*, a particular temper of mind.

The Roman Empire included under its vast dominion people speaking an immense number of different languages, but their scientific men felt very little interest in these languages, just because they felt very little interest in the men by whom they were spoken. The great difficulty of intercommunication partly produced this result, but not altogether. The Romans had a clear idea of what is high and noble in the individual character, and a full appreciation of it; but the idea of looking with interest upon men, and what concerned them, *on the grounds of a common humanity*, had not risen before them with any distinctness, still less had it convinced them of the duty of endeavouring to raise their fellow-men with themselves. In their colonies, the Romans rather drove back the original inhabitants than mixed themselves up with them. We may see, however, from the well-known anecdote, of the effect produced in the theatre by Terence's glorious sentiment, that the idea of which we speak was not wholly wanting amongst the Romans. It was absorbed, however, in the strong feeling of their own nationality. The nearest approach to the wider contemplation of man, in the writers of the ancient world with which we are acquainted, is to be found in the introduction to the history of Polybius. That author there speaks of nations as being constituted like the members of a body, and declares his opinion, that the history of one nation cannot be understood without taking that of others into account.

Christianity first gave the conviction of the real value of man as an individual, and implanted the idea of humanity as distinct from nationality. It therefore most pointedly recognises the value and existence of individual character and national character, whilst it provides means for the true development of each, so that both persons and nations may form members of one great whole. The endeavour after a false uniformity, the cowardly fear of following out their individual vocation, this seems to have been the sin of the builders of Babel, who would not go out and replenish the earth; but their self-devised material unity fell to pieces under God's own hand, as a witness that such unity never could continue, and the nations were forced to pursue their proper course of development, in order that they might eventually be gathered into a higher and spiritual unity in the Kingdom of Christ.

But though this is the true spirit of Christianity, we cannot say that it has hitherto pervaded either our plans of colonization, or those departments of science in which man and his works are the objects of research. The Church of the middle ages regarded the individual too little. The Reformation restored his rights to the individual, stimulated the mind to search into man and nature, and awakened the feeling of the sacredness of the national tongues, but its effects on science were long one-sided. It required the *true* Catholic spirit, the perception of unity amidst difference, to induce a large survey and a bold and hopeful comparison of things which seem at first sight to have nothing in common. There are, however, many indications in the expressions and writings of the present age of a more correct feeling in this respect. The experience of the last few years has taught us, that as the world grows old, the feeling of race and the distinctions of race are not extinguished, but are perhaps more strongly felt than ever, and that as races rise in the scale of humanity, their peculiar characteristics are magnified also: at the same time, we trust (and we would take the Exhibition of the works of industry and art of all nations this year as a proof of it) that the nations, though they feel their distinctness most as they exercise their peculiar gifts most successfully, are not on that account more separate, but more deeply assured that they are complementary to each other, that they are designed to work together as an organic whole.

That the universal is manifested in the particular, and cannot be realized apart from it, is perhaps the leading principle of the higher philosophy of our day. By encouraging the exercise of critical analysis in a hopeful and reconciling spirit, it has been most useful in its application to the study of the Languages of mankind. The concurrence indeed of this critical philosophy,

with the increased stock of materials which the spread of the Saxon race (in the English nation especially) has brought within our reach, is the proximate cause of the rise of that linguistic school which reckons the illustrious William von Humboldt as one of its chief leaders, if not its head.

No nation has done so much as the English in the way of amassing materials for the comparative study of language. Our widely extended colonies and commerce have afforded us great opportunities, and the spirit of intelligent and faithful observation which characterizes our nation, has led us to make the most of them. Merchants and missionaries, soldiers and civilians, as well as men of science, have all rendered good service in this work; and our literary and philological societies established at home, have sifted the materials collected, and stored them up for use. But if we want to see what scientific use may be made of these materials, what methods of scientific comparison must be followed, what general results may be deduced from them for the understanding of language as a *whole*, we hardly know where to look at home either for a manual or an orderly collection. For these we must turn especially to our German neighbours, and the names of Bopp and Grimm, of Pott and—last, but not least—Humboldt, rise before our minds.

The work whose title stands at the head of our present Article is no doubt known to most of our professed linguists; for in spite of its want of method, and the occasional obscurity of the diction, which render it exceedingly difficult to understand, there is in it a depth of research, a range of information, a felicity of illustration, a subtlety of analysis, a boldness of connexion, and a poetic glow of language and thought, which render it as instructive and suggestive as it is stirring and delightful. But it is because its results are capable of a practical application, and afford hints for guidance in many branches of human endeavour and scientific research, that we wish to bring it before a larger class of readers, and to give an account of it which we hope will convince them, that the comparative study of language is not only useful but interesting. We will briefly mention one or two points of view in which we regard that study as of deep practical importance.

Such a study, or at all events an acquaintance with the results which it brings out, can alone convince us practically of the intimate connexion that exists between the character of a nation and its language, and help us to understand the former from the latter. For the language of a people reveals depths of individual character to an exercised and reflective mind, which even their practical works, their institutions and customs, cannot unfold. If, therefore, the Christian missionary desires to follow the example

of the great apostle, St. Paul, and to meet the heathen nations whom he wishes to convert to the faith of Christ, as St. Paul met the Athenians, upon their own standing ground, in order to destroy the falsehoods they have built up thereon without cutting *all* grounds of belief from under their feet,—so that he may apply wisely that one remedy for human sin and woe with which he is entrusted,—surely it is desirable that he should have, not a mere empirical acquaintance with their language, but such an acquaintance with it as will enable him to understand those hereditary modes of thought and feeling and contemplation, which discover themselves by the peculiar modes of their expression in language. If the warm-hearted and benevolent man who goes out into foreign lands not merely to secure room for himself to work and thrive, but also to benefit his fellow-men by raising them in the scale of humanity and civilisation, desires to produce something more than a tame uniformity, and seeks to preserve the institutions of the country in which he finds himself by giving them as much efficiency as possible, (as it is evident the excellent Sir J. Brooke wishes to do,) as well as to cultivate and develop in a right direction the individuality which he values, because he regards it as the stamp of God, ought he not to appreciate a study which may lead to results enabling him more fully to penetrate into the spirit of the nation which he wishes to improve? Again, if that philosophical method which belongs especially to Englishmen, which is founded upon a reverence for facts and a reference of them to a higher law in which they find their meaning, their reason, and their unity, is to find its consistent application to man's mind and spirit; if the philosophy of Bacon and Butler is to be developed amongst us, surely it is important that we should pay the utmost attention to a branch of study which presents us with a collection of facts belonging to that region of man where mind and body especially manifest themselves as one, with the products of the inmost laboratory of man's being. For it is only by the *comparison* of these *facts* that we can understand and weigh any one of them accurately. We cannot help thinking too, that human language is a main witness to the truth, that there is an order for man which he does not make for himself, but in which he finds himself, that he cannot *live* out of this order, that in conformity to it lies the secret of his strength and of his freedom. For it is by using the language of the nation in which God has placed him, that man learns to know his brethren and himself, as well as to understand the world around him. But to this we must return, as it may perhaps throw light upon some of the great social questions of the day.

Now in this scientific study of language the work of Humboldt

presents us with most valuable rules and land-marks. To use the words of Chevalier Bunsen, his successor in the Prussian legation at Rome, "it claims an eminent rank as the concentration of the thoughts and researches of a man of excellent judgment, and profound learning, who had dedicated a great part of his active life, partly to speculations on language in general, partly to a critical and detailed analysis of a variety of tongues. Its researches belong to the *calculus sublimis* of linguistic theory, and it places Wilhelm von Humboldt's name in universal comparative ethnologic philology, by the side of that of Leibnitz,"—who, we may add, possessed the philosophic spirit, but not the supply of materials for such a work.

Humboldt's mind, like that of his illustrious brother, is marked by a great reverence for *facts*. His method in this is like that of the Father of our English philosophy. Bacon teaches us to wrest from nature her secret by observing her operations in general, and then to use her secret as the standard or the rule by which to measure her particular effects. Man is not merely to be the observer, but the judge of facts, and is to deduce from them a method by which to try them again. And it is only in so doing that he fulfils his vocation, which is to look not merely *at*, but *through* the phenomena of the universe, by the power of his mind, and this reverently, because he believes that God has ordained them as means for his education. We find Humboldt constantly applying this principle, and sometimes enunciating it.*

The course of Humboldt's investigations we will now endeavour to trace, in as much detail as our limits will permit, sometimes presenting his meaning, sometimes giving his words in a translation, and sometimes adding our own observations and illustrations from other sources. Our readers must pardon us if the train of thought and research along which we desire to conduct them is necessarily sometimes intricate, or not very clearly marked, for in this article we are pursuing *principles* rather than details.

Nations considered as members of the human race differ just as members of the same family differ, that is, within certain limits; and these limits expand as we rise from the tribe to the nation, and from the nation to the stock. We have thus a suc-

* In his essay, entitled, "Die Aufgabe des Geschichtschreibers," he says, "All that the historian can do in order to bring *with him* the form under which the complicated incidents of history can appear in their only true connexion, (Hegel's creative pure thought,) is to *extract* that form *from* them." Again, "He must take especial care not to attach his own independently formed ideas to the facts, or even in seeking the connexion of the whole to sacrifice anything of the living riches of the particular; for nothing is entirely separate from the general connexion." This tendency makes one of his Hegelian commentators observe,—"It is a great pity that such a man as Humboldt should shudder and shrink when he approaches the *snow-line* of pure thought."

cession of individualities, each bearing a certain character, which becomes more definite as we descend in the scale. It is not, however, Humboldt's purpose to inquire into the origin of nations, and of national character, but into the causes and effects of the actual differences which may be observed in their languages. He finds men gathered into communities, bound together by other ties than mere juxtaposition, and, above all, united by using the same language as a means of understanding themselves and communicating with one another. He justly regards this common language as the most telling mark of a nation, as a proof that a peculiar cast of mind belongs to it, of which the language itself is the clearest exponent.

But the questions naturally arise, what is a language?—how is it distinguished from the dialect on the one side, and the family or stock of languages on the other?—what constitutes its identity amidst the changes which time introduces? Now, to describe the character of a language, so as to present it as an individual, is just as difficult as to describe an individual man. No mere measuring of parts nor description of outlines can convey an impression of him to another. It depends principally upon the expression of the countenance, upon the mind which is revealed more or less distinctly in those outward forms. It is this that gives unity to the whole. So, in the delineation of a language, we cannot indeed be too particular in noting individual peculiarities; we must mark the different forms of words, and the rules which determine their application; but we must, above all, get at the law of the formation of the language itself, at that constitutive idea which moulds it from within. To perceive the *form* of each language (as Humboldt terms this, as distinguished from its *grammatical forms*) will alone enable the linguist to appreciate the varieties of human language, and save him from bewilderment amidst the endless stock of materials which demands his attention.

Now, all *form* implies *materials*, and the materials of a language, corresponding to the above comprehensive sense of the word form, lie beyond the limits of language itself, consisting on the one side of *sound* in general; on the other, of all that is or can be presented to the mind as the object of thought. The formative power of speech peculiar to the nation knits these two elements together, according to its own laws, into a unity, and it is this organic unity which renders a language capable of being transmitted from generation to generation, and of preserving its identity at different periods. The form, too, of a language, decides to what stock or family it belongs; since the forms of several languages may be collected under some more general form, and this again under one still more comprehensive. For “nowhere,” observes Humboldt, “is individual character of different

degrees, within the bounds of universal correspondence, so remarkable as in the languages of the earth, so that one may say with equal justice, that mankind speak but one language, and that every man has a language of his own."

In order that we may trace the sources as well as the degrees of these differences, and the ground of this correspondence, it is necessary that we should understand the relation of the two materials of language, already mentioned, to each other, as well as their separate effects. The vocation of man is to be the mediator between mind and matter, and his nature is constituted to answer this end. As by his body he is brought into contact with the material world, so by his mind and spirit he can subdue this to himself, hold converse with minds and spirits akin to his own, and even maintain communion with the Creator of the universe. As an embodied spirit man cannot but *embody* whatever his mind receives or produces. Thoughts must find an *utterance*, an outward expression, and find it in several ways. But there is no mode of utterance so universal, so immediate, so directly proceeding from the man, and appealing to the man, as language. None finds him at greater depths, because none proceeds from greater depths of his own being. The outward mode of conveying his thoughts is symbolical of the inwardness of the source of language, and the comprehensiveness of its possible effects in the world. Man moulds the breath of life into the expression of his thoughts, and makes the all-embracing atmosphere to vibrate with his mind. We cannot view the connexion between mind and speech as too close and necessary. Speech is as much a function of thinking man as breathing. It is necessary to him not merely for communication with others, but as a means of understanding himself. Man is set amidst a world of sights and sounds and objects pressing upon the senses in various ways. But these objects do not pass before the mind as images before a mirror. The mind is not a mere passive recipient. The man compares what he sees and passes judgment upon it. He observes that the objects before him have some marks that belong only to themselves, and learns to *distinguish*. He perceives that they have marks in common, and learns to *combine*. The mere outward object is converted in the living mirror of man's mind into an inward picture. But the instinct of utterance, inseparable from thought in man, impels him to give a body to this inward representation. It is already to him a *new* object, because it bears the stamp of mind—"hues of its own, fresh borrowed from the heart;" but he desires to increase its objectivity, to connect it once more with matter, without suffering it to lose the stamp of mind. The means are at hand. The voice admits of an indefinite number of modifications, suscep-

tible of combination without confusion, of difference without discord. The mental effort finds a way for itself through the lips, and the inward picture assumes an outward form in sound. The outward object is translated in language into a new object, bearing the stamp of the subject, in the shape of words. How important this act of utterance is to our minds we may judge from the fact, that we never really think without unspoken words, and that we sometimes speak to ourselves in order to give increased objectivity to our thoughts and to enable us to analyze them better. Thus man surrounds himself with a world of *sounds* corresponding to the world of things and persons, but bearing the impress of mind, and therefore forming a link between mind and matter.

But by the faculty of speech man is declared not only to be a thinking being, but a social being. Speaking implies hearing, as well as understanding, on the part of others. It follows, of course, that the individual is limited in the choice of his words, for, unless persons represent to themselves the same things by the *same* words, mutual understanding is impossible. Moreover it is necessary to dwell upon what we may call the objective character of language for other reasons. The formed and uttered word is a *new object*, bearing the stamp of man's mind, yet not of man merely as an individual, but of man as *the member of a certain nation*. The word which the individual utters belongs to him, inasmuch as it has proceeded from him, (and then it may be far more full of meaning to him than to his immediate hearer,) but it belongs likewise to the nation, because it has proceeded from the heart of the nation. It is this which renders language not merely a means of communication with others, but a spiritual bond of union, and in itself a means of education, connecting the individual with the past and the future, laying upon him a restraint, but a restraint which, like all true law, limits only his license, and secures his freedom. "All speech," says Humboldt, "from the very simplest, is a connexion of that which is felt individually with the common nature of humanity." We can imagine times of less developed individuality, when the brighter consciousness of some great man might flash into word whilst his fellow-men were silent, and this vocal act be so distinctly felt as the utterance of the intellectual wants of the community, as to be at once quietly but unanimously adopted into the language of the people. In the ante-historical times, in which the original languages had their formation, we can imagine this to have been the usual course. But this *seer* and *poet* (for such he would be) could only be borne on by the conviction that he was understood by those to whom he spoke, that he was bringing to the birth that which was struggling in their minds. The feeling that he was a member

of a body would prompt his utterance. We would go further, and say, that in every fresh word brought into the language there would be a proof that that God who brought the animals to Adam, to see what he would call them, was awakening the consciousness of men to understand the world and themselves. The work of the formation of language would be, therefore, a continually repeated act of *introduction* of words on the part of individuals, who, from understanding the unspoken thoughts of their brethren, were best fitted to be their spokesman, and of *adoption* on the part of those whose hearts and minds responded to them. The same thing takes place now, though new words are introduced but seldom, and only gradually find their way into use; for still it is true that that word only *lives* which bears the stamp of *the nation and age*, and *not of the individual*.

In nothing that we have said above, do we wish to imply that there is such a thing as *concert* in the formation of language. Language is a birth, and not a production. Concert implies consciousness, and there is no act of consciousness interposed in language between the distinct mental view and the appropriate word. We do not believe that in our selection of words out of the common stock any conscious act intervenes. Men are eloquent from clearness of insight, and the power of realizing the connexions of things, and not by forethought or memory. No doubt language is a most wonderful example of combined effort; but those engaged in it were unconscious of working on any plan, towards any end to be attained in the far future. If, then, we observe amongst the languages of the earth some more advanced than others, we must not attribute their pre-eminence to any high ideal which the people set before themselves, but to the harmonious development of their powers of thought and utterance. We cannot overlook the fact that there is a plan and also a progress towards an end, but the plan and progress are in higher hands than man's. As Humboldt has well said in another place—"Universal history implies a Governor of the universe."

Since all language is in direct connexion with man's restless mind, it can never stand still, at least in nations which play any part on the stage of history. "There is no time," says Humboldt, "in which it is not undergoing some change, though it may be imperceptible. But the more advanced a language is in its grammatical structure, the less is choice admissible, the more does the word-creating power slumber, the more does the mass of ex-tant matter restrain the individual and the age." In considering the development of a language, therefore, both the subjective stamp of the national mind, by which the original direction was determined, and the mass of materials produced, (the objective

independent power of language,) must be taken into account. The sum of former effects, which may have been one-sided, exerts, so to speak, a *vis inertiae* in the present, which the vigour of a single generation can seldom overcome. Humboldt lays great stress upon this objective power in many passages of his work, and we think justly. "But since all and each," he says, "work uninterruptedly on the language, every generation produces on it some effect, not always obvious. For the change does not always lie in words or forms, but in the use that is made of them, and where writing and literature are wanting, it is difficult to discover this."

After having treated these general and abstract questions connected with national languages, Humboldt proceeds to his more immediate subject. Since the differences in languages depend on the physical and mental peculiarities of the nations to which they severally belong, he examines these two points separately. He treats first of the *vocal* element or the forms which sound takes. That the peculiar sounds which man utters can be formed by him at all, is a proof of his intellectual nature. Homer justly considered the epithet *μέρορες*, "dividing the voice into parts," as containing the chief outward characteristic of man. Man would never have had the power of uttering *articulate* sounds, (*i.e.*, sounds capable of forming the members of an organic whole,) if he had not possessed also the inward faculty of distinguishing objects from one another, and combining them—perceiving their points of difference and their relations to one another as portions of the universe.* The power of articulation rests, in fact, on the power of the mind to subdue the organs of speech to its own purposes. The number of sounds which different nations are able to produce varies within very narrow limits. The sounds themselves, although on the whole alike, differ in quality and distinctness; and, not unfrequently, secondary sounds, such as the aspirate, sibilant, and nasal, lose the subordinate character which they possess in languages of a higher class. The objects for which sound is to be employed in language generally determine the relative excellencies of alphabets.† In order, therefore, that a system of articulate sounds may be perfect, the sounds must admit of accurate distinction, and complete combination with others without losing their independence. Not

* The tendency to articulate observable in deaf and dumb persons, which has never been awakened by *hearing* the sounds corresponding to the motion of the organs of speech, is a remarkable proof of this.

† Alphabets are the result of analysis; syllables are really the units of sound. The Chinese, and, we believe, the Mandschur, have really only syllabaries, the former significant, and the latter phonetic as well.

only must there be abundance of sounds, shewing a happy organization of the voice that utters them and the ear that receives them, (which in a nation go together,) but likewise a perception of the relations of sounds, and, consequently, delicately marked gradations, with regularity in the manner of arranging them. It is not, however, only abundance of means that is needed, but a certain sobriety in the use of them, arising, as it were, from an instinctive presentiment of its wants. The mind ought to shew itself master of the outward element. It must not suffer its purposes in language to be thwarted by an over-luxuriant growth of sound. It must rather do some gentle violence to the organs of speech than hide the clue by which meanings are audibly connected. No transformation of sound, for instance, ought to obscure the connexion between the derived word and the root, the inflexion and the word to which it is applied.

But, farther, the comparative advantages which a language possesses, as regards the vocal element, may consist in the nature of the relation of the sound to the sense. "To explain," says Humboldt, "in what manner objects which appeal to all the senses at once, or the inward emotions of the heart, are represented by impressions on the ear alone, is in most cases impossible. That there is a connexion between the sound and the sense appears certain, although the nature of this connexion can seldom be accurately described. It must often be only obscurely felt, and much oftener be altogether undiscoverable." Confining ourselves, however, to simple words, Humboldt thinks we may assign three reasons which have determined the choice of sounds for the expression of particular conceptions. 1st, Objects are represented by certain sounds, because the object itself produces those sounds; i.e., so far as inarticulate sounds can be rendered by articulate. Sometimes too much of the inarticulate sound is introduced into the word; sometimes so much of the articulate that the imitation is scarcely apparent. This mode gives a rude character to the language, and words of this class often disappear as it receives higher cultivation. Such words in English, in which there is a great number, are *boom* (of cannon,) *hiss*, *pop*, *twang*. Some belong partly to this class, partly to the next, such as *gush*, *gasp*, in which the *g* is *symbolical*. 2^d, An object is designated by a sound which produces on the ear (often from the place in which it is formed by the organs of speech) a sensation akin to that which the object produces on the mind. Thus the sound *st* is used in many languages as well as the English, to form words having such meanings as *stand*, *staunch*, *stiff*, *stern*; it is obvious that the sound requires for its pronunciation a certain determination in the organs of speech.

It is easy to perceive why the liquid *l* should be used in such words as the Sanscrit *li*, in the Latin *solvo*, and the English *melt*, which have all the same meaning. The sharp dividing *n* is used in many such words as *nip*, *gnaw*, *not*; *strain*, *strenuous*, *strong*, are examples. It is easy to perceive that on this principle objects producing the same impressions may be represented by words containing the same sounds. Such, for instance, besides some of the above, are *wind*, *wave*, *wish*. This mode of designation was unquestionably much employed in the earliest structure of language, and may have produced a similarity of structure where there is no historical connexion. If it had been thoroughly carried out, the similarity would have been greater, since the same objects would everywhere produce the same impressions, and these impressions would stand in pretty much the same relations to the various sounds. 3d, Conceptions are represented by similar sounds when they stand in certain relations to each other. Words, likewise, whose meanings lie close together receive similar sounds, but without that regard to the quality of the sounds themselves which marked the former method. This mode, which is called the *analogical*, is in the most extensive use; the analogy of conceptions and of sounds proceeds in it *pari passu*, and it is most useful in pointing out the connexion of conceptions.

The extent to which this last and most refined method is carried out, depends, of course, very much upon the facility with which the language admits combinations of sound. Sometimes a change in relation is marked *symbolically*. Thus, in Arabic a very common mode of forming collectives is by the insertion of a lengthened vowel. This could only be done in a language in which the sense of articulation was highly cultivated: for some of the ruder tongues express this modification by pausing between the syllables, or by gesture, both evidently material fashions. Other examples of symbolical expression might be accumulated.

And we may further remark how the vocal and intellectual powers of nations influence each other. If the intellect of the nation is clear, and it realizes to itself distinctly the relations of objects, it will make a happy use of the articulate sounds which it possesses and seek to multiply them. As the power of distinction and combination in the mind is the condition of the articulation of the voice in general, so the desire to distinguish the finest shades of meaning and relation will induce variety and gradation of sound. The Arabic language, as compared with the Hebrew, is a proof that a nation favoured with inward light and outward advantages at a particular period, might not only apply extant forms of sound to the purposes of language, but develop these forms into greater variety. Only,

whatever development takes place is always in analogy with what Humboldt calls the *form* of the language, or of the stock to which it belongs.*

On the other hand, some languages from the very abundance of their vocal varieties, arising from a happy organization, and a delicate sense of relation and gradation in sound, may possess far more beautiful and ingenious forms than they are able to use, for distinguishing those relations which their intellect has enabled them clearly to represent to themselves. This is the case with the Semitic tongues. The Sanscrit, with its subtle analysis, has, from the perfection of its vocal system, several forms for the same relation. But those forms which are chiefly produced in the joyful utterance of an early stage of the language, lie ready for more discriminating use, even by other families of the same stock. Thus the Greek *plusquamperfectum* is formed from the superfluous form of a Sanscrit aorist.†

A very remarkable instance, as it appears to us, (though Humboldt does not adduce it,) of the way in which a love of euphony may *almost* raise a language of a lower form to a higher, from agglutination to inflexion, is afforded by that of Finland, the Suomi tongue, as the people themselves call it. This language is perhaps the most refined of the Tatar stock : there seems, indeed, to be a constant improvement as we proceed from the east towards the west in these languages.‡ The Finlanders have, from their love of fuller sounding forms, a dislike to monosyllabic roots, and add, even to those words which they adopt from foreign tongues, an unaccented vowel termination, giving the language that trochaic rhythm which distinguishes it. Thus the Magyar words *hal*, a fish ; *kéz*, the hand ; *él*, to live, are in Finnish respectively *kala*, *käsi*, and *elä* ; the German words *rath*, counsel, and *hut*, a hat, become *raati*, and *hattu*. Now the root itself, as in all agglutinating tongues, is unchangeable, internally, (this is their principal mark of distinction from the inflexional,) but the final consonant may be changed, as well as the above mentioned phonetic increment ; as, therefore, this vowel incre-

* Thus the Malay languages have increased their prefixes in number, but prefixes they remain.

† "Even in Greek," says Humboldt, "especially in Homer's language, there are considerable marks of the same tendency. But generally a remarkable difference between the Greek and the Sanscrit shews itself in this, that the Greek marks out its forms more exactly according to grammatical conceptions ; whilst the Sanscrit glories more in the use of her technical means to produce abundance of forms." Humboldt compares this richness of sound in another place (p. 92) to colour in painting.

‡ Thus in dealing with the annexed substantial words which are used to express relation, the Mandechur and Mongol separate them in writing from the principal word, the Turkish does this less frequently, whilst the Finnish and Magyar languages mould the words more into an inseparable whole.

ment likewise promotes the addition of consonants to the root itself, (for instance, the Mag. *fel* becomes in Finn. *pelke*, to fear; and the Mag. *hú* or *hul* becomes *kylmä*, cold,) it tends in two ways to multiply and improve forms. The phonetic element may in this way not only produce a certain resemblance to inflexion, but bear along the inward formative power of the language, compelling it to cast away the coarse material supports it has hitherto used, and to content itself with the slight indications of relation which the remains of the original elements present.

But if delight in sound, and a tendency to distinct articulation, may induce an inward change and improvement in language, a lack of these advantages, accompanied by want of energy in the nation (depressed perhaps by outward circumstances) to overcome this lack, and wrest from the outward *all* that it is able to supply, may occasion a degeneration in speech. When means of outward expression are thus rendered difficult, the nation is likely to rest satisfied with imperfect vocal formations. "Then it is unable to behold its whole being in all its depth and distinctness, by giving it objectivity in sound, thus losing itself, and even here and there falling back into the deviations of lower languages."* Such was actually the case with the Egyptian language. The inward formative principle of the old Egyptian is high. It belongs to the inflexional languages; it manifests a clear view of the laws of thought and the relations of things, it marks the distinction between meaning and relation, and recognises the importance of the verb in the sentence; but the power of articulation is weak, and there is no appreciation of euphony. This, in combination with other causes, has produced a degradation of the language which is well described by Bunsen in his linguistic dissertation read at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1847, and published in their Report for that year, (pp. 282, 283.)

We have next to consider how the *mental* peculiarities of nations influence the structure of their language. Such peculiarities manifest themselves in many ways, in their social institutions, their domestic habits, their manners, their gestures, their costume, for instance, as well as in their works and their words:—

"It might seem," says Humboldt, "as if all nations must be alike in the intellectual part of the process of language. We can understand that in their *vocal* forms there must be an immense variety corresponding to the individual characteristics of their bodily and physical conformation. But when we come to consider the *intellectual* side of language, which rests on the independent action of the mind, it appears as if the similarity of ends proposed, and of means afforded, must render it the same. No doubt this part of language

* Steinthal, *Classification der Sprachen*, p. 77.

presents a greater amount of likeness, but there are here, too, from many causes, important differences. These depend partly on the manifold *degrees* in which the general inward power of speech resides in different nations, as well as on the *relation* which exists between the various powers active in its production. On the other hand, we must remember, that there are in this domain faculties engaged whose operations cannot be measured by the formulae of the understanding. Imagination and feeling produce individual forms in which the character of the nation especially discovers itself." "But even in those parts of language which depend on the connexions of the understanding, differences are discernible, which almost always proceed from faulty or defective combinations." "The nature of human speech encourages indeed these inaccuracies, because it presents so many methods of getting round a difficulty, so that as far as the immediate practical object of language is concerned, they are harmless." "The fault of want of completeness," he says, in another place, "rests either upon the fact that the laws of thought are not distinctly realized in the mind, or upon the insufficient flexibility of the systems of sounds belonging to the language. Failure in one domain, however, reacts upon the other."

There are three points in which languages, from these causes, differ,—1st, The formation of their separate words; 2dly, The mode of adapting them to form parts of a sentence; 3dly, The manner of gathering them into a sentence. *First*, as to the formation of words, we must recur to a principle of general application before mentioned, on which Humboldt lays considerable stress, namely, that words are not the outward signs of things, but of our conceptions of them. One reason why the designations of things differ in different languages is, that the national manner of thinking is different. Nations take different views of things, and therefore they express them differently. Even the same object is designated differently in the same language, according to the characteristics of it, which strike the mind at the time the word is formed. Thus the elephant in Sanscrit is called the "twice drinking," the "two-tusked," the "hand possessing." It is the designation of simple inward and outward objects which exhibits most distinctly the mode of contemplation, the imagination, the fancy, and the feeling, the whole character, indeed, peculiar to nations. "Into the particular designation," says Humboldt, "enter plainly, in one case, imagination and feeling, guided by the loving contemplation of the outward world; in another, the acutely distinguishing understanding; in a third, the boldly connecting reason." In their words we may perceive that some nations have lived more face to face with nature, that others have pried more into the secrets of their own being. Some seem more to wish to keep distinctly before the mind the fact, that there is a connexion between the outward and the

inward, that the things that are seen are patterns of the things that are not seen; whilst others obliterate in their words the original marks of the connexion which was perceived between the two. A difference is plainly discernible in the first of these respects between the Greek and the German languages.* The stamp of the national mind is further discovered by the predominance of classes of words belonging to a particular department of thought or life; thus the Sanscrit abounds in religious and philosophical words.

But in order fully to enter into this subject, we must endeavour to look at the vocabulary of a language as a connected whole. There are two things which language has to express, *meaning* and *relation*, corresponding to substance and form. Now, it is plain that some nations may have a much keener sense of the relations of things than others, viewing the universe more as a connected whole, and seeing its analogies more clearly, and that this must shew itself in the structure of their languages. Some of these analogies would be seen to exist between sensible things, some would be felt as existing between things seen and unseen. The Indian grammarians boasted that their vocabulary could be explained out of itself, and though this might not be the fact, it shewed in them a true sense of the nature of language. They did not however imply that this structure was the result of reflection, but only of a happy genial mode of looking at the universe. Language has to make an infinite use of finite means, and the only way in which an approach can be made to this, is by a continual combination of those finite means. It cannot have altogether separate sounds for separate objects; and it is well that it cannot, for it might lose the opportunity of expressing the connexions of things by an analogical mode of treating sounds. The very necessity of the case then suggests an analogical mode of treatment. What we mean will be plainer in an example. The *flight* of a bird brings two views before the mind, that of a motion produced by wings, and that of a quickly passing action. The former particularizes the action, and distinguishes it from others; the second presents a feature by which it may be classed with others. Language takes advantage of this, and uses the radical sound *f* to represent the more general conception, adding another sound to express the particular. It thus multiplies its forms, and expresses the likeness which exists between the act of flying, for instance, and the conceptions contained in *flow*, *flame*, *fling*,

* Humboldt directs the attention in another part of his work to the pictorial character of the Delaware language, which endeavours to congregate as many outward marks as possible into their names of objects. Thus they call the acorn "the nut of the leaf hand," in allusion to the shape of its leaves. The number of signs comprehended within a word is of great importance to the impression, of which the unity is impaired when the word is developed into a sentence.

flush, &c.* Thus a very few radical sounds, expressing very general conceptions, may, in a highly organized language, form the foundation of an extended vocabulary, formed by means of successive additions and modifications. The conception attached to the radical sound may often be rather felt than expressed, for it is by no means necessary that the *roots* of a language, in this sense, should be actual words. (This is strikingly the case in the Semitic languages, in which the roots cannot even be pronounced without a sound indicating relation, for the roots consist only of consonants.) Now, these roots are of two kinds, which Humboldt calls *objective* and *subjective*; Bopp, *verbal* and *pronominal*. "The former," he says, "are principally descriptive, and denote motions, qualities, and objects, without reference to any person, assumed or perceived; the others, on the contrary, have no meaning at all without such reference, and refer altogether to the person. They are the personal pronouns. As the former are the origin of the *substantial* words in the language, so do the latter give rise to the *formal* words, other pronouns, prepositions, and conjunctions." Indeed, it is a mark of perfection in a language when these parts of speech are not derived from substantial words, but from *subjective* roots. Yet these roots are not only the foundation of many formal words, but also of many of the inflexions in language.

But before we begin to speak of these inflexions in language, we must mention a class of words nearly connected with them, in the formation of which the same principle of analogy may be perceived. With the act of denoting the conception is associated, according to Humboldt, an act of the mind, by which this conception is referred to a particular category of thought or speech, and the full sense of the word proceeds from that expression of conception, and the accompanying indication which modifies it together. Thus the conception which lies at the foundation of the meaning in the words *fly*, *flight*, *flier*, *flies*, is referred by the mind to the logical categories of existence, action, &c. These two elements lie, therefore, in entirely different spheres. In the operation of connecting them the independent action of the mind is exhibited in combination with its more receptive faculty. If in the designation of the conception we may see more of the character of the people, in the indication of the relation, (either to a class of objects, or to the other words in the sentence,) we may learn more of their modes of thought, and of the degree to which the national intellect has been developed; "for all de-

* Without going so far as India, we may see a specimen of this structure of language in the German. Becker, following Grimm, has developed the fact very beautifully.

pende here upon depth of insight, and upon the liveliness with which the categories of thought present themselves to the mind.'

We believe that Humboldt has rendered good service to grammatical science by the earnestness with which he insists on the distinction (too often overlooked) between the logical and grammatical categories. It is most necessary to observe this, if we would understand some of the most important differences between the languages of the earth; for just as different national minds may take different views of the same objects and designate them differently, so also may they represent to themselves differently those relations of things and laws of thought which must be the same for all men. There is, in fact, an universal logic, but there can be no universal grammar; for there is no universal system of grammatical categories. The more complete and pure the *grammatical* categories are, the more they will correspond with the *logical*, but they are not convertible terms. The latter are scientific expressions, the former are popular expressions, derived from the national mode of representation. "Every individual grammar," it has been observed, "is a system of popular logic." Thus, the noun and the verb are grammatical categories; they correspond to a certain extent with the logical categories of existence and action, but they are not the same. The latter are determined by the meaning of the words, the former by their form. The infinitive, *e.g.*, belongs logically to the category of existence, grammatically to that of the verb. The grammatical subject of a sentence and the logical are, we know, frequently different. Every passive form inverts the logical relation, the sufferer being represented as the subject and not the object.* So too we are able to express the relations of cause and effect in language with the greatest clearness, and yet there is no necessary grammatical form for them. In logic one member is necessarily subordinate to the other, not so in grammar.

Let us now observe how these general relations are denoted grammatically by different nations. According to the mode in which this is effected, we speak of the *isolation* of words, their *agglutination*, and their *inflection*. In the first, relation is not expressed by sound at all; in the second, the combination of the parts is mechanical, and the mode of representation often very material; in the third, the combination of the parts is organic.

The Chinese employ no vocal means at all to indicate the relation of words, but mark this almost altogether by position; but as we shall characterize the Chinese language and mind

* The Sanscrit treats the passive verb after the same manner as the purely subjective verb, p. 265. The Hebrew seems to regard the accusative as the grammatical form of suffering, and puts the grammatical subjects of passive verbs in this case.

hereafter, we shall not now dwell upon this point. By far the largest class of languages employ either objective roots or else subjective, and some both, to express relation, continuing to use the added words more or less in their independent meaning, and keeping the two parts more or less asunder, or at most connecting them rather by assimilation of sound than by genuine synthesis. Other languages, again, use either subjective or objective roots, but strip the latter of their meaning, and alter both, completely fusing them with the root, and allowing the root itself to undergo a change.

With respect to the agglutinating class, a distinction may frequently be observed in the *meaning* of the substantial words used to express relation. In the designation of inward realities and feelings we saw that the character of the nation manifests itself in the selection of metaphors, and also in the way in which these are either dwelt upon and preserved, or else speedily forgotten; and so it is also with respect to the metaphorical representation of relations. Of these relations some nations may take a more material view than others.* Of course, the more material the view taken, the more material are the means used. The inhabitants of higher Asia express the locative and dative (which we express by means of the prepositions *in* and *to*) by a root which means "to stand, to abide."† They, with many other

* For instance, a nation may view genus not in the light of logical subordination, but merely as a means for helping to name a particular object; in the latter case we find the generic term merely attached to the individual. The Burman language forms a number of names of fishes by putting the word signifying fish before another syllable. Compare with this the higher view taken of natural distinctions (of sex for instance) by several Indo-European languages. The distinction of sex is regarded as the expression of activity in the male, and receptivity in the female, and is indicated symbolically by corresponding vowels, with and without consonants, *e.g.*, dominus, domina. The distinction of subject and object, again, may not be realized in any general point of view, but be represented to the mind as a person standing or lying, working or resting, (as in the Basque language.) Relation may only appear as mechanical connexion; thus the languages of South-West Africa give the same prefix to all words that are connected. Thus, *toe*, some languages have no real verbal forms, and though they have many ways of expressing material differences, have nothing but participles; the Burman, for instance, (p. 351,) which has not even a substantive verb, as the American languages have, (p. 270, &c.) They cannot say *amo*, *amas*; but only *ego amans*, *tu amans*. The Mandschur and Mongol languages rise somewhat above this. They cannot say *amo*, *amas*, as the Latin, only *amans*, *amatus*, but they distinguish these participles from such nominal forms as *amator*, *amatorina*. But here we have nothing corresponding to the grammatical categories of noun and verb, because the mind of this people does not perceive the distinction between existence and action, but only between that which is inherent and that which is transitory. Steinthal, *Classification*, p. 81. Again, in the Kawi language the plurality of the active subject is marked in the verb by the use of the frequentative form of the verbal root, an ingenious but very material mode of representation; an action done by several persons is regarded as done several times over; *dicit*, *dicunt*, are represented by words corresponding to *dicens*, *dictitans*.

† Schott's *Versuch über die Tatarische Sprachen*, p. 56.

nations, express plurality by means of the words plurality, totality, or the like. Instead of the symbolical way in which past time is expressed by reduplication in Sanscrit and Greek and Maeso-Gothic, it is expressed metaphorically in the Yarura tongue by a word *ri*, which denotes distance.*

In languages which express formal relations by means of substantial words, it is plain that there can be no such thing as inflexion; the word which ought to be subordinate is too weighty and inflexible to admit of its being so treated by the tongue as to form a real affix to the word which it is to define. The meanings of both words stand equally independent before the mind, therefore they cannot be fused into that inseparable unity which constitutes the essence of inflexion. The mouth cannot amalgamate what the mind keeps apart. The formation is at best a compound word. But there is an ingenious process to produce unity of word used in the Tataric stock, especially in its nobler languages, belonging, as far as we know, to them alone, which, though Humboldt does not mention it, may be worthy of our attention. We mean the law of vocal harmony. The vowels of the formal syllables must, according to this law, harmonize with those belonging to the substantial part of the word. In this manner, the formal parts are subordinated to the latter and more important part, which is the more necessary, as in these languages, (for instance in the Turkish verb,) there may be a long string of formal syllables tending to obscure the root.†

But we must discuss more fully the subject of inflexion, and speak of the alteration which the word undergoes in the highest class of languages, in order that it may come under a particular category, or be fitted to take its place in a sentence. It may be altered in two ways: by inward change and external addition. Where internal change is practicable, and is even, as in the case of the Semitic languages, favoured by the structure of the words, the distinction between the indication of the category and the designation of the object is easily secured. The substantive identity of the word is preserved whilst its form is changed; just as in the conception the substance is unchanged, whilst the formal relation is added. On the other hand, addition from without is a kind of composition, but with this difference the *simplicity* of the word is not to be impaired, two conceptions are not to be combined into a third—one is to be viewed in a specific relation. Therefore, that part of the word

* It is scarcely necessary to mention that the representation of time under the form of space is very general.

† Thus in Turkish *aghâ* = lord, has *aghâlar* in the plural; *er* = man, *er-ler*; in Magyarish, *kert* = garden, *kert-esz-nek*, to the gardener. In Finnish, *teräs* or *teräkse* = steel, *teräksellä*, from the steel.

which indicates the relation is to be put on a different line, so to speak, from that which designates the conception ; its clearness of sound is not to be impaired, but we are to be made to understand that its significance has departed and its independence is lost. Composition tends to preserve the integrity of the syllables, that their significance may not be lost ; inflexion tends to destroy the significance of the part added. We are not, then, to regard inflexion as mechanical, as a conjunction of what was in itself separate, and a subsequent obliteration of the marks of union. The inflexion grows out of the word, and is as much one with it as the various parts of an opening bud. However plainly the pronouns may be recognised as forming the inflexional parts of the persons of the verb, they are not merely attached to it. The verb was presented to the mind in its individual forms, and each of these forms burst through the lips one and indivisible.

"There is this difference," says Humboldt, "between inflexion by inward change and by the suffix, that the former is always, whether or not we can enter into the feeling, *symbolical* ; the latter has, in most cases, at some time, had an independent meaning."* The suffixes, we would add, may be *symbolical* too, and indeed contain a symbolism deeper than that which lies in the analogy of sounds. If the researches of Bopp and others have left it unquestionable that not only in Sanscrit, but also in other languages, the suffixed syllables are more or less derived from those roots which refer immediately to the speaker—the so-called subjective roots—then their symbolical meaning rests upon this very fact. The categories of thought and speech cannot be more fitly pointed out than by sounds which refer exclusively to the thinking speaker. The *sounds*, however, in some of these suffixes may be symbolical. Bopp has well remarked, that in the pronoun of the third person the clear sound of *s* is assigned to the living person—the dull sound of *m* to the neuter ; the same sounds being likewise used to distinguish severally the active subject, (the nominative case,) and the passive object of the action, (the accusative.)

Humboldt points out well how a highly-organized language, such as the Sanscrit, from which he draws his examples, secures two things of great importance in speech—the unity of words in themselves, and their suitable distinction as definite members of a sentence. These two different, though nearly connected objects, the Sanscrit accomplishes by using different means, and by so doing distinguishes the objects themselves.

* On the original meanings of the Sanscrit, &c., suffixes, see some excellent observations in Dr. M. Müller's Paper in the Report of the British Association for 1847

Letters at the end of words, and those in the interior of words, are, in fact, treated on different principles. By the first mode the word is kept separate from the other words, and made an individual *member* of the sentence; by the second it is knit together in itself—i.e., the inward unity of the signs of conception and relation is secured. Hence, though the Sanscrit marks the conjunction of the words more closely than any other language, there is no risk of the unity of the separate words being sacrificed—the analysis is as complete as the synthesis. But, further, it points out the different *degrees* of unity in words by a different treatment of their component parts. No less than five degrees are marked. Compound words belong to the lowest class; the grammatical forms of declension and conjugation form the highest. The compound words are treated more according to the rules just alluded to, which hold in the case of separate words—the three highest classes by the rules which determine combinations of letters in a word. Besides the changes which take place in consonants when they come together, changes still more important for the unity of the word take place in the vowels. All the cases in which such changes occur are treated with the greatest attention to logical consistency and euphony. Thus, in order to maintain the root in its integrity, its vowel is not assimilated to the suffix—it is expanded or altered in a way not qualitative but quantitative; so that the radical vowel is easily traced, because it is amplified according to rule.* The difference between rude natural sounds and graduated tones is more apparent still in what is called reduplication, a process which tends greatly to ensure unity of word. The repetition of the first syllable of a word to denote its increased importance is variously used amongst uncivilized nations, to mark plurality, frequency, &c.; but in Sanscrit this is managed with such delicacy and variety that five or six forms of it might be mentioned.

We must now turn to the consideration of the various means which are in use in different nations, to secure the unity of the sentence. "This is a higher unity," Humboldt remarks, "not only because it embraces more, but because it is more intellectual, more independent of the element of sound." The origin of the sentence itself gives the reason for this unity. We may be sure that man from the first associated a proposition with every word he uttered.

* Thus, though the vowel is amplified not in one degree, but in two, (in what are called *Guna* and *Wridhhi*,) the original vowel is readily detected, and to the ear the effect seems to proceed from the depth of the original syllable, and conveys all the feeling of a development. This raising the vowel to a higher power, (to use a mathematical expression,) is only in one case symbolical in *Guna*, viz., in that of *intensive* verbs. *Wridhhi*, which is related to *Guna* as superlative to comparative, is more frequently so.

Every name implies a judgment on the object designated; and in the early stages of language, the reason why a particular name was given was probably manifest in the term itself. It expressed qualitative existence though not in a developed form. The next step would be the division of this whole into its parts by an act of analysis. But the perception of this, as a whole, would not be lost; the object produces a total impression upon the mind, and the sentence must have *unity*.* Now this unity may be either that of singleness, as that of the word in its undeveloped state, or that of an aggregate, (i.e., a mechanical unity, implying an imperfect distinction of parts,) or that higher unity which presupposes the recognition of difference, the unity of the body and its members, all distinct, but all designed for each other, all co-operating. Such an unity as the last is the sentence of the inflecting languages, which is formed out of words, bearing mostly in themselves the marks of their relation to the sentence. In the Chinese language the parts are distinct enough, (monosyllables, without the slightest tendency to coalesce,) but there are no signs of their being intended for each other beyond their position, and the unity of the sentence is feebly marked, just as the unity of magnetized iron-filings is not so high as that of a body.† The unity of the Mexican sentence is the inorganic unity of an aggregate; in order to mark the unity of the whole, which cannot be perceived from the adaptation of the parts, it heaps it up into a single word. The Mexican language, however, rightly considers the verb to be the centre of the sentence, and annexes to it the governed and governing parts, giving to this combination by vocal contrivances the stamp of a connected whole. Thus, *ni-naca-gua* means, I flesh eat. But how does this differ from such a word as *κρεωφαγέω*? In this, that the Mexican is bent upon giving the scheme of a whole sentence in his word; and therefore, if the governed substantive is not incorporated, he inserts the pronoun of the third person. The substantive is placed afterwards, as we should say, in apposition—thus, *ni-c-gua in nacatl*, I it eat, the flesh. Even if no definite object is added, an indefinite is inserted, having a double form for persons and things, *ni-te-tla-maca*, I somebody something give. This language is interesting, because in its construction of the sentence it bears the type of an early stage of development. It is like a recollection of the time when men represented their meanings in a single word, but were beginning to feel that more definite expressions were necessary, and there-

* That the same word may either be substantive, adjective, or verb, is plain from the Chinese.

† We select this illustration from a recollection of an expression of Bunsen's in his linguistic dissertation before quoted.

fore added these, whilst they still clung to the original unit of expression, and put it first. Some languages, much like these in character, do not, however, go so far as to let the verb absorb the noun, but allow it to take this liberty with the pronouns both governing and governed. As the appetite may grow with what it feeds on, so here; for when this method has acquired full sway in a language, several pronominal objects are admitted into the conjugation of the verb. This is the case in some of the North American languages, and remarkably so in the singular language of that mysterious tribe which occupies its stronghold at the very western extremity of Europe.* In all these so-called incorporating languages, the connexion has suffered from want of distinction of the parts. But though they are content to embrace their impressions as a whole, "because the different points of contact between the object and the feelings are not clearly represented to the mind, they shew not only ingenuity and freshness, but also a right view of relation." The personal pronouns are very prominent, and they make use of them symbolically to express the most general relations. This speaks plainly of an early but genuine mode of representation, of a stage in man's education when he was learning to understand things, by seeing how they were related to his own being. It is only at a more advanced period of culture that men learn to restrict this reference to cases in which it is necessary.†

But, after all, that which constitutes the chief characteristic of the noblest class of languages, and gives to the Sanscritic stock that permanence and fruitfulness which has distinguished it, is what Humboldt calls their synthetic power. It is this, employed on other materials, which enables the artist to wed together mind and matter in the painting or the statue, the lack of this attribute of genius being marked rather by the feebleness of the total impression than by defect in details. In language this power is manifested, in the formation of the word, in giving the impress of mind to the outward sound; but its importance is still more apparent, though its action is better felt than described, in the higher act of forming the sentence. It is well to have the parts clearly distinguished; it is well to have them shaped so that their correspondence may be at once perceived; but the principal thing is to knit them together into a whole. The presentiment of this organic whole is indeed the condition of the right construction of the parts.

* There are in the Basque no less than 206 conjugations arising from the cause above mentioned.

† The Malay tongues scarcely belong to the incorporating languages, but bear a certain resemblance to them, as they heap a number of significant prefixes upon the verb, in order to supply the lack of inflexions and mark the course of the sentence.

The synthetic power of a language discovers itself in three points—in the verb, the conjunction, and the relative pronouns. We can only refer to the first, as an illustration of what has just been said. The verb is unquestionably the most important part of the sentence, because to it alone belongs that power of synthesis by which the sentence is established, we might say created. This part of speech has itself started into life, just as the noun, by an act of synthesis, involving a fusion of the sound indicating relation with that designating the general conception, but only in order that it may exercise the same function towards the whole sentence. In this point of view the other parts are as inorganic matter. The verb is the centre of life and order. The great question, then, in determining the character of a language is,—how is this peculiar function expressed by sound? The number of moods, tenses, voices, &c., which the verb possesses, is comparatively unimportant; these are more the externals of language, and languages which possess these in abundance, as the Malay, may have little synthetic vigour. Now, in Sanscrit this organizing power of the verb is distinctly expressed by its grammatical treatment. For, 1st, The verb has nothing in common with the noun; *e.g.*, though verbs may be derived from nouns, the noun in this case is treated like a root, and undergoes considerable alteration. 2d, Since the verb, from its nature, never rests, the language represents it in continual change. The noun represents an object; as such it may enter into relations, but may itself be viewed apart. The verb, on the other hand, represents a momentary passing act; we cannot fix it, or regard it apart from its relations; whilst, therefore, the noun may have a fundamental form first, to which the marks of relation are annexed, the verb cannot exist apart from these, for the infinitive does not partake of the nature of a verb, but is an abstract noun derived from the root. 3d, The vocal unity of the Sanscrit verbal forms is much closer than that of the nominal, and this is expressed symbolically, which is the only adequate mode. When this function of the verb is not properly recognised, it very commonly happens that the lines of demarcation between the noun and the verb are weakened. Then the same word may be used for both parts of speech; any word may, by very slight changes, be turned into a verb; the marks attached to the verb rather point out its own meaning than its function in the sentence; the signs of the moods and tenses wear an independent look; the connexion of the pronoun with the verb is so loose, that the substantive verb must be understood; and, lastly, the forms of the noun and verb are often interchanged. Of all these defects the Malay languages present the most striking examples.

With all their excellencies Humboldt considers that in some points the Semitic languages have diverged from the true course. "This stock of language," he observes, "manifestly belongs to the inflexional class, indeed, inflexion in its most proper sense, as opposed to significant addition, is here especially indigenous. Looking at them, in respect of the *means* they employ, we may say, that their organization in strict consistency, artistic simplicity, and ingenious adaptation of the sound to the meaning, is not only second to none, but perhaps superior to all. Yet these tongues have peculiarities which language scarcely allows, and certainly does not demand. They require, at least in their present form, that every root should contain three consonants; and, secondly, the consonants and vowels do not together express the meaning of the word, but the designation of the meaning is assigned to the consonants, the indication of the relation is left to the vowels. The first of these peculiarities lays a constraint upon the construction of words, the second makes it difficult to form inflexions with due regard to the subordination of sounds." Notwithstanding their excellencies, it appears to Humboldt that these languages betray a want of necessary clearness in distinguishing between substantial meaning and formal relation in the minds of the people who speak them.* It is plain, from the second peculiarity above mentioned, that there can be no pronounceable roots in these tongues. Therefore, though the connexion between the two parts of the word is more intimate, and the suitableness of the sounds for the purpose more striking than in any other language, they fail in the highest point.† The unity of the word is not obvious enough. For the necessary unity of the word is most plainly felt when the two elements can be recognised separately; this mode is most in harmony with the objects of language and the nature of thought, which demand perpetual distinction and combination.

The effect which a highly organized language may have on the minds of the people who use it can scarcely be over-rated; much as language receives from the mind, let us not forget what it restores to it. The national mind has been acting upon it for ages, and it has thereby assumed a distinct objective existence in constant contact with the mind of every particular generation.

* They stand, for instance, in striking contrast with the Sanscrit, in that the nominal and verbal forms, which imply so intimate an union of meaning and relation, are constructed in a way which reminds one of agglutination, whilst those derived words which imply a material change of meaning, receive a formal expression.

† Ewald has remarked that the more intellectual function is assigned to the lighter, more inward, more flexible vowels, the more material function to the sturdier consonants; and Grimm has well said of the difference between these two classes of letters, "the consonant shapes the word, the vowel lights it up and defines it."

The most powerful and the most sensitive, the most penetrating and the most contemplative minds have poured into it their strength and their tenderness, their depth and their inward being; the language has stored up all this, and by its tones awakens the like qualities in the minds of the people of after times. The insight and the feeling of the few have become, in a measure, the inheritance of the many. For, by its very nature, language acts as an absolute barrier to none, is a stay and a guide to most, and is the instrument of thought to all. An evident connexion exists, therefore, between success in the formation of language, and in all other branches of intellectual endeavour. "A happily constructed language," observes Humboldt, "not only adds power to the understanding, but awakens a feeling of the existence of something deeper than what mere dialectics can exhaust, with a desire to fathom it, and a presentiment of a correspondence between the seen and the unseen, the world of sense and the world of spirit." The effect it must have upon the intellect is easily understood. For, consider how much depends here upon the logical arrangement of conceptions, the clearness of their separation, and the definite indication of their relations to one another; these form, indeed, the indispensable foundation of all, even the highest exercises of mind. But how much of this depends upon our language. With a rightly ordered language accurate thought can proceed easily and naturally; the very instrument which it uses almost forces just distinctions and natural connexions upon the mind; whilst inferior languages present actual difficulties for the mind to overcome, or at all events afford it no assistance.

In order, however, that a language may be really helpful, it must occupy, so to speak, a central position. Particular excellencies may no doubt tend to cultivate particular sides of the intellect, but the real merits of a language must be estimated by the harmonious and comprehensive nature of its influence. Those only are truly elevating which accompany the mind helpfully and encouragingly in every direction. The birth of such a language as this forms an epoch in the history of humanity; the possession of such a language as this marks out a nation for the accomplishment of great things, is a kind of prophecy of future eminence, both because it is an evidence of the vigour of the national mind, and a powerful instrument of progress. Such a nation may be long depressed, but in its language it inherits a vehicle for high thoughts, a lever, so to speak, by which it may remove obstacles on its onward march, when the impulse is once given. Moreover, because such a language has a living principle in it, it may undergo manifold changes, and yet retain its original form and vigorous character. The Romanic tongues

afford an excellent example of the way in which the formative principle cleaves to the nobler languages in their disorganization and reconstitution. The grammatical characters of the Latin were shattered, but the *form* of the language remained, and the characters were therefore re-constructed out of materials which the old language afforded.*

But how are we to reconcile what has been said about the permanence and fruitfulness of the inflexional character, with the fact, that inflections are always more abundant in the earliest ages of a language, and gradually decrease as time advances? Let us hear Humboldt:—

“Is it not strange, that the conservative principle should be that which is sacrificed? The wearing down of inflections is an undeniable fact. That inward sense which determines the language of a nation at one time allows them to drop off unnoticed, at another time intentionally gets rid of them; and it is more correct to view the phenomenon in this light, than to attribute the effect to time alone. It makes, *e.g.*, more liberal concession to euphony, and avoids an accumulation of significant parts, where one is sufficient to preserve the form from being confounded with others.” “If my observation does not deceive me, these vocal changes attributed to time take place much less in the ruder than in the more civilized languages, and this is very easily explained. Of all the influences that act upon language the most active is the human mind itself, and it is from its most lively action that language experiences the greatest alterations. It is just what we should expect from the progress of the national mind, and its increasing confidence in the stability of its inward views, that it should exercise less watchful care over the modification of outward sounds. As the mind becomes more conscious of its maturity it handles with more boldness its own combinations, and casts away the bridges which language has constructed for the understanding. With this temper, an imperfect appreciation of that poetic charm which resides in sound may often be associated. Poetry itself, in this case, adopts more inward ways, in which it may lay aside the outward advantage with less risk. It is therefore by the transition from a more sensuous to a more intellectual tone of mind that language is here transformed. But the originating influences may not have been of so noble a character. Coarse organs of speech, and an ear little susceptible by nature, and unimproved by exercise in music, may lay the foundation for indifference to the euphonic elements in language. In the same way a predominant practical tendency may introduce abbreviations, omissions of relational words, and ellipses of all kinds, because, when to be understood is the only object, every thing which does not directly tend to this end is despised.” “But, in general, we may observe that the relation of

* A short but comprehensive account of the rise of the Romanic languages will be found in Bunsen's linguistic treatise before referred to, pages 274, 275.

the national mind to the language is altogether different when the latter is in the fermentation of its first formation, and when already constructed it is serving the purposes of daily life. In that early stage the elements of the language are recognised in their very root, and stand out distinctly before the mind, which is engaged in their combination; and she then takes pleasure in the construction of this instrument of her future triumphs, and lets nothing fall to the ground which is associated with any shade of feeling. In after times, comprehensibility becomes a more prominent object, the significance of the elements of words is obscured, and the very customariness of usage makes the mind less careful about the details of construction and the exact preservation of sound. The imagination, which delighted in the felicitous connexion of the marks of meaning with a resounding peal of syllables, gives way to the understanding, which consults its convenience, and resolves the inflexions into auxiliary verbs and prepositions. No doubt this analytical method diminishes the exertion required of the understanding, and even in some cases increases the determinateness of the meaning; but from the use of these auxiliary grammatical words the inflexions are more easily dispensed with, and lose their importance as regards the formation of language, so that in particular parts genuine inflexional languages come to resemble those which belong to an entirely different stock and adopt a different principle of formation."

Of this process our own language affords a striking example; at the same time, it shews that though a language may be scanty in its technical arrangements, it may be a mighty instrument of human thought, and be perfectly adapted to all the purposes of social and political life.

We have now traced the formation of language by mankind in various phases; we have noted the excellencies and defects of different languages, and have endeavoured to trace them to their cause in the *physical* and *mental* constitution of the various nations; we have likewise mentioned some of the alterations which the inflexional languages undergo, as the fortunes of nations change, and their practical life becomes more engrossing. We have reserved to the end the mention of a language, perhaps the most remarkable of all, belonging to a nation of historic importance, civilized for ages, and possessing a literature which stretches back for thousands of years—the Chinese. We have done so, because it stands at the opposite pole of language to that at which the inflexional languages are found, and forms a most striking contrast in its means, objects, and requirements, to those of the modern languages already mentioned. For instead of assisting the understanding as much as possible, it keeps it upon the constant stretch; instead of multiplying the means of formal distinction, it almost entirely neglects them.

First, as regards the means used to express conceptions, its

words are narrow in compass and scanty in number. The distinct sounds in the language are but 450 in number, which by the addition of tones and accents are multiplied to 1203. But these do not admit of combination so as to form a larger number of words, for the compound words in Chinese are not really united in sound; so that the number of words in the spoken language is but little more than 1200. For practical purposes this number would of course be very insufficient, if the meaning were not helped out by gestures, repetitions, &c. As in the written language such an explanation would be impossible, all obscurity is obviated by adding to the signs of sound certain conventional signs, (of which there are about 50,000,) not intended to express sound, but suggest the particular meaning. *Secondly*, as regards the means used to mark relation, the Chinese scarcely express it at all by sound, but by the *position* of the words in the sentence, and thus draw a distinction between the meaning and the relation, which some languages overlook. This is, however, but a negative virtue. The modern Chinese uses a few particles like our conjunctions, but these are all, to use the very happy terminology of their grammarians, *full roots*, *i.e.*, have, or have had, a substantial meaning. They are, in fact, conventional expressions for that which the old language did not express at all. No affixes or suffixes, much less inflexions, exist. There is, therefore, no etymological part of grammar in Chinese: it is all syntax; and this is of the simplest description. Thus, the word which determines another precedes it if the latter is inactive; follows it if it is *active*. (Hence the attributive precedes the substantive, the adverb the verb, the subject the predicate, but the object of the verb comes after it.) The words themselves admit of manifold interpretation, according to their place in the sentence. Bunsen well compares each word to a magnetized mineral, capable of presenting a nominal or verbal pole according to its position relatively to other words. Position elicits its polarity. The words, in fact, bear marks of a time when every word contained within itself an undeveloped proposition. Now position determines what part of this latent proposition is to become prominent. In consequence of this structure of the language, many relations are expressed by most ingenious periphrases, which shew plainly that the true relation was present to the mind of the people.*

* Thus, to express the instrument in such a phrase, as with the people's strength, they employ the term *ni*, to use: *ni minli* = to use the people's strength. The superlative is formed in a similar manner, thus *pe fu tchi-te* = hundred man good, *i.e.*, the best of all men. They are even ready to adopt formal expressions from other nations; and having made them concrete, to employ them for the indication of relations, &c. Thus, in the sea-port towns of China, where the natives have become acquainted with many English expressions, we are informed that they have adopted the sign "A 1," which denotes our ships of the first class, and

"All this would lead us," says Humboldt, "at first sight to pronounce the Chinese tongue, that which departed most widely from the natural demands of language—the most imperfect of all. But this view will vanish on close inspection. The Chinese possesses, on the contrary, a high degree of excellence, and exerts a mighty, though partial influence on the mental faculties. In the first place, the consistency of its structure cannot be denied. All other inflexionless languages, even though they may put forth strenuous efforts in the direction of inflexion, stop short of the mark. The Chinese, entirely abandoning this method, carries out its own principle to the end. The very nature of the means which the Chinese employ for the designation of all that is formal, without the support of significant sounds, drove them to a more exact observation of the different formal relations, and a systematic arrangement of them." The distinction between substantial meaning and formal relation becomes the more clear to the mind as the difference in their expression in language is one, not of degree, but of kind.*

After even so partial a survey as the above, of the various forms of human language, the question naturally rises to the mind—Can such a variety have proceeded from one common root? Our limits forbid us to enter into this subject; but we would gladly point out, in conclusion, how the researches of William von Humboldt seem to us to bear upon it. So far from deliberately entertaining the question, he appears to have carefully kept clear of it; and, at all events, it did not necessarily enter within the range of his Introduction. His object was to analyze and describe languages, not to trace their history. Believing, however, that the correct understanding and limitation of their differences, is the first step towards the perception of that unity which underlies them, we value this work very highly, because it develops a method by which we may estimate these differ-

apply it for marking a high degree of excellence. An A 1 bird's nest would mean a very prime one.

* We cannot help remarking, how entirely this coincides with what we know of the character of this singular people, in other ways. Unity, without distinction, marks their practical life as well as their language. "The general will," says Hegel, "declares what the individual is to do, and he does it without reflection and without *self*." A patriarchal emperor represents this general will, and so his law is the rule of action—the very morality of the body. He is the high-priest of science and religion, as well as the head of the state, declaring what is, as well as what ought to be. The same character, too, which marks their language belongs to their art. The man who cuts with the simplest tools toys so artfully constructed, that we, with our turning-lathes, can hardly execute them, handles the materials of speech, words, with wonderful dexterity likewise, and adapts them to the most subtle purposes, shewing, in both cases, an equal mastery over matter, and contempt of means. But their art is, after all, mere ingenuity and dexterity, external trivial imitation, without any idea to elevate it. There is, indeed, in the nation little power of generalization or deduction, and therefore there is little or no progress.

ences, and trace them in some measure to their cause in the physical and mental constitution of man. If the varieties are at first sight startling to those who believe in the unity of the race and an original language, they become less so, when the numerous causes which combine to produce these particular effects are more deeply considered.

But Humboldt's researches in the last chapter of his work carry us further in the view they give of the original capacity of language to undergo change. They tend to prove that all languages bear evidence of having been at one period of their career monosyllabic, and must have been so. We may conclude *a priori* that the earliest languages were so. The unit of sound would correspond to the unit of conception. Now, a monosyllabic language would be more susceptible of change than another, from additions reduplications, composition, &c., and syllables at one time the same might, in distinct courses of development, be so altered as to bear little trace of their original identity. The great merit of this part of the work is, that the author lays down some outlines of a method for detecting cognate roots, and reducing dissyllabic roots to monosyllabic in different languages; and it is in this line, as Bunsen has well shewn, that comparative linguists must proceed, if they are to establish scientifically more distant affinities than those between languages of the same stock, for which the consideration of their grammatical forms is the main thing.

On the point, whether there has been a *gradual* development of the higher languages from the lower, Humboldt is not explicit. The truth appears to be, that different languages have, so to speak, been *petrified* at different stages of development, because the national mind did not advance, and we thus have a consecutive system of formations, a history of human language, recorded in specimens belonging to many different stages. But it does not at all follow that the most highly developed was the latest in time, or that the connexion between every two steps should be demonstrable in the way of cause and effect. A connexion may be traced in some cases, but there are other changes which seem to be separated by an impassable chasm. It seems that, as great individuals are able, by the force of their genius, to give a new impulse to the human mind, and lift it above obstacles which have before impeded its course, so there are nations which are qualified to construct higher forms of language. Such a *lift* as that, from agglutination to inflexion, seems to us to require the rise of a new nation, or at least an entirely new form of national life. And, after all, great nations, like great men, are not made, but born: we cannot reckon upon them, or predict their appearance, or explain it: they are the gifts of God to the world, the fulfillers of His purposes.

ART. VIII.—*History of the War in Afghanistan. From the Unpublished Letters and Journals of Political and Military Officers employed in Afghanistan, throughout the entire period of British Connexion with that Country.* By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. 2 vols. London, 1851.

AMONGST the features by which our Indian rule is specially distinguished, one of the most conspicuous is the peculiar difficulty to which we are exposed in the maintenance of the frontier. In order to preserve the territory we hold, it has been judged necessary to keep up alliances, to interpose between rival powers, or to plunge into costly wars upon the borders. British India cannot be marked out on the map, and governed like other countries by the ordinary machinery of a domestic system. In the close neighbourhood of numerous races who are at once divided against themselves by antagonistic interests, and united against us by a common faith, the government of India is as much a matter of intricate policy from without as of control and organization from within. To this curious position of an Empire won and sustained in the midst of jealous and hostile tribes, may be ascribed the fact of its rapid and still increasing extension. This extension is considered, in fact, an inevitable condition of its existence. It was necessary to advance our dominions farther and farther for the mere protection of what we already possessed. Feuds on the border must be subjugated as a safeguard against the infection of rebellion at home.

When protection was repaid by treachery or insult, the exaction of punishment or compensation was literally a measure of self-preservation. To have submitted to a wrong, or betrayed a fear, would have been to invite a danger, the remote issues of which might have perilled the fruits of a thousand victories. And thus, through a series of complicated transactions, in which we see the ally, with few exceptions, become transformed into the foe, and the mediator into the master, our Indian Empire presents the singular spectacle of a country deriving its internal safety from external agitation, and its strength and unity from the compulsory extension of its territories, elsewhere a source of weakness and disaster. Even the broad line of the Indus no longer limits our dominion, and the natural boundaries of empire have been swept away before the onward course of our standards. Of all the events that have arrested the attention of the world, in that history of progressive acquisitions, exhibiting in the most remarkable light the energy, skill, and courage of our countrymen in the East, that long train of baffled negocia-

tions and harrowing carnage which is related in the volumes before us, may be considered, if not the most important, certainly the most profoundly interesting—especially at the present moment, when similar scenes appear to be in preparation on the same battle ground. That the interest of this narrative, however, and its direct influence upon the future, should be truly understood, it is necessary to trace back its springs to earlier incidents than the retreat from Caubul or the havoc of Jugdulluck.

Some fifty years ago, there was a vast region in India called the Douranee Empire, comprehending the whole country of Afghanistan, Cashmere, and the Derajat—a wild, haggard country, thinly populated by turbulent and barbarous races, and haunted by the ghoules and spectres of their superstitious imaginations. At that time this Empire was utterly unknown in England, and even the European residents in Hindostan knew little more of it than the fact of its existence. The best way of describing the mode of life of the people who wandered over the surface, or clustered in the solitary towns of imperial Douranee, will be by analogy with another form of animal economy. Whoever has seen a drop of New River water under the lens of a microscope, and observed the sanguinary activity and frightful contortions of the animalculæ there developed in a coil of eternal strife, may form some estimate of the domestic and social characteristics of the Douranee population. Fighting was not to say merely the ghastly trade of this people, it seems to have been their pastime. The Afghans, who appear to have been famous for their hospitality and their ballads, and who delighted in a little innocent gossip and gentle love-making at evening-tide in their villages, or the Fakir's gardens, were as fond of civil war, although not so ferocious in their dispositions, as the Rohillas. No vocation was exempt from this universal passion; even the pastoral classes were as belligerent as the trained soldiers. "Their very shepherds," says Mr. Kaye, "were men of strife. The predatory and the pastoral character were strangely blended; and the tented cantonments of the sheep-drivers often bristled into camps of war."

At the time we speak of, this remote kingdom was governed by a prince whose mind was possessed by one large misty idea—that of extending his possessions to the banks of the Ganges. This prodigious design so entirely engrossed him, that in the panoramic language of our author, he was "continually marching an army upon the frontier." The phrase is a good one, and expresses with a peculiar descriptive force the uneasiness of the monarch. In India, however, it is not always safe for governors to be marching armies on their frontiers, for the moment they

go away out of their own territories, the chances are a hundred to one that some younger brother, or fifteenth cousin, or irritated minister, will take advantage of their absence, and start up in their place; so that when a sovereign makes a speculative excursion of this kind, he may consider himself the most fortunate of men if he do not find his throne occupied on his return.

It was under the operation of some apprehension of this kind that Zemaun Shah, the then monarch of the Douranee, kept "continually" advancing upon the frontier, and as "continually" marching back again in a great fright to his Balla Hissar at Caubul. His movements were calculated to awaken curiosity and wonder, rather than to produce alarm, wherever the actual extent of his resources were known: but the people of British India were so ill-informed respecting him and his dominions, that when a rumour came floating into the Council Chamber of Calcutta, announcing the threatened descent of this fluctuating Sovereign upon Hindostan, we cannot be much surprised to find that it created a strong sensation, which penetrated even to the Governor-General himself. The danger was, of course, magnified by ignorance of the real poverty of a ruler, who, if he could have raised the enormous levies with which he was accredited by report; must have immediately disbanded them again from want of money to pay them. Had they been aware that his menaced invasion bore a close resemblance to the celebrated exploit of the French king and his numerous followers up and down a certain historical hill, they would have given themselves very little trouble at Calcutta about the flourishes of his chivalry.

But the fact of an invasion from that quarter was one of the most probable things in the world. It was the centre of a movement and a hope to which the aspirations of every tribe and race in the east were directed. The re-establishment of Islamism, and the rescue of Hindostan from the hands of the Franks, were objects for the accomplishment of which all eyes were turned to Caubul, and all hands were ready to lend their aid. "Every Mahomedan," said Lord Wellesley, speaking of the threatened expedition, "even in the remotest regions of the Deccan, waited with anxious expectation for the advance of the champion of Islam." The most sagacious statesmen of the day recognised the likelihood of such an attempt; and the reputed enthusiasm of Zemaun Shah, for the recovery of the ancient land of the faithful, gave a strong colouring of feasibility to the rumours which, day after day, supplied fresh speculations for the political circles of Calcutta. But his Majesty's phantom appearances and disappearances at various points, created so many groundless alarms that the English grew tired of the cry of "wolf!" His name, and the vague terrors associated with it, were at last very nearly

forgotten ; indeed, the whole empire of the Douranee must have sunk into total oblivion, if sundry ominous reports of French intrigues in Central Asia had not suddenly revived an interest in its existence, and given an importance to its affairs which they could not otherwise by any possibility have acquired.

The French were said to be carrying on secret plots in Persia, with a view to the ultimate subversion of our power in the East ; and as Persia was the grand frontier and high road to India in that direction, these rumours no sooner reached us in an authentic shape, than we resolved to send a mission to the Court of Teheran. The agitation produced by the apprehension of a French demonstration on the borders of our Oriental empire, and the treaty negotiated by Captain afterwards Sir John Malcolm, with the Persian monarch, by the provisions of which the French were literally prohibited from entering the country upon any pretext whatever, are matters of history familiar to all readers. But an allusion to them is indispensable to the completeness of the narrative. Having thus secured ourselves against the only real danger that threatened us, a season of indifference succeeded. The internal convulsions of Central Asia went on as usual—the Douranee Empire continued to cultivate insatiable domestic feuds, and to threaten its neighbours with flying hostilities ; but from the date of the Malcolm treaty we took no further notice of these exterior races. Prince after prince was deposed, imprisoned, or put to death. It was no affair of ours. Even the formidable Zemaun Shah, while he was actually advancing on one of his chimerical invasions of Hindostan, was stopped short by the rebellion of his brother Mahmoud, ignominiously beaten, cast into prison, and for ever incapacitated from reigning, by having his eyes punctured and blinded by a lancet. Mahmoud in his turn was driven out by a younger brother, Shah Soojah ; but these fluctuations in the royal drama exercised no disturbing influence over our repose. So long as we kept the French off the Persian border, and maintained our amicable relations with the Court of Teheran, the population of Afghanistan might play at soldiers in any fashion they pleased. We had other business to attend to. A change had passed over our whole system of policy. We no longer displayed the bravery of our wealth to dazzle the imagination or bribe the friendship of the native powers ; we no longer stepped in amongst them as guardian or arbitrator. A spirit of the strictest economy pervaded our internal regulations, and our new external policy was that of rigid non-interference. We were to govern India by its own resources alone, at a time when these resources were reduced to the lowest ebb, and to abstain from all demonstration of activity on our frontiers, while we were pursuing measures of retrenchment that betrayed our

weakness within. Nor was the inexpediency of this change the only grave objection against it. Coming suddenly after the brilliant administration of the Marquis Wellesley, its effects were the more keenly felt, and its poverty the more glaringly exhibited. That such a system could not have been long sustained without endangering the whole framework of our Indian administration soon became sufficiently obvious; and even if the disaffection that it engendered in the army, and the death of Lord Cornwallis, had not brought it to a close, the new and portentous events that were looming upon us from the west must have rendered its abandonment inevitable.

Russia was ravaging Persia; and the Persian monarch, in the last emergency, had applied to France for assistance—to that very France who not very long before was not to be allowed to plant her foot on Persian ground. And to increase the perils of this situation, Napoleon and Alexander were just about this time meeting in a raft at Tilsit to parcel out the world between them. The policy of Persia in seeking the help of France at this juncture was evident, and not a moment was to be lost in the effort to re-establish an influence in the Court of Teheran, or, in the event of failure, to stir up into hostility the intermediate races that lay upon our border. The domestic system was given up all at once. A voice had gone abroad, from one end of India to the other, to warn us that Russia was striding over the adjacent provinces, and that nothing short of a miracle could save us from impending destruction. The rapidity of our action under the pressure of these terrible omens was equal to the occasion. We despatched missions to every quarter from which we could draw an advantage, or neutralize a danger—to the Afghans, to the Ameers of Sindh, to Teheran, and to the Sikhs, “a strange new race of men,” as Mr. Kaye calls them, who, in the interval that had elapsed, since our attention had last been attracted to that neighbourhood, had “erected a formidable power on the banks of the Sutlej by the mutilation of the Douranee Empire.” Our main object was to wean Persia from the French alliance, and to recover our influence in that country; failing in that, it was our design to set up Afghanistan and Sindh as barriers against encroachments from the west, and to strengthen our frontier still more directly, by uniting the Sikhs with us against the French and Persian confederacy. If we have made these projects intelligible, the reader has now the whole state of things as in a map before him up to 1808.

The missions were successful, without a single exception. An extraordinary embarrassment hung over the negotiations with Persia, arising from a circumstance unprecedented in the history of diplomacy—that of two ambassadors, with different powers,

and what was still worse, with different views, being accredited at once from the same government. But a treaty was executed in spite of this singular stumbling-block. The reverses of Napoleon in the Peninsula greatly facilitated the progress of our envoys; and even the Sikhs, at first discourteous and almost contemptuous, entered into a friendly alliance with us on our own terms. In the treaties with Sindh and Caubul, special provision was made for the contingency of a French invasion; but the caution was unnecessary, for while these very instruments were being drawn up, all doubts and fears about France were extinguished in the victories of Wellington.

In the meantime the interior of the Douranee Empire was torn by distractions, out of the fury of which rose Dost Mahomed to supreme power. The life of this man forms a remarkable episode in Indian history, and is strikingly characteristic of the accidents that conduct to eminence amongst Oriental nations, and of the qualities most available for taking advantage of them. The English reader should be apprised, as a key to Dost Mahomed's career, that the Douranee population is mainly divided into two principal clans or tribes—the Populzyes and the Barukzyes. The Suddozye, or Royal race, of which the poor blind Zemaun Shah and his insurgent brothers were members, and therefore legitimately entitled in their illegitimate way to ascend the throne, was a branch of the former. These are hard names to read and remember; but he who would understand Indian history must make up his mind to difficulties of this kind. One of the most powerful chiefs, or Sirdars, of the Barukzye tribe, was Futteh Khan, who, after having served and betrayed several masters, occupied at this period the influential post of Wuzeer. With this introduction, the reader will be prepared for what follows:—

“ Among the twenty brothers of Futteh Khan was one many years his junior, whose infancy was wholly disregarded by the great Barukzye Sirdar. The son of a woman of the Kuzzilbash tribe, looked down upon by the high-bred Douranee ladies of his father's household, the boy had begun life in the degrading office of a sweeper at the sacred cenotaph of Lamech. Permitted, at a later period, to hold a menial office about the person of the powerful Wuzeer, he served the great man with water, or bore his pipe; was very zealous in his ministrations; kept long and painful vigils; saw everything, heard everything in silence; bided his time patiently, and when the hour came, trod the stage of active life as no irresolute novice. A stripling of fourteen, in the crowded streets of Peshawur, in broad day, as the buyers and the sellers thronged the thoroughfares of the city, he slew one of the enemies of Futteh Khan, and galloped home to report the achievement to the Wuzeer. From that time his rise was rapid. The

neglected younger brother of Futteh Khan became the favourite of the powerful chief, and following the fortunes of the warlike minister, soon took his place among the chivalry of the Douranee Empire.

"The name of this young warrior was Dost Mahomed Khan. Nature seems to have designed him for a hero of the true Afghan stamp and character. Of a graceful person, a prepossessing countenance, a bold frank manner, he was outwardly endowed with all those gifts which most inspire confidence and attract affection; whilst undoubted courage, enterprise, activity, somewhat of the recklessness and unscrupulousness of his race, combined with a more than common measure of intelligence and sagacity, gave him a command over his fellows and a mastery over circumstances, which raised him at length to the chief seat in the empire. His youth was stained with many crimes, which he lived to deplore. It is the glory of Dost Mahomed that in the vigour of his years he looked back with contrition upon the excesses of his early life, and lived down many of the besetting infirmities which had overshadowed the dawn of his career. The waste of a deserted childhood and the deficiencies of a neglected education he struggled manfully to remedy and repair. At the zenith of his reputation there was not, perhaps, in all Central Asia a chief so remarkable for the exercise of self-discipline and self-control; but he emerged out of a cloudy morn of vice, and sunk into a gloomy night of folly."

We give this sketch in full, because Dost Mahomed was one of the chief actors in the war that followed, and because our author evidently holds his character in the highest estimation. That Dost Mahomed is well entitled to the honourable vindication he has received at the hands of Mr. Kaye, we entirely believe; judging from the whole tenor of his conduct, so long as it was possible for him to propitiate or secure the British alliance, and also from the regard with which he inspired Sir Alexander Burnes, whose residence at Caubul, under circumstances in the last degree unpropitious for the development of favourable impressions on either side, afforded him the amplest opportunities of studying his temper and disposition. When we find Burnes always ready to proclaim his reliance on Mahomed's integrity, and congratulating himself, at the opening of the war, that he was to be sent in another direction, and that "Dost Mahomed was to be ousted by another hand than his," we may be assured that the Douranee usurper deserved nobler treatment and a better fate than he received. But we are anticipating the course of events.

We need not trace the steps by which Dost Mahomed rose upon the ruins of his brother Futteh Khan, and finally expelled Shah Soojah from his throne. Such wonderful transitions are common slides in the magic lantern of the East. But in this case there was an element that distinguished the expulsion and usurpation

from most of the dynastic changes which agitate the phantasmagoria of Indian royalties. In the majority of instances it is a younger brother, or a nephew, or an uncle, or, at least, some remote cousin or relation of the royal family who drives out the possessor of the Crown; but in this instance it was a member of an inferior tribe that had never enjoyed royal privileges, so that the movement was not merely a successful rebellion against the monarch, but the revolution of one clan against another. The Barukzye race was triumphant over Afghanistan in the person of Dost Mahomed, while the Suddozye, or Royal race, were prostrate in the person of Shah Soojah, who was taken under the protection of the English at Loodhianah, where he had the satisfaction of enjoying the society of his blind brother Zemaun Shah, himself an outcast from the same throne, and a pensioner upon the same liberal power. Shah Soojah, afterwards the antagonist puppet who was to confront Dost Mahomed throughout the war, was a man of a different stamp from his great rival. He was totally unfit for the troublous times in which he was cast, and during the period he held the reins of power, he betrayed an incapacity for government which ought to have operated as a warning against his restoration. "His resources were limited," observes Mr. Kaye, "and his qualities were of too negative a character to render him equal to the demands of such stirring times. He wanted vigour; he wanted activity; he wanted judgment; and, above all, he wanted money." He wanted money, because he had bribed his way to the throne by promises which it impoverished him to fulfil, and because he had not ability enough to organize a sufficient revenue to enable him to discharge them. Mr. Kaye, speaking in another place of his incompetent royalty, says, "he wanted the art to inspire confidence and to win affection." In short, his character was made up of negations, and was distinguished more by lack of the qualities which his position urgently demanded, than by the presence of their opposite vices or weaknesses. If we may believe the autobiography he left behind him, these defects were associated with an amiable and gentle spirit very rare indeed amongst his countrymen; but we apprehend that he mistook the feebleness of his nature for benevolence, and that, when he takes credit to himself every now and then for pardoning an enemy, he is unconsciously describing the same mental idleness and lethargy of resolution which so often made him neglect his friends, and fail to conciliate his rivals. The conduct he pursued in exile shewed the fatuous folly and shallow vanity of his character in their true colours. Having obtained the perfect ease and security best adapted to a man of his incapacity, he could not be happy unless he was engaged in the dissensions for which nature and

circumstances had so especially disqualified him. Two years of repose were lost upon his uneasy spirit. Again and again, an instrument in the hands of wily politicians, he attempted the recovery of his empire; but the means employed were so inadequate, and the results were invariably so ludicrous, that his efforts and his expectations ceased to excite any other feeling than that of contempt and derision. Yet this was the prince, under the mask of whose cause the Governor-General of India issued a formal manifesto, by which he declared war upon the Douranee Empire! It is unnecessary to speculate about the verdict which future times will pronounce upon this measure. The fiat of posterity is anticipated in the able and luminous volumes before us, which, written with an impartiality and discrimination that reflect the highest honour on the author, shew that this war was begun without a shadow of justification, that it was carried on through a series of unprecedented disasters, and that it terminated in a loss of life, treasure, and glory, which cannot be otherwise regarded than as the fitting retribution for a proceeding at once impolitic and iniquitous.

The two prominent actors in this war—the Barukzye chief who had discovered a vigour and integrity in his government of the country which had never been imparted to it before, and the exiled Shah, whose inability became more and more evident as the difficulties of his position increased—are now fairly on the stage before us. We are afraid that the attitude of our Government in relation to them was as undignified as it was anomalous. With the internal revolutions of border kingdoms we had no concern, so long as they did not in any way affect our own interests; it was, therefore, a matter properly of no importance to us whether a Barukzye or a Suddozye occupied the throne of Afghanistan. Such, indeed, was the view taken of the subject by the authorities at Calcutta, who suffered the reigning sovereign to be expelled without interference or remonstrance, and received him, with their habitual hospitality, as a pensioner on their bounty. Had we drawn the line at this point, no very serious objection could be taken against our policy. To grant a pension to an unfortunate prince, and allow him to live under our protection, was nothing more than had been done in former cases, in the exercise of a large generosity, which seems to be one of the most graceful functions our civilisation and ascendancy in India call upon us to discharge. But we did not stop here. Without espousing the cause of Shah Soojah, or openly exhibiting any interest in him beyond that of compassion, we suffered him to project on our own soil one expedition after another—as contemptible in resources, no doubt, as they were harmless in execution—against the victorious Dost Mahomed. If we did not actually

sanction these acts, we allowed them to derive a certain weight from our tacit acquiescence in them. This sufferance might possibly, however, be set down to our perfect neutrality; and, for our own parts, we should be quite willing to give the Government credit for having been guided throughout by the strict principle of non-interference, if they had not finally assisted Shah Soojah in a shape which admitted of no evasion, while they still professed a course of policy which they indirectly violated by that very proceeding. Looking back dispassionately on the events of that period, we do not hesitate to assert, that the first great error committed by the English Government was that of granting to Shah Soojah, in 1832, an advance of four months of his pension, by which he was enabled to raise a considerable force, and to cross the Indus into Sindh, at its head. The Barukzye king had treated the former hostile spasms of Shah Soojah with ridicule; but this was a more formidable demonstration,—so formidable that there was not the vestige of an excuse on the part of the authorities at Loodhianah for affecting ignorance of its object, or of the uses to which the four months' stipend was applied under their eyes. The transaction was every way discreditable to us. It looked exactly as if we had secretly urged Shah Soojah to assert his claims without committing ourselves to support them, so that we might be ready to take advantage of the results let the expedition terminate as it might. That we did not, at that time, consider ourselves called upon to espouse the fallen fortunes of the stipendiary Shah, is sufficiently proved by the fact, that it was not till six years afterwards the British Government made the discovery announced by Lord Auckland, in the famous Simlah manifesto, "that a pressing necessity, as well as every consideration of policy and justice, warranted us in espousing the cause of Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk, whose popularity throughout Afghanistan had been proved to his Lordship by the strong and unanimous testimony of the best authorities!"

Notwithstanding the indirect help, however, of the British Government, the expedition failed. Shah Soojah was ignominiously beaten, and made his escape with his life only by the forbearance of Dost Mahomed, who overruled the eager desire of the Candahar chiefs to give chase to the fugitive. He was not long allowed to enjoy the fruits of his clemency and his triumph, and had scarcely succeeded in crushing one enemy when another appeared at his gates. Runjeet Singh, the chief of the Sikhs, who had recently defrauded poor Shah Soojah of the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond, had penetrated the Douranee Empire, and taken possession of Peshawur. In this extremity, Dost Mahomed proclaimed a religious war against the Sikhs, knowing that upon that pretext he could get together a much

larger force than upon any other; and presented himself before Peshawur with so powerful an army, that Runjeet Singh, afraid to encounter him in the open field, had recourse to an act of the basest treachery by which the whole of that vast concourse of soldiers melted away in a single night. The incident is very striking, and as it is related on the authority of the agent, a Mr. Harlan, an American adventurer, who had no reluctance to take the whole disgrace upon himself, the statement may be relied upon. Runjeet despatched him as an envoy to the Afghan camp, and when he got there he employed himself in corrupting the followers of Dost Mahomed. He divided his brothers against him by exciting their jealousy, and prevailed upon one of them (of all others, too, the lately deposed chief of Peshawur) to withdraw suddenly from the camp about nightfall, with 10,000 retainers. "The chief," says Harlan, "accompanied me towards the Sikh camp, whilst his followers fled to their mountain fastnesses. So large a body retiring from the Ameer's control, in opposition to his will, and without previous intimation, threw the general camp into inextricable confusion, *which terminated in the clandestine rout of his forces without beat of drum, or sound of bugle, or the trumpet's blast, in the quiet stillness of midnight.* At daybreak no vestige of the Afghan camp was seen, where six hours before 50,000 men and 10,000 horses, with all the busy host of attendants, were rife with the tumult of wild emotion." The picture is startling. We cannot recall any similar incident of so surprising and even appalling a character.

Falling back upon Caubul with the remnant of his forces, Dost Mahomed shut himself up in his palace, and plunged deeply, says Mr. Kaye, into the study of the Koran. What consolation or wisdom he drew from its pages does not appear; but, rankling under the loss of territory, and the disaffection of his natural allies, and apprehending nothing less than an ultimate movement against the capital, he turned his thoughts upon the necessity of calling in foreign aid. His desire lay between Persia and the British; and while he was debating this problem in his mind, two new events, equally alarming from their strangeness, although totally opposite in their complexion, arrested his attention—the appearance of an English Envoy at Caubul, and the advance of a Persian army against Herat. In each case the avowed purpose concealed a sinister design. Captain Burnes was despatched to the Afghan capital for the ostensible object of negotiating a treaty of commerce, but with the secret object of political diplomacy; and Herat was besieged by the Persians avowedly because it was a depot for kidnapping and selling Persian subjects into slavery, but really to gratify the ambition of the young Shah, fostered and urged on by Russia, who had

her own ends to achieve by establishing the Persian power in that quarter. These two events, which occurred in the autumn of 1837, laid the seeds of the Afghan war. The recent death of the Khan of Herat gives additional interest to these details at the present moment, since there is reason to believe that a similar intrigue is going forward at the present moment in Central Asia, with the ascendancy of Russian influence in the background, pointing at no distant day to a Russian descent upon Hindostan.

The mission of Captain Burnes had been in some sort invited by Dost Mahomed. Upon Lord Auckland's accession to the office of Governor-General in 1836, Dost Mahomed addressed a letter of congratulation to his Lordship, asking his advice at the same time as to the course he ought to take in reference to the Sikhs. Lord Auckland's reply expressed the most friendly wishes for the prosperity of the Afghan nation, urged the expediency of opening the Indus, and hinted at a mission for the discussion of "commercial topics." As to the Afghans, his Lordship declared that it was not the practice of the British Government to interfere with the affairs of other independent states. Well may Mr. Kaye give vent to astonishment and regret that these repeated avowals of a policy of neutrality were so soon followed by a declaration of war. "With what feelings, three years afterwards," he exclaims, "when a British army was marching upon his capital, the Ameer must have remembered these words, it is not difficult to conjecture."

Captain Burnes' mission failed. Success was impossible for a negotiation which was intended merely as a cloak for ulterior designs. The envoy had a task to perform which no diplomatic ingenuity could accomplish with credit. To talk politics, as a representative of the British Government, with the Ameer of Caubul, without being invested with the power to come to any definite conclusion, placed Burnes in a dilemma both painful and humiliating. Actuated personally by the most sincere desire to cultivate a friendly alliance with the Ameer, but constantly checked in his impulses, and defeated in his views, by the restrictions imposed upon him from head-quarters, we can hardly regard him as fulfilling a much more honourable office than that of a sort of authorized and authenticated spy. Dost Mahomed sought assistance from the British Government in the matter of Peshawur and the Sikhs; but the British Government, acting through Captain Burnes, would give him nothing but good advice—or advice, whether it was good or not. For a long time, much longer than the pride of a European power could have preserved its amicable dispositions in the face of such discouragements, the Ameer continued true to his desire to culti-

vate our alliance ; kept off the agents of Persia and Russia, who were besieging him with temptations ; treated the most flattering offers coldly ; and all in the hope of securing friendly relations with the English, which it was our interest as well as his own to cultivate. And it was not until Burnes received his final instructions to reject the Ameer's proposals, that Dost Mahomed reluctantly, but as a matter of necessity, turned his face, as the Easterns say, towards the masked enemies of England. The causes of Captain Burnes' failure are thus ably summed up by Mr. Kaye :—

“His mission failed. What wonder? It could by no possibility have succeeded. If utter failure had been the great end sought to be accomplished, the whole business could not have been more cunningly devised. Burnes asked everything, and promised nothing. He was tied hand and foot. He had no power to treat with Dost Mahomed. All that he could do was to demand on one hand, and refuse on the other. He talked about the friendship of the British Government. Dost Mahomed asked for some proof of it ; and no proof was forthcoming. The wonder is, not that the Ameer at last listened to the overtures of others, but that he did not seek other assistance before.

“No better proof of his earnest desire to cement an alliance with the British Government need be sought for than that involved in the fact of his extreme reluctance to abandon all hope of assistance from the British, and to turn his eyes in another direction. It was not until he was driven to despair by resolute refusals from the quarter whence he looked for aid, that he accepted the offers so freely made to him by other States, and set the seal upon his own destruction. ‘Our Government,’ said Burnes, ‘would do nothing ; but the Secretary of the Russian Legation came with the most direct offers of assistance and money, and as I had no power to counteract him by a similar offer, and got wigged for talking of it at a time when it would have been merely a dead letter to say Afghanistan was under our protection, I was obliged of course to give in.’ What better result Lord Auckland could have anticipated it is hard to say. If the failure of the mission astonished him, he must have been the most sanguine of men.”

While this unpropitious mission was working in vain at Caubul, our other agent, Mr. M'Neill, who had proceeded to the Persian camp before Herat, was exposed to a result still more disastrous. We considered the siege of Herat as a proceeding that involved a direct violation of existing treaties. Our language, on this point at least, was explicit, and Mr. M'Neill's instructions were clear and peremptory. He distinctly announced the views of the British Government to the Shah in the camp ; and the message was afterwards repeated in unmistakable terms, when a naval armament was despatched to the

Persian Gulf. But in spite of all our menaces and expostulations, the English agent was treated with open disrespect. Finding that his position entailed nothing but disgrace, he repeatedly applied for his dismissal, and at last was compelled to leave without it. "The Russians," observes Mr. Kaye, "were exalted at the Persian Court—the British were slighted and humiliated. There was not a tent-pitcher in the camp who did not know that the British mission was treated with intentional disrespect. It was time, therefore, to bring matters to a crisis." And the crisis came in a shape the Shah had scarcely anticipated.

"Reluctant as he was," says our author, "to terminate our diplomatic intercourse with Persia, Mr. McNeill, on the 7th June, took his departure from the Persian camp. From the ramparts of Herat they looked out upon the striking of the English ambassador's tents, and a large party of horsemen were seen making their way across the plain. The rupture was now complete. Persia was no longer an ally of Great Britain."

The whole account of the siege of Herat given in this work, and derived in great part from unpublished sources, is one of the most vivid and animated pieces of historical writing with which we are acquainted. The sketch of the old city, seated with solid earthen walls, surrounded by a wet ditch, with its poor and oppressed population dirty and ill-clad, and going about in a hurried and anxious manner, "each man looking with suspicion into his neighbour's face," where few women were to be seen, and it was dangerous to be abroad after sunset, from the fear of being seized and sold into slavery,—a fear which prevailed so universally that the shops were shut before dark, and the stillness of the night was scared with uproars, and challenges, and cries for help—brings the terrible scene in its ordinary state under the rule of terror of Prince Kamran palpably before us. This Prince Kamran, the son of Shah Mahmood, was the last remnant of the Suddozye race that retained a hold of power: an old and feeble man, broken down by long years of debauchery, whose sovereignty was little better than a ghastly pageant. The portrait of this bandit and sensualist is painted to the life; and the account of his return to Herat, upon the rumour of the advance of the Persians, "the streets lined with eager thousands, and the house-tops alive with gazers," is one of the many faithful pictures of Eastern life which abound in these volumes, and in which the author brings his descriptive powers to bear with the happiest effect upon his intimate knowledge of the habits and manners of the country.

Shah Kamran had been absent upon a campaign in Seistan, when the intelligence reached him of the advance of the Persians upon Herat. He immediately returned home at the head

of his troops, accompanied by his Wuzer, Yar Mahomed Khan, an individual who afterwards became so prominent in the entangled web of Afghan politics, and whose recent death has so unfortunately rekindled the old feuds and rivalries, that we must pause for a moment over Mr. Kaye's sketch of his character. This Yar Mahomed, he tells us, was a "stout, square-built man, of middle height, with a heavy, stern countenance; thick, negro-like lips; bad, straggling teeth; an overhanging brow, and an abruptly receding forehead." The outward appearance of the repulsive Wuzer is not very promising; but, bad as it is, the qualities it conceals are worse. Of unquestionable courage and ability, affable and even serene and courteous in his bearing, this hideous man seems to have concentrated in his nature the most revolting attributes of the national character, rendered additionally dangerous by an amount of energy, tact, and knowledge, not very common amongst races distinguished rather by the extremes of languor and ferocity, than by constancy of purpose and mental activity.

"Of all the unscrupulous miscreants in Central Asia, Yar Mahomed was the most unscrupulous. His avarice and his ambition knew no bounds, and nothing was suffered to stand in the way of their gratification. Utterly without tenderness or compassion, he had no regard for the sufferings of others. Sparing neither sex nor age, he trod down the weak with an iron heel; and, a tyrant himself, encouraged the tyranny of his retainers. As faithless as he was cruel, there was no obligation which he had not violated, no treachery that had not stained his career. If there was an abler or a worse man in Central Asia, I have not yet heard his name."

While this sanguinary and unprincipled minister was accompanying through the gates of Herat the master whose seat he was destined to leap into soon afterwards, a stranger, of whose presence they were unconscious, and whose influence upon subsequent events invests every step of his progress with interest, was gazing down upon the cortege.

"Among the many who went forth on that September morning to witness the entrance of Shah Kamran into his capital, was a young European officer. Riding out a mile beyond the city walls, he picketed his horse in the court-yard of a deserted house, and joined a party of Afghans, who, sitting on the domed roof of the building, were watching the procession as it passed. He had entered Herat about a month before, after an adventurous journey from Caubul, through the Imauk and Hazareh countries. The name of this young officer was Eldred Pottinger."

Pottinger, at that time a lieutenant in the Bombay Artillery, was there in no official capacity, having been merely sent by his uncle, Colonel Pottinger, to explore Afghanistan with the view

to the collection of information. Travelling at one time as a Cutch horse-dealer, and at another as an Indian syud, he mixed freely with the people, and was seldom recognised as a European. The morning after the king's arrival, Eldred Pottinger sent a messenger to the Wuzeer offering to wait upon him as a stranger and a traveller; a proposal which was most graciously received. Mr. Kaye shall sum up for us the results of this accidental appearance of an Englishman in the beleaguered Afghan city—one of those chance circumstances which sometimes exercise an extensive influence over subsequent events in these Indian campaigns.

“Little did Shah Kamran and Yar Mahomed, when they received that unassuming traveller, think how much, under Providence, the future destinies of Herat were in the hands of that young Englishman. The spirit of adventure was strong in Eldred Pottinger. It had brought him to the gates of Herat, and now it kept him there, eager to take a part in the coming struggle between the Heratees and their Persian invaders. And when the day of trial came—when the enemy were under the walls of the city—he threw himself into the contest, not merely in a spirit of adventure, as a young soldier rejoicing in the opportunity thus afforded him of taking part in the stirring scenes of active warfare, but as one profoundly impressed with the conviction that his duty to his country called upon him, in such a crisis, to put forth all his energies in aid of those who were striving to arrest a movement threatening not only the independence of Herat, but the stability of the British Empire in the East.”

To the hitherto unpublished journal of Eldred Pottinger, crowded with the most exciting details of the protracted siege, during which he not only acted as a negociator on behalf of the besieged, but by his valour and presence of mind may be said to have sustained the city at moments when it must otherwise have fallen into the hands of the Persians, we are indebted for the materials out of which, chiefly, Mr. Kaye has constructed a narrative that will be read for its own intrinsic interest long after the events it records shall have ceased to act upon the destinies of the country. Into these details we cannot enter, but must hasten onwards to the war that grew out of them.

The siege of Herat lasted ten months. It ended in considerable loss on both sides to no purpose. How or why the Persians failed is not very clear, for they had the power in their hands to carry the works of that mud-built city, if they had only used them effectively. It was the opinion, says Mr. Kaye, of Eldred Pottinger, that Mahomed Shah might have taken Herat by assault in four-and-twenty hours, had his operations been properly directed; but there was no unity of action; the chiefs

were jealous of each other, and each, thinking only of his own laurels, was gratified rather than chagrined at the discomfiture of the rest. And so, finding themselves in the month of September without forage for their troops, and awed by our hostile demonstrations, they struck their tents, and with broken spirits commenced their retrograde march to Teheran.

We now turn to the state of affairs and councils in British India during the period we have been describing. It was evident that some measures were necessary for the security of our own dominions, but it was not easy to determine what these measures were to be. With a Persian camp before Herat, directed by Russian diplomatists and engineers; with one ambassador exposed to indignities, and another failing from the evasiveness of his instructions; with the Barukzye Sirdars intriguing with the court of Teheran, and, in the distance, a great northern power moving down like a black cloud upon our frontiers, we could no longer look on with indifference, or trust to that famous chapter of accidents to which, under Providence, we are such heavy debtors in the East. The position was undoubtedly one of great difficulty; and, although, at this distance of time, enlightened by subsequent knowledge, we can see our way clearly enough through the imbroglio, reasonable allowances must be made for any special errors of judgment that might have been committed in the management of the crisis. But no such apology can be extended to the adoption of a general line of policy, which was not only based upon injustice, but indefensible even on the meaner grounds of expediency or necessity. There were not wanting men well acquainted with the true condition of Central Asia—such men, for example, as Burnes and Wade—and had their views been carried out, much disgrace and calamity might have been avoided. But the Governor-General, betaking himself to the cool mountain range of the Himalayah with three clever civilians,—Mr. William Macnaghten, Mr. Henry Torrens, and Mr. John Colvin, who, being capital linguists, possessed excellent qualifications for interpreters, but were hardly otherwise qualified, although men of undoubted ability and repute, for the very responsible councils to which they were called at this time,—sat down to plan the operations of a war by which, under the transparent pretence of espousing the claims of Shah Soojah, we committed ourselves at once to a great wrong and a profligate expenditure.

It is distinctly shewn in these volumes that Lord Auckland suffered himself to be guided by the advice of men whose brilliancy and youthful enthusiasm carried away his judgment. The gradual progress of their influence over his mind, for, naturally, Lord Auckland was a man of peace, calm, slow, and

amiable, is distinctly exhibited. Macnaghten was distinguished as an Oriental scholar; Torrens shone with the lustre of many accomplishments, and, says Mr. Kaye, "could amuse the ladies of Lord Auckland's family with as much felicity as he could assist the labours of that nobleman himself;" while Colvin, who was the most confidential adviser of the three, appears to have possessed an ambition and a resolution somewhat too rash and eager for a juncture so serious. Nor was this all; Lord Auckland had other advisers.

"About him also clustered the common smaller staff of military *aides-de-camp*, and not very far in the background were the two sisters of his lordship—ladies of remarkable intelligence and varied accomplishments—who are supposed to have exercised an influence not wholly confined to the social amenities of the vice-regal camp. Lord Auckland was possessed of a clear judgment, and his integrity of purpose is undoubted; but he wanted decision of character—he too often mistrusted his own opinions, and yielded his assent to those of irresponsible advisers, less single-minded and sagacious than himself. There was no want of capacity in Lord Auckland's camp. The men by whom he was surrounded were among the ablest and most accomplished in the country; but it was for the most part a dangerous kind of cleverness that they possessed—there was too much presumption in it. These secretaries, especially the two younger ones, were too ardent and impulsive—they were of too bold and ambitious a nature to be regarded as anything better than perilous and delusive guides. But Lord Auckland entrusted himself to their guidance."

And under their guidance was issued that memorable proclamation, in which his Lordship, tracing, with a marvellously partial pen, the history of the negotiations with Dost Mahomed—frustrated, as we have seen, by the indecision, if not by the insincerity, of the Supreme Government—takes occasion to state the necessity, arising therefrom, of arresting the rapid progress of foreign intrigue and aggression, of espousing by a remarkably strained corollary, the legitimate claims of a banished sovereign, to whom we had hitherto afforded a friendly asylum, without ever troubling ourselves to interfere on his behalf, but, on the contrary, distinctly declining to meddle in his affairs! By sending a mission to Dost Mahomed, we officially recognised his sovereignty; with what shew, then, of common honesty could we afterwards undertake to depose him as an usurper? That is a dilemma from which no diplomatic logic can rescue Lord Auckland. It is undoubtedly a very suspicious circumstance, and throws a dark shadow over our subsequent proceedings, that we never discovered the justice of Shah Soojah's claims, or the propriety of taking up arms on his behalf, until we had quarrelled with his successor.

If the relief of Herat had been our avowed object, the expedition "would have been addressed," Mr. Kaye judiciously observes, "to the counteraction of a real or supposed danger, and would have been plainly justifiable as a measure of self-defence." But it was by no means so obvious, because Persia had made war upon Herat, that England should therefore make war on Dost Mahomed. "With all his own and his secretaries' ingenuity," says Mr. Kaye, "his lordship could not contrive, any more than I have contrived in this narrative, to make the two events hang together by any other than the slenderest thread."

But the most curious feature in the case is, that the Persians had raised the siege of Herat before the Simlah manifesto, to use Mr. Kaye's phrase, was "barely incubated." The legitimate object of the expedition was at an end before the proclamation had obtained general currency. Political consistency demanded that, the pretext for the invasion of Afghanistan being removed, the expedition itself should be abandoned. Lord Auckland had placed the siege of Herat in the foreground, as the main cause and justification of drawing the sword;—the siege was over, and, upon his lordship's own showing, the sword ought to have been returned to the scabbard. Yet, in the face of these broad facts, a vast army was collected, with loud and pompous preparation, the Indus was crossed, and an independent kingdom invaded, under the pretence of averting a danger which no longer existed!

It was stated in the newspapers of the day, that the war was approved by Burnes and Wade, than whom no men in India were better acquainted with the true condition of Central Asia; and one of the essential services rendered to Indian history by this publication consists in clearing away this misapprehension, along with a great many more of a like kind. The war was undertaken against the advice of Burnes, Wade, M'Neill, and, indeed, of all the men who were most competent to decide upon the course proper to be taken. But once it was undertaken, their line of conduct, as individuals, was clear and unmistakable. They were responsible, not for the resolutions of the Supreme Government, but for the discharge of the duties personally assigned to them, which they fulfilled with a zeal and heroic perseverance worthy of a service that, in the worst and most perilous times, has always acquitted itself with honour. By the following passage, we learn also that the highest authorities, at home and abroad, were equally opposed to this unjustifiable expedition: and here we must expressly direct attention to Mr. Kaye's panegyric on the administrative policy of the East India Company, a tribute dictated by that upright feeling

and good faith which invariably distinguish his criticisms, and which derives increased force and value from the honesty and independence so conspicuously displayed in this work :—

“ The oldest, the most experienced, and the most sagacious Indian politicians were of opinion that the expedition, though it might be attended at the outset with some delusive success, would close in disaster and disgrace. Among those who most emphatically disapproved of the movement and predicted its failure, were the Duke of Wellington, Lord Wellesley, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Mr. Edmonstone, and Sir Charles Metcalfe. The Court of Directors of the East India Company were strongly opposed to the war, and had no part in its initiation beyond the performance of such mechanical duties as are prescribed by Act of Parliament. The members of the Secret Committee are compelled to sign the despatches laid before them by the Board of Control : and the President of the Board of Control has unreservedly admitted that, beyond the mere mechanical act of signing the papers laid before them, they had no part in the recommendation or authorization of the war. The policy of the East India Company is a policy of non-interference. They had seldom lost an opportunity of inculcating upon their governors the expediency of refraining from intermeddling with the Trans-Indian states. The temper, indeed, of this great body is essentially pacific ; all the instructions which emanate from them have a tendency towards the preservation of peace and the non-extension of empire ; and when the merits and demerits of their government come to be weighed in the balance, it can never be imputed to them that they have been eager to draw the sword from the scabbard, or have willingly squandered the resources of India upon unjust and unprofitable wars.”

Mr. Kaye notes another very remarkable discordance in the enunciation of the declaration of war. The manifesto states that the war was undertaken with the concurrence of the Supreme Council. The historian *proves* that it was undertaken in spite of a remonstrance from the Supreme Council against it. The office of the contemporary historian is always difficult, and often delicate and embarrassing ; but it seldom exacts so painful a duty as that of exposing a perversion of truth in public documents. The writer who executes such functions with strict independence, must be armed with a moral courage as rare as it is valuable ; and we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of observing, that by no single quality is this history more honourably distinguished than by its fidelity to truth, irrespective of power or party. Nor is this quality less worthy of commendation for its own sake, than for the judicial integrity and dispassionate temper with which it is exercised.

The grand gathering of the army destined for the occupation of Afghanistan took place at Ferozepore in the month of November. Every step taken from the very commencement of this

inauspicious war, involved us in fresh breaches of faith, or infractions of our own declared policy. The expedition was literally inaugurated by a violation of the very plan of operations which Lord Auckland had himself laid down in the first instance. It was originally intended to construct an alliance between Runjeet Singh and Shah Soojah, for the recovery of the dominions of the latter, guaranteed by England, or, as Mr. Kaye more accurately describes her position, England "remaining in the background jingling the money bag." For this express purpose a tripartite treaty was entered into in the month of June. Had this view been carried out, the onus of the war, with all its failures and disgraces, would have been transferred to the Sikhs and the Shah. But the treaty had scarcely been executed when Lord Auckland, worked upon, it is supposed, by his intemperate advisers, took a more expanded view of the enterprise, and abandoning the passive part to which he was in a measure pledged by the treaty, committed the Government to the whole responsibility of the war. The very first scene in the calamitous drama was a ceremonial meeting between his Lordship and Runjeet Singh, at which the troops of the two nations were paraded before them. The crush and confusion that marked this memorable interview ominously shadowed forth the disasters that followed. In the meantime, what became of the treaty which this meeting practically nullified? We commend the reader to Mr. Kaye's picturesque account of the galantie show; but we must hasten on.

It is impossible, within our limits, to follow the events of the war, which are here detailed with a vivid minuteness that will gratify to the amplest extent the curiosity of the military reader, while they supply a narrative of such fierce excitement and romantic adventure as rarely sheds its glare upon the pages of history. Some of the most remarkable passages in this war have been chronicled by two or three of the actors in them; but beyond these isolated statements, confined to particular scenes and personal observations, nothing more complete or satisfactory has been given to the public. The history of the whole war, embracing the entire field of operations, and taking up every point of action, is here, for the first time, accomplished upon a scale worthy of the magnitude of the undertaking. The masses of unpublished documents, correspondence, and manuscript journals to which Mr. Kaye has had access, have not only enabled him to execute his task with a comprehensiveness and precision in the details, but with an authenticity of statement that confer the highest historical value upon the work. The judgment, diligence, and literary ability displayed throughout these volumes, shew that the confidence which, from so many quarters, com-

mitted such important papers to Mr. Kaye's discretion, could not have been reposed in abler or more judicious hands.

Glancing at some of the principal incidents, without observing any chronological order or sequence in our extracts, we will give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves of the merits and interest of the publication.

The character of Sir Alexander Burnes, who fell under the murderous knives of the Afghans in the first movement of the outbreak at Caubul, has never been properly estimated, either in what was due to his merits, or in the errors which were ascribable to his impulsive and mercurial temperament. Something of his failures is justly attributed by Mr. Kaye to the anomalous position in which he was placed.

"It was the hard fate of Alexander Burnes to be overrated at the outset, and underrated at the close of his career. It may be doubted whether justice has yet been rendered him—whether, on the one hand, what was innately and intrinsically good in him has been amply recognised; and whether, on the other, the accidental circumstances of his position have been sufficiently taken into account. From the very commencement of the Afghan expedition Burnes was placed in a situation calculated neither to develop the better nor to correct the worst part of his character. In his own words, indeed, he was in 'the most nondescript of situations.' He had little or no power. He had no supreme and independent control of affairs; nor had he, like other political assistants, any detached employment of a subordinate character; but was an anomalous appendage to the British mission, looking out for the chance of succession to the upper seat. In such a position he felt uneasy and unsettled; he lived rather in the future than in the present; and chafed under the reflection that whilst, in all that related to the management of public affairs, he was an absolute cipher at the Afghan Court, much of the odium of unpopular acts descended upon him; and that much of the discredit of failure would attach to him if the measures, which he was in nowise permitted to shape, were not crowned with success. There is reason to think that if fairer scope had been allowed for the display of his abilities, and a larger amount of responsibility had descended upon him, he would have shone with a brighter and a steadier light, and left behind him a more honourable name. His talents were great; his energies were great. What he lacked was stability of character. Power and responsibility would have steadied him. He would have walked with a firmer step and in a straighter course under a heavier burden of political duties. As it was, all the environments of his life at Caubul were too surely calculated to unbalance and unbalance even a more steadfast mind. It is right that all these things should be taken into account. It is right, too, that it should never be forgotten by those who would form a correct estimate of the character and career of Alexander Burnes, that both have been misrepresented in those collections of State papers, which

are supposed to furnish the best materials of history, but which are often in reality only one-sided compilations of garbled documents—counterfeits which the ministerial stamp forces into currency, defrauding a present generation, and handing down to posterity a chain of dangerous lies.”

Through the numerous characters thus depicted, with the immediate surrounding influences acting upon them, we obtain clearer views of the actual nature of Indian policy than the most elaborate analysis of mere events could supply. The work abounds in portraits of this kind, drawn with skill and vigour, and imparting to the busy scene that life and movement which constitute the true elements of the historical narrative.

The murder of Sir Alexander Burnes was the melancholy presage of all the horrors that followed. We had succeeded in placing Shah Soojah on the throne, and sending Dost Mahomed and his family into captivity. But we had no sooner achieved this object than our troops, surrounded by savage enemies, under the very walls within which Shah Soojah sat in his new state which we had won for him, were exposed not merely to the basest perfidies, but to open hostilities, beginning with the assassination of our Envoy. Caubul was in a state of insurrection against the hated Feringhees. Shah Soojah did nothing but look on at the humiliation and slaughter, and our position grew worse and worse every day. There is no doubt that a vigorous demonstration in the first instance would have saved us; but throughout the whole of this most disastrous war, an invincible panic seems to have struck down the courage and self-possession of our soldiers and their commanders. The curse which had fallen on Sir Giles Overreach might be applied with too much truth to the army of Caubul. Orphans' tears had, indeed, glued their swords to the scabbards, and undone widows sat upon their arms and paralyzed them!

Elphinstone, who commanded at Caubul, was mentally and physically incompetent to grapple with the difficulties of the situation. His frame was paralyzed with disease—his mind clouded with suffering. He knew nothing of the country, and appears to have combined in a strange mixture the opposite qualities of obstinacy and credulity. The result was perpetual oscillation. To increase the misfortunes of the crisis, he insisted upon the maintenance of an authority which he either abused or suffered to lapse into inaction. When Brigadier Shelton, a brave rough soldier, was brought into the camp to help him, instead of availing himself of his services, he did nothing but thwart him and annihilate his utility. Everything was against us. Even the cantonments in which our troops lay, exposed to daily harassing assaults, were injudiciously chosen; and when it was

proposed to take refuge in the Balla Hirsar, where, at least, the safety of Shah Soojah would have been compromised with our own, it was negatived. The same doom brooded over us on all occasions. The destiny of the Greek drama was not more clear, certain, and fatal, than the awful retribution which tracked in disgrace and ruin the whole tragedy, or series of tragedies, of this most unrighteous war.

At last the whole country rose up in insurrection. It was evident that, independently of their own differences, the entire population was resolved to exterminate the invaders. The incidents of suffering in masses, and of individual heroism, under these appalling circumstances, are probably unparalleled. Many such illustrations might be accumulated; but the larger calamity of a whole army of British troops, defeated at all points, disgraced, and insulted, and perishing in the snows of a wild country, or cut to pieces in its savage passes, reduces these individual miseries to absolute insignificance. Meanwhile, Shah Soojah was gazing down from the windows of his palace upon the daily decimation of our troops by starvation and the knives of the Afghans. He was infected not only by the general panic, but by special fears for himself.

Some faint notion may be formed of the scenes he witnessed from a scrap out of the description of one of the numerous straggling actions our troops were compelled to fight in self-preservation. The enemy had swept down upon a village from whence our commissariat had been drawing supplies of grain. It was necessary to drive them out of the village. As usual, councils were divided as to what ought to be done, and, as usual, the wrong advice was taken. A weak detachment was sent out to occupy, and, adds Mr. Kaye, "with a fatuity only to be accounted for by the belief that the curse of God was upon these unhappy people, they had taken out a single gun!" The battle had raged for some time, our regiments broken and disordered, now flying, and now re-forming only to be scattered again; and now follows a scene of degradation to the British soldiers, such as we believe to be strange to our annals, and which, we trust, we shall never have occasion to record again:—

"The artillerymen were falling fast at their gun; and Shelton, thinking it insecure, withdrew it to a safer position. Emboldened by this, the enemy continued the attack with increased vigour; and again the British troops began to cower beneath the fire of their assailants.

"For now was seen again that spectacle which had before struck terror into our ranks, and scattered our fighting men like sheep. A party of the enemy, headed by a band of furious Ghazees, emerged from the gorge, and crawling up the hill, suddenly burst upon our wavering battalions. The British troops had been losing heart before

this; and now it needed little to extinguish the last remaining spark of courage that warmed them. At this inauspicious moment, Shelton, who had been ever in the thickest of the fire, and who escaped by very miracle the balls which flew about the one-armed veteran, and struck him five times with no effect, fell back a few paces to order some more men to the front. Seeing the back of their commander towards the enemy, our front-rank men gave way; and, in a minute, infantry and cavalry were flying precipitately down the slope of the hill. The Afghan horse, seizing the opportunity, dashed upon our retreating force; and presently friend and foe were mixed up in inextricable confusion. The artillerymen alone were true to themselves and their country. Thinking only of the safety of their gun, they dashed down the steep descent and drove into the very midst of the Afghan horsemen. But they could not resist the multitudes that closed around them; and the gun, so nobly served and so nobly protected, fell a second time into the hands of the enemy.

"The rout of the British force was complete. In one confused mass of infantry and cavalry—of European and native soldiers—they fled to the cantonment walls. Elphinstone, who had watched the conflict from the ramparts, went out, infirm as he was, and strove, with all the energy of which, in his enfeebled state, he was master, to rally the fugitives. But they had lost themselves past recovery; they had forgotten that they were British soldiers. The whole force was now at the mercy of the Afghans."

Baffled, beaten, mocked, and hunted, we attempted to negotiate, but even here we failed; and at this crisis there suddenly appeared upon the scene to give increased efficiency and consolidation to the rebellion, a young Barukzye chief, Akbar Khan, the son of that Dost Mahomed, the enterprising and intelligent ruler whom we had driven from his seat, to make room for a king who possessed neither the resolution nor the power to protect his generous allies from the vengeance of his own people.

We need not pursue the story; the treaty, ignominious in more aspects than that of its insulting dictation, entered into with Akbar Khan, and the disastrous retreat from Caubul. It was here that poor Macnaghten perished, and no man was ever placed in a more difficult strait; with the military authorities always opposed to him, his advice always set aside or evaded, or not acted upon till it was too late; his manly hopes dragged down at last to the desperate conviction that nothing more could be done by engaging the enemy in the field, and that the last resource lay in a game of dexterous diplomacy; it is matter of wonder, as Mr. Kaye observes, not that he was pressed down by "the tremendous burthen of anxiety which had sat upon him throughout seven weeks of unparalleled suffering and disaster, but that he had borne up so long and so bravely under its weight." It would be well to draw a veil for ever over the horrible scenes

that ensued, if it might not be hoped that the relation of them would serve as a warning to the future. In the last extremity, Macnaghten consented to give a meeting to Akbar Khan to negotiate terms. He was warned of intended treachery, but, like poor Burnes, he would not believe in it. Accompanied by his friends Lawrence, Trevor, Mackenzie, and a few horsemen, he rode out of the cantonments; but, remembering a beautiful Arab horse of his own which Akbar Khan had much coveted, he sent back for it that he might present it to the Sirdar.

"Near the banks of the river, midway between Mahmood Khan's fort and the bridge, about 600 yards from the cantonment, there were some small hillocks, on the further slope of which, where the snow was lying less thickly than on other parts, some horse-cloths were now spread by one of Akbar Khan's servants. The English officers and the Afghan Sirdars had exchanged salutations and conversed for a little while on horseback. The Arab horse, with which Mackenzie had returned, had been presented to Akbar Khan, who received it with many expressions of thanks, and spoke also with gratitude of the gift of the pistols which he had received on the preceding day. It was now proposed that they should dismount. The whole party accordingly repaired to the hill-side. Macnaghten stretched himself at full length on the bank; Trevor and Mackenzie, burdened with presentiments of evil, seated themselves beside him. Lawrence stood behind his chief until urged by one of the Khans to seat himself, when he knelt down on one knee, in the attitude of a man ready for immediate action. A question from Akbar Khan, who sat beside Macnaghten, opened the business of the conference. He abruptly asked the Envoy if he were ready to carry out the proposals of the preceding evening? 'Why not?' asked Macnaghten. The Afghans were by this time gathering around in numbers, which excited both the surprise and the suspicion of Lawrence and Mackenzie, who said, that if the conference was to be a secret one, the intruders ought to be removed. With a movement of doubtful sincerity some of the chiefs then lashed out with their whips at the closing circle; but Akbar Khan said that their presence was of no consequence, as they were all in the secret with him.

"Scarcely were the words uttered, when the Envoy and his companions were violently seized from behind. The movement was sudden and surprising. There was a scene of terrible confusion, which no one can distinctly describe. The officers of the Envoy's staff were dragged away, and compelled each to mount a horse ridden by an Afghan chief. Soon were they running the gauntlet through a crowd of Ghazees, who struck out at them as they passed. Trevor unfortunately slipped from his insecure seat behind Dost Mahomed Khan, and was cut to pieces on the spot. Lawrence and Mackenzie, more fortunate, reached Mahmood Khan's fort alive.

"In the meanwhile, the Envoy himself was struggling desperately on the ground with Akbar Khan. The look of wondering horror that

sat upon his upturned face will not be forgotten by those who saw it to their dying days. The only words he was heard to utter were, '*Az barae Khoda*,' ('For God's sake.') They were, perhaps, the last words spoken by one of the bravest gentlemen that ever fell a sacrifice to his erring faith in others. He had struggled from the first manfully against his doom, and now these last manful struggles cost the poor chief his life. Exasperated past all control by the resistance of his victim, whom he designed only to seize, Akbar Khan drew a pistol from his girdle—one of those pistols for the gift of which only a little while before he had profusely thanked the Envoy—and shot Macnaghten through the body. Whether the wretched man died on the spot—or whether he was slain by the infuriated Ghazees, who now pressed eagerly forward, is not very clearly known—but these miserable fanatics flung themselves upon the prostrate body of the English gentleman, and hacked it to pieces with their knives."

It is almost incredible that this treacherous and bloody deed, committed in the open day-light, should have been permitted to pass, not only unrevenged, but without even an attempt to revenge it. The same had happened in the case of Burnes. General Elphinstone was paralyzed by worse disabilities than rheumatic gout.

Then came the retreat—the crowning retribution of all. It is impossible to convey any adequate impression of the narrative Mr. Kaye has collected, for the first time, into a complete whole of these dreadful scenes. After sixty-five days of such humiliation as had never before been borne by a British force, they prepared to consummate the work of self-abasement by abandoning their position, and "leaving the trophies of war in the hands of an insolent enemy." The snow was deep upon the ground, the elements as well as man were against them, and, to aggravate their misfortunes, the rush of camp-followers that overwhelmed the soldiery, prevented the possibility of maintaining anything like military order.

"Not a mile of the distance had been accomplished before it was seen how heavily this curse of camp-followers sate upon the doomed army. It was vain to attempt to manage this mighty mass of lawless and suffering humanity. On they went, struggling through the snow—making scant progress in their confusion and bewilderment—scarcely knowing whether they were escaping, or whether they were rushing on to, death."

When they had advanced farther in their dismal route, attacked by the enemy who harassed them at every step, these camp-followers, clustering about the fighting men, literally paralyzed their movements. They hoped to shake off the incubus by moving on lightly under cover of the night—but in vain.

"It was a bright frosty night. The snow was lying only par-

tially on the ground. For some miles they proceeded unmolested. But when, at Seh-Baba, the enemy again opened a fire upon their rear, the camp-followers rushed to the front; and when firing was heard a-head of the column, again fell back on the rear. Thus surging backwards and forwards—the ebb and flow of a great tide of people—these miserable camp-followers, in the wildness of their fear, overwhelmed the handful of soldiers who were still able and willing to show a front to the enemy, blocked up the road, and presented to the eyes of the Afghan marksmen a dark mass of humanity, which could not escape their fire even under cover of the night.”

The tragedies of the Koord-Caunul, and the Jugdulluck passes, are yet distinctly remembered by all readers of these campaigns. We hasten to the sequel. Perishing by the worst varieties of death, the whole army melted away, until at last out of a total multitude of 16,500 human beings, 4500 of whom were fighting men, but one individual, Dr. Brydon, escaped alive to tell the tale of slaughter to his fellow-countrymen at Jellalabad.

At Jellalabad and Candahar, the miserable enterprise had fared somewhat better. Still it was a disgraceful failure; and when Lord Auckland, who remained in office long enough to witness the total frustration of his magnificent project, staggering and reeling under the ruin he had so rashly invoked, relinquished the government of India into the hands of Lord Ellenborough, we can readily believe that it was the only moment of respite he had felt from the blast of the first trumpet to the close of his Vice-royalty.

In the history of the world there never was a great undertaking in which the hand of Providence punishing the injustice of a powerful state was so visible. Nor did the injustice fall upon Afghanistan alone. It was an injustice, most grievous and oppressive, to ourselves. The attempt to sustain Shah Soojah on the throne had drained the resources of the East India Company to the dregs. The people of Hindoostan suffered as deeply as the people of Afghanistan. They not only expended vast treasures, but offered up the flower of their troops, and some of the bravest and most accomplished men, and best blood they possessed, as sacrifices to a policy which was vainly attempted to be forced upon an independent nation. And in the end, we had the satisfaction of seeing the monarch we had restored, entering into an alliance with the race we had ousted to make way for him, and by whom, upon the very first occasion of his shewing himself among them, he was afterwards murdered, stripped of his jewels, and cast into a ditch.

The narrative of these ruinous campaigns is followed up by a
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detailed account of the retributive operations of Pollock and Nott, terminating with the restoration of Dost Mahomed, and the declaration by Lord Ellenborough, on the 1st October 1842, of the utter failure of the policy enunciated by Lord Auckland on the 1st October 1838. And thus, after an expenditure of thousands of lives, and millions of money, we sent back the man we had forcibly removed, with the bitter memory of his wrongs upon him to make him our enemy, when we might have made him our friend, in the first instance, at very little cost of money, and none at all of life; and thus one Governor-General publicly reversed the policy of his predecessor, writing his proclamation, by a singular and signal coincidence, in the same room at Simlah from which the manifesto of the war had been issued exactly four years before!

The work to which we are indebted for a comprehensive chronicle of this war, is a valuable contribution to Indian history. The details are full, accurate, and impartial; and are entitled to additional confidence from the authentic and hitherto unexplored sources drawn upon in the relation of them. Mr. Kaye belongs to no party, and the fearlessness with which he traces the policy of the Government and the conduct of individuals, exhibits an independence of all influences highly creditable to his integrity and his courage. The period embraced in this war was peculiarly open to unconscious predilections. Of the two Governors-General who presided over the affairs of India during the occupation of Afghanistan, one was a Whig and the other was a Tory; but it is impossible from the perusal of these volumes to determine with which party Mr. Kaye's political sympathies are bound up.

It is written with ability and sound judgment, developing an intimate acquaintance with the interior of the country and the life of the people. Its appearance at this moment is peculiarly opportune. Herat is again threatened by rival claims and Persian intrigues; while, if the German journals may be relied upon, we are menaced by a renewal of Russian interference in that quarter. Central Asia is likely to become once more the scene of dynastic revolutions and foreign invasion, in which Dost Mahomed will take a prominent part, having already, it is said, placed his son Hydu Khan (who is strengthened in his title to the throne of Herat by his marriage with the widow of his brother Akbar Khan, a daughter of Yar Mahomed) at the head of a large army, for the purpose of descending upon Herat by the route of Balk. If these rumours be well founded, and there is no reason to doubt them, Mr. Kaye's history will be a horn-book for our political and military servants in that distracted region.

ART. IX.—1. *The Tragedies of Æschylus*. Literally translated by THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford. London, 1849.

2. *The Lyrical Dramas of Æschylus, from the Greek*. Translated into English Verse by JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Latin Literature in Marischal College, Aberdeen. 2 vols. London, 1850.

THAT every civilized modern nation ought to possess a complete series of translations of all the Greek and Latin Classics, is an assertion that will be universally admitted. Whether the English language may not already be in possession of something professedly equivalent to such a complete series of translations, our knowledge of what has been done in this department since the commencement of our literature, does not permit us to affirm; we can unhesitatingly say, however, that no such series of translations from the classical writers as *ought* to exist in the English language, does exist in it. A large proportion of what our literary men and scholars have done in this way has been irrecoverably vitiated by the false method according to which it was done—that method, namely, of loose and elegant paraphrase, in lieu of accurate and literal rendering, which was so prevalent among English translators during the whole of the last and the early part of the present century, and of which Pope's version of the *Iliad* is the most splendid example. All translations executed according to this method are, we hold, to be simply discarded—to be treated as if, in their character as translations, they did not exist. They may be read for their independent merits, if people choose; but they ought not to be counted in any catalogue that may be drawn up to exhibit what amount of Greek and Roman literature has been really translated into English. And were this subtraction made from the list of our professed translations from the Classics—were no translations counted but those executed, however imperfectly, on right principles—we are convinced that the blank would be very large.

Now, this blank ought, most decidedly, to be filled up; and that as soon as possible. As far as one could hope, by any declaration beforehand of what is desirable, to determine the labours of our literary practitioners in a given direction, one would be disposed to say to them, "Give us, as soon as possible, a good and complete series of translations of the classic masterpieces; we will dispense with as much else as may be necessary, till you have provided us with *that*." It is to our *literary practitioners*, we say, that we would address this demand; for this is

precisely one of those cases which shew how convenient it would be to have part (not the whole) of the literary faculty of the country organized and maintained after some fashion or other in the public service. Certain exercises of mind, certain species of literary effort, indeed, there are, which never can and never will be submitted to any such system of control—compatible as they are only with the immense resolve, the unshared inspiration, or the golden whim of the individual; and however the State may deal with these in the way of honour and reward after they are accomplished, it certainly cannot deal with them as contractor and paymaster. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that, at the present day, when there is so much respectable talent and so much practised literary skill actually lost in the country for want of proper work, it might be advantageous to employ scholars and authors collectively in certain departments of professional exertion under public auspices, even though this should have to be done in the face of an objection that we were thereby introducing an Erastian taint into literature. Besides the making of dictionaries, and the compilation of blue-books and state-papers on contemporaneous subjects of social interest, the business of translating from the dead or from foreign languages is one of the most obvious departments in which such a plan would be, to some extent, applicable. Translation, indeed, as we shall have yet to remark, may, in some cases, rise into the rank of an art requiring genius; on the whole, however, the kind of translation of which we are at present speaking is quite within the range of the accomplished literary practitioner. Nor in the demand we make, that part of the scholarly and literary faculty of the country should be rendered compulsorily available for the purpose of translation from the classical languages, including the Oriental, do we ask anything which our existing academic apparatus might not very easily be made to supply. The country has a right to look to Oxford and Cambridge for the filling up of that blank in our literature to which we have alluded—a complete and trustworthy translation, suitable for the popular English reader, of all the works that the genius and learning of antiquity have bequeathed to us. We are not of those who complain that Oxford and Cambridge are doing nothing for their living; nor are we ignorant how much individual scholars of these Universities have done in that very branch of literary service of which we are making mention; we see no grounds for concluding, however, that the Universities, as such, have done all in this department that might be expected from them, or that, without the slightest detriment to those more erudite exercises of hermeneusis and exegesis by which their scholars have been accustomed to prepare the text of the Classic

authors for the more exact appreciation of other scholars, they might not also be made compulsorily to take part in the better and greater work of putting the treasures of these authors systematically within the reach of the mass of Englishmen. Considering what materials there already are in the shape of existing translations more or less perfect, it would not be difficult for Oxford and Cambridge soon to present us with all that could be desired in this respect. Probably the thing could be effected by some simple arrangement, according to which contributions to a complete English version of the Classics should be exacted in return for University preferments; and, if so, care should certainly be taken to include the Oriental authors in the arrangement, so that our notorious deficiencies in regard to them might also have a chance of being gradually supplied.

And with what kind of translations is it that, under such an arrangement, the ordinary scholarship of Oxford and Cambridge, or the similarly educated talent throughout the country, might be fairly expected to provide us? With this, surely, at the least,—good literal prose translations of all the Greek and Latin Classics, accompanied with such illustrative notes as would make the text thoroughly intelligible to the careful English reader. The prime and essential characteristic of such translations ought to be rigid and punctilious literality. Not the slightest deviation from the *ipsissima verba* of the original text ought, by rule, to be permitted. We cannot too strongly insist upon this. To us what are called free translations are an abomination. So-called “freedom” of translation we regard as, in most cases, proceeding from nothing else than a defect of conscientiousness, a weakness of moral principle. As to report a man’s words exactly as he uttered them indicates strictness of conscience as well as strength of memory; so to render a passage from a foreign or classical author with a rigorous reproduction of every term and particle employed, indicates sound moral habit as well as a command of vocables. All schools where the art of translating the Classics is not taught on literal principles, whatever else may be superadded for the sake of easy exercise in the vernacular, are seminaries of inaccuracy and a life-long laxness of mind to the pupil. The character even of a nation may be judged from its translations. The superior conscientiousness, for example, of the Germans over the French appears in nothing more conspicuously than in the superior closeness of their translations from other languages. Literal exactness, therefore, word for word fidelity to the original text, ought to be the first condition of such prose translations from the Classics as we are now speaking of. All attempts to escape this, all pretensions about giving the “spirit” of the original, but not the exact words, we would treat

as dishonest subterfuges. There is no security that we see for giving the spirit of the original, unless by giving an exact version of the words. Some exception may, indeed, be allowed in respect of occasional passages, where a too close rendering of the words of a classic author would unnecessarily offend against established moral proprieties; but this exception is one the limits of which are sufficiently defined by the nature of the case. The other reason so frequently alleged as an excuse for free translations, namely, the peculiar genius of the English language, is one for which we would make no allowance. To reconcile closeness to the original with a due regard for whatever is established in the vernacular idiom, is simply the translator's difficulty; which if he cannot overcome, he is not fit to be a translator. A translation, we hold, may be literally exact and yet be good English; the burthen of fulfilling both conditions is what the translator undertakes; if he fails in either, he must bear the blame; but if we are to let him off one of the conditions at all, it should certainly be the second rather than the first. If the genius of the English language will not permit of a literal translation of any piece of classical composition, then, if that piece of classical composition is to be translated at all, the genius of the English language must just submit to the strain. For, after all, is not a certain quaintness and foreign aspect of speech one of the characteristics essential and proper to a translation—representing to the reader, as it were, in a form so palpable that he must notice it, the difference between the mode of thinking of his own country or time, and the mode of thinking of the country or time which he is trying to study? It is in accordance with this, at least, that the difficulty of executing a translation that shall be at once close and idiomatic increases as we go back from the contemporary foreign to the dead languages. It is more easy by far to translate a passage from a French or a German author literally, and yet into good English, than it is to perform the same feat with a passage from the Latin or the Greek.

But ought we to be content with good literal prose translations of the classical masterpieces, edited and illustrated as we have supposed? This is what the ordinary scholarship and literary talent of the country can undoubtedly supply us with; and this, in any case, we ought certainly to have; but ought we to rest here? We do not think so. A great deal more may be done to popularize the Classics than this; and the work of popularizing the Classics is, as a whole, sufficiently high and laudable to justify the expenditure of a greater quantity of modern labour upon it than this would amount to. Both as regards matter and form there are many of the compositions of Greece and

Rome, to the task of reproducing which, and illustrating them in the best possible manner, England could well afford to set apart a considerably higher class of her literary functionaries than would be required for the mere business of accurate prose translation with accompanying elucidations. This is true even of the *prose* writers among the Classics. It might be sufficient, for example, to have an accurate prose translation of Herodotus, such as an ordinary Oxford scholar could give, illustrated by such antiquarian and geographical notes as he would easily have at command; a similar process, with more of knowledge of the military art, might be enough for the Commentaries of Cæsar; even less might serve for a good translation of Plutarch; nor, if we supposed our Oxford man to have, in addition to his scholarship, a tolerable amount of taste and philosophic culture, should we despair of obtaining from him in good English the vast sense of the Stagyræite, or the actual meaning which makes the sublimity of Plato. But, in certain cases, one would willingly consent to a larger outlay of native talent and skill in the interpretation even of the prose authors. The man who, himself inspired by the soul of Plato, should devote years to the preparation of an English version of Plato's writings, conveying, along with their actual meaning, some worthy idea of their beauty of form, would not be thought to have lost his time in the undertaking; and that translator were surely entitled to be called a man of independent genius that could make Demosthenes stand before us again in the cadence and thunder as well as in the thought and clearness of his own orations. We omit here any detailed allusion to those literary undertakings wherein the functions of the translator, and those of the independent author or artist, might well be blended. One undertaking of this kind, which we have heard proposed, we will but mention as an example—a Life of Demosthenes, or an Account of the Life and Times of Demosthenes, in which all the speeches of the orator should be embodied *verbatim*, the remainder of the work consisting of a connecting narrative. This is but one out of the many similar undertakings whereby the literary genius of the present might honourably work for the artistic reproduction, in the point of view of strictly modern interest, of all that is grandest in the classic past. Only here, too, wherever the work should consist of translation, we would insist upon the condition of literal exactness. Of that canon we would never abate one jot. Give us more, if you like; but give us that, at least.

It is with regard to the *poetry* of antiquity, however, that the greatest difficulty is felt. How shall we translate the Greek and Latin poets; or with what kinds of translations of these must

we, by force, be content? On this point Professor Blackie speaks as follows, in the preface to his translation of *Æschylus* :—

“Some men of literary note, in the present day, observing the great difficulties with which poetical translators have to contend, especially when using a language of inferior compass, have been of opinion that the task ought not to be attempted at all—that all poetical translations, from the Greek at least, into English, should be done in prose; and, in confirmation of this opinion, they point to the English translation of the Hebrew Bible as a model. But if, as Southey says, ‘a translation is good precisely as it faithfully represents the matter, manner, and spirit of the original,’ it is difficult to see how this doctrine can be entertained. Poetry is distinguished from prose more by the manner than by the matter; and rhythmical regularity, or verse, is precisely that quality which distinguishes the manner of poetry from that of prose. In one sense, and in the best sense, Plato and Richter and Jeremy Taylor, are poets; in another sense, and in the best sense, *Æschylus*, and Dante, and Shakespeare, are philosophers; but that which a poet as a poet has, and a philosopher as a philosopher has not, is verse; and this element the advocates of a prose translation of poetical works are content to miss out! That the argument from the English translation of the Bible is not applicable to every case, will appear plain to any one who will figure to himself Robert Burns, or Horace, or Beranger, in a prose dress. * * I consider, therefore, that prose translations of the Greek dramatists will never satisfy the just demands of a cultivated taste, for the plain reason, that they omit that element which is most characteristic of the manner of the original.

“I am persuaded that the demand for prose translations of poets has arisen, in this country, more from a desperate reaction against certain vicious principles of the old English school of translation, than from a serious consideration, either of the nature of the thing, or of the capacity of our noble language. In Germany I do not find that this notion has ever been entertained, plainly because the German poetical translations did not err, like our English ones, in conspiring, by every sort of fine flourishing, and delicate furbishment, to obscure or to blot out what was most characteristic in their originals. The proper problem of an English translator is not *how to say a thing as the author would have said it, had he been an Englishman*; but *how, through the medium of the English language, to make the English reader feel both what he said, and how he said it, being a Greek*. Now, any one who is familiar with the general run of English rhythmical translations, of which Pope’s *Iliad* is the pattern, must be aware that they have too often been executed under the influence of the former of these principles, rather than the latter. * *

“I at once admit that a good prose translation—that is to say, a prose translation done by a poet, or a man of poetical culture—of such an author as Homer, is preferable, for many purposes, to a poetical translation so elegantly defaced as that of Pope. A prose translation, also, of any poet, done accurately in a prosaic style by a

proser, however much of a parody or a caricature in point of taste, may not be without its use, as a ready check on the free license of omission or inoculation which rhythmical translators are so fond to usurp. But it is a mistake to suppose, because Pope, under the influence of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne, could not write a good poetical translation of Homer, that therefore such a work is beyond the compass of the English language. I believe that, if Alfred Tennyson were to give to the world a translation of the Iliad in the measure of *Locksley Hall*, he would cut Pope out of the market of the million, even at this eleventh hour. We are, in the present epoch of our literary history, arrived at a very favourable moment for producing good translations. A band of highly original and richly gifted minds has just left the stage, leaving us the legacy of a poetical language, which, under their hand, received a degree of rhythmical culture, of which it had been before considered incapable. The example of the Germans, also, now no longer confined to the knowledge of a few, stands forth to shew us how excellent poetical translations may be made, free, at least, from those faults from which we have suffered. There is no reason why we should despair of producing poetical versions of the classics, which shall be at once graceful as English compositions, and characteristic as productions of the Greek or Roman mind. I, for one, have already passed this judgment on my own attempt, that if I have failed to bring out what is Greek and what is Æschylean prominently, in combination with force, grace, and clearness of English expression, it is for lack of skill in the workman, not for want of edge in the tool."

Now, while we substantially agree with this clear expression of opinion, from so competent an authority as Professor Blackie, we feel that it leaves many points in the main question unsettled. Let us investigate the question a little more closely, so as to ascertain, with some precision, its possibilities, laws, and likelihoods.

If I wish to execute such a translation of a piece of verse in a foreign language, as shall be in all respects a *fac-simile*,—as shall make my translation exactly the same thing to the minds of my readers, as the original was to the minds of those in whose native tongue it was written,—I must be prepared to accomplish three things.

In the first place, I must thoroughly and exactly reproduce the whole matter of the original passage, its whole amount and intricacy of purely intellectual meaning. The only secure means, as we have already said, whereby I can accomplish this, is by a rigorous adherence to the *ipsissima verba* of the original; the slightest liberty in this respect being either a loss of somewhat of the original matter, or an addition to it. Now this degree of success in rendering a poetical passage from another language is perfectly within the power of a faithful prose trans-

lator. Nor are we disposed to rate this kind of achievement so low as Professor Blackie seems to do. It may seem an atrocious thing to say, but we are convinced that in all good poetry of a high order, the most essential part, and that which carries the largest proportion of the whole effect with it, is the *meaning*. In other words, we do not believe, with Professor Blackie, that poetry, as such, is chiefly distinguished from prose, as such, by its metrical or rhythmical manner; we believe, on the other hand, that poetry is distinguished from prose in a very great measure by the nature of its characteristic matter. Let us not be mistaken. We advance this statement not because we undervalue the function of metre, or rhythmical cadence, but, because we assign it a function far higher than is usually assigned to it. Verse, song, or metre, we regard as almost a divine device, if even that word is not too degrading—a device for carrying the thought of man into regions it could never otherwise reach. The man to whom by nature this mode of expression is necessary, or with whom by art it has been made customary, differs in his whole intellectual bearing and attitude from other men, walks in a remoter field and atmosphere, sees things which they do not see, steps from crag to crag at viewless heights where they would become dizzy. But the great end of all this is, that he should fetch home from these aerial excursions matter more grand, special, and exquisite; meanings not otherwise conceivable or attainable. And hence, though rhythm or metre may have been the necessary mode according to which his invention worked in seizing these meanings, it may not, once that they are seized, be a mode absolutely indispensable for their recollection and secondary apprehension. The poet himself, of course, speaks them forth in rhythm, for the act of speech with him is the act of invention; but, if all this rhythmic care and phrenzy of his has been really worth much, the meaning which he has brought back with him should in any case be such that, if it is but fairly rendered to the intellect in its quality as a piece of intellectual matter, the exclamation of the reader should be—"There speaks a Poet." We tread here on delicate ground, and we would fain dispose of all objections by anticipation. We do not mean that the sense of a poet suffers nothing by being dissociated from the rhythm to which he has set it. It suffers sometimes incalculably. The man who misquotes a verse in his own language—the Englishman who, in quoting a line of Tennyson, substitutes a word of his own for the word actually used—is guilty of a barbarism, and would murder the woman he loves. Even here, however, it will be observed, much of the fault lies in treachery to the precise intellectual meaning of the poet. And what we contend for is, that the intellectual meaning of all good poetry

of a high order forms so large a proportion of that which is great and impressive in it, that a faithful representation of the same in prose will, when nothing better can be had, convey by no means an inconsiderable portion of the whole effect which the poetry is calculated to produce. Good poetry ! we say ; for we would offer this very circumstance as a test for discriminating between superior and inferior poetry, that, if the former is either transposed or translated into faithful prose, its substance will still be grand enough or rare enough to astonish and delight, whereas, if the latter is served in the same way, its substance becomes vapid or evanishes. The thoughts of Shakespeare, in prose or in verse, still seem more than human ; in Milton, too, the matter, though filched from above, in the first place, by the power of rhythm, is in itself a sufficient reliance ; and whether the bards of the Bible have not a strength and a beauty that can outlast their native metre, is a question of which all can judge. Our belief is, that the same is true of Homer, and still more of the Greek tragic poets. In them, too, the meaning, the matter of invention, is such, that though the verse may have been the necessary mould for its production, it will remain solid and admirable when the mould is broken. Not so with inferior poetry. We could name poets of high name in the present day whose poetry, if subjected to this test, would turn out to be mere fifth-rate thought made wonderful to the undiscerning by being put into metre. With lyric poets, or song-writers, indeed, such as Horace, Burns, or Beranger, much more is lost when the measure is dispensed with ; but even as regards them, we believe that the capacities of a good prose translation would be found somewhat greater than Professor Blackie supposes. Whatever of the ludicrous there might seem to be in a bald translation of some of the verses of such poets, would arise, we are convinced, not much less from inadequate intellectual rendering of their matter, than from the loss of their peculiar rhythmical manner, in any sense in which that rhythmical manner could be preserved by a poetical translator. And the truer the poet, in most cases, the less the loss. Strip Horace of his polished and compacted verse, and what remains in your hands is often a mere strong sagacious sort of matter, such as worldly old *dilettanti* like over their walnuts ; treat the lines of Catullus by never so cruel a process of prose-transmutation, and still, provided the meaning reaches you at all, it will reveal itself as the product of a genius wild, fitful, and exquisite.

It remains true, nevertheless, that no mere intellectual rendering of a poetical passage, however faithful, can equal the force and intention of the original ; and hence we are prepared to say, in the second place, with Professor Blackie, that, in every

case where it is possible consistently with entire faithfulness to the meaning, the translation of a poetical passage ought to be in verse. Here, however, a rule suggests itself, so obvious that, were it not more frequently transgressed than kept, it might seem unnecessary to mention it. It is this, that every poetical translation of a poetical passage should, wherever it is possible, be in the same metre as the original. That very appreciation of the value of metre which makes one insist upon having a metrical rather than a prose translation, ought also to point out the positive duty on the part of the translator to retain the metre chosen by the poet whom he translates. For the choice of that particular metre, whether made deliberately or unconsciously, was certainly no mere accident destitute of significance. In the *Faust* of Goethe, for example, the varieties and alternations of the metre—varieties and alternations so extensive that the poem almost exhausts the combinations of German prosody—have evidently a most studied meaning; so that, when the poet passes from the long line to the short line, or from the Iambic to the Anapestic march, it is clear that he must have done so from a necessary feeling of art. In the very nature of things Mephistopheles must speak in a different rhythm from Raphael. Yet, strangely enough, most of the poetical translators of the *Faust* have made no attempt to preserve the original metres—content, as it would seem, to have turned the poem into any kind of verse that came most easily, or that satisfied their own metrical ear. This, it appears to us, is an offence of the most signal kind, shewing a lamentable want of conscience, or a lamentable want of perception; and perfectly inexcusable, too, in such a case as that of the *Faust*, seeing that the metres of that poem, and even the feminine rhymes with which many of the lines end, are, with but a little care, perfectly transferable into English. We will not say absolutely that a prose translation of such a poem as the *Faust* is preferable to a metrical translation executed in a different verse from the original, for the translator himself, in such a case, might make a good choice of verse; but we certainly believe that in such a case the translator runs the risk of doing greater violence than the most incompetent prose translator could, to the genius and form of the composition he is trying to reproduce. Goethe would have infinitely preferred the baldest prose translation of his Margaret's song to a translation of it in the measure of Gray's "Elegy," or of Scott's "Marmion;" and yet this is precisely what poetical translators are perpetually doing with him and other poets. As a general rule then, it may be affirmed that all poetical translations from one language to another should be made in the metre of the original. Nor, when the translation is out of one modern language into

another—as from German into English, or from Italian into German—is there, in most instances, any excuse, except that of culpable laziness, for deviating from this rule. But how are we to act in the more difficult business of translating the ancient poets, whose metres are, for the most part, obsolete? Here, at best, our procedure must be in a spirit of compromise. We may manage to preserve an occasional measure, such as the Sapphic; we may skewer words together, and persuade our stubborn ears that we have produced English Hexameters; but, on the whole, we are defied. A metrical *fac-simile* in English, of the Odes of Horace, would be about as pleasant a spectacle as a box of corkscrews; and even Homer would be intolerable in English, whatever he is in German, Hexameters. And then, the choruses of the Greek dramatists, those puzzles even to the masters of prosody!—how are we to act with regard to them? The Germans, indeed, Professor Blackie tells us, have attempted exact metrical reproductions of even the Greek choruses; but Germans are Germans. In short, if still we resolve that our translations shall be metrical, (and though the impossibility of adhering to the original metre is one argument the more for being content with plain prose, we allow that it is not necessarily a conclusive argument,) we have clearly but one resource—namely, to exercise our own taste and ear in finding metres which shall satisfy, as nearly as possible, all the demands of the original, at the same time that they fulfil all native conditions. And this is what Professor Blackie professes to have done with Æschylus. One distinct effect such an attempt, even if unsuccessful in other respects, must certainly have—that of keeping before the reader's mind the fact, that what he is reading was written in verse, and intended to be sung or chanted; and this is of some consequence. We agree also with Professor Blackie, that to translate such poetry as that of Æschylus into mere blank verse, whether the uniform heroic measure, or the various blank patronized by Southey, would be but a poor device. The ordinary heroic blank verse for the dialogue, and various English rhyme, with perhaps an occasional blank—such is probably the best arrangement in any English version of the Greek dramatists.

Supposing, however, that we have accomplished these two feats with regard to a piece of poetry in a foreign language—given an exact and literal version of the meaning, and preserved the very metre of the original—is our translation after all a *fac-simile*? It is not. There is a third element in every piece of poetry in any language, which it is absolutely impossible to transmute by translation into any other—that aroma, so to speak, of invisible associations which clings to each word, considered not as an intellectual symbol merely, but also as a sound. We

have met with this remark, if we mistake not, in one of the critical papers of Mr. G. H. Lewes; and it is important. To take an example:—Here is the passage in the prologue to *Faust*, where Mephistopheles first gives his impression of *Faust's* character.

“Fürwahr! er dient euch auf besondere Weise.
Nicht irdisch ist des Thoren Trank noch Speise.
Ihn treibt die Gährung in die Ferne,
Er ist sich seiner Tollheit halb bewusst;
Vom Himmel fordert er die schönsten Sterne
Und von der Erde jede höchste Lust,
Und alle Näh' und alle Ferne
Befriedigt nicht die tiefbewegte Brust.”

We find this passage rendered with tolerable exactness of meaning, and the metre preserved, in the following translation:—

“Forsooth! he serves thee, then, in strangest guises.
No earthly drink nor food the booby prizes.
His yearning spurs him to the Far,
His madness to himself is half-confest;
From Heaven covets he its fairest star,
And from the Earth demands each highest zest,
And all the Near and all the Far
Calm not the craving of his deep-moved breast.”

Yet, were this translation more exact in all respects than it is, it would not be perfect as a representation of the original. *Ferne* and *far*, for example, have precisely the same meaning intellectually; but they differ in sound, and *far* to an Englishman has not precisely the same emotional effect as *ferne* to a German. And so universally. *Love* is the English for the Latin *amor*, and yet *amor* is not *love*; and *gold* in English is a much more mouth-filling and soul-filling word than *aurum* in Latin, as if the Englishman had a greater and more solemn sense of the grandeur of the thing meant. There are, therefore, natural limitations to the powers of translation, in any case, from one language into another. And though this remark may seem overstrained, it deserves to be taken into account whenever the question of the value of translations in general is treated. It affects also the special question as to the propriety in some cases of being content with a prose translation. Thus, while it is undoubtedly true that a literal prose translation of two such lines as these:—

“The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that,”

would be miserably jejune as compared with the original; the advocate of a prose translation might ask, in reply, how much of

this comparative jejuneness would be owing to the fact of the version being in prose, and how much to the equally undeniable though less obvious fact, that in any translation whatever, whether in prose or in verse, the identical associations which make the foregoing words, "stamp," "gowd," &c., so weighty to the Scottish ear, must inevitably perish. In short, this consideration makes it clear, that though the poetical translator, by adhering to the rhythm of the original, may convey *much*, even he cannot convey *all*, of that force of the original which lies in the sound. His means of representing the original are in this respect less imperfect than those of the prose translator; and if he can manage the meaning equally well, he has of course the advantage by a twofold merit; but even his representation must remain defective, and far from the exactitude of a *fac-simile*.

In the two works before us—the one a literal prose translation of the plays of *Æschylus* by an Oxford scholar; the other a poetical translation of the same plays by one who is both a scholar and a man of genius—the question as between prose translations and poetical translations of poetry of such a kind and of so ancient a date, is brought to a practical issue. No author could be named, in translating whose works all the difficulties of translation in general could be more signally present than in those of *Æschylus*; and none with regard to whom effort towards overcoming these difficulties could be better bestowed. What we call the works of *Æschylus*, are seven plays, or, as Professor Blackie names them, seven Lyrical Dramas, surviving out of some seventy or eighty, composed by a literary man of Athens, in the early part of the fifth century before Christ, and performed, under his superintendence, by trained actors and singers, in the presence of vast audiences assembled for the purpose at stated Athenian festivals. They consist each of two parts of nearly equal dimensions—the one *dialogue*, properly so called, spoken or declaimed with a loud voice by actors, dressed so as to appear of gigantic stature, who moved slowly about the stage, representing the divinities or heroic personages of some sacred Greek story; the other *song*, properly so called, sung either in solo by those actors, or by a large band of other assistants, called the chorus, ranged on a particular part of the stage, and usually intended to represent the mythic and sympathizing public in the midst of which the events of the drama were supposed to have taken place. Such was the favourite form of literary activity among the Greeks at the time when *Æschylus* lived, *i.e.*, at and immediately after the Persian invasion, and the great battles of Marathon and Salamis; and such was the form of literary activity in which *Æschylus*, devoting himself to it as his special calling or profession, became an acknowledged master. The true

counterpart of this kind of literary activity in the present time would rather be, as Professor Blackie remarks, the preparation of *libretti* for sacred operas, if we had such things, than the preparation of tragedies in the modern sense. As an ancient Athenian—as a free citizen of that wonderful commonwealth, which, though it never contained a population, slaves included, of more than 400,000 souls, has bequeathed to the world so large a proportion of the whole intellectual wealth it can now exhibit—Æschylus had to take part in other occupations besides that of sacred play-writing. In politics he was known as a conservative, a man who revered the old and somewhat aristocratic institutions of his native city, and saw them with grief disappearing; and, as a soldier, he was one of those who had hewn with his sword at the Persian backs on Marathon, and stood all night on the anxious deck at Salamis. These, however, were but episodes in his career; and his true profession was that of preparing lyrical dramas which might win the prize, and be performed with applause, at the great festivals in honour of the god Bacchus or Dionysos. He was famous even in the mechanical minutiae of this art. Not only did he enlarge the drama itself beyond its original scope, by introducing a second, and afterwards a third actor, in addition to the solitary actor who had till then declaimed all the dialogue—thus permitting a larger variety of parts in the piece; he was also a notable improver of the stage-scenes and decorations, and he took more pains than any contemporary dramatist in teaching the actors, and training the dancers. During his life he had many competitors, some of whom occasionally beat him and carried off the honours of the festival; and, in his old age, he saw himself surpassed in popular estimation by his young fellow-townsmen, Sophocles. After his death, however, which took place in Sicily, B. C. 456, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, the Athenians shewed their respect for him by permitting his dramas to be reproduced as new ones—an unusual honour, inasmuch as, after a piece had been once performed at the festival of Dionysos, it was, as a general rule, never performed in Athens again, but handed over to be performed, if there was a demand for it, in the minor theatres of the other Grecian towns. And that judgment which the ancient Athenians pronounced, posterity in all lands has ratified. The man's business in life was but to prepare spectacles to form part of the ceremonial at the festivals of the Bacchic god of Greek imagination; and yet when we moderns of the Christian world seek among the great men of the past for the one that may best stand as the type of nature's extreme in one of her grandest forthgoings, we find ourselves constrained to dwell by preference upon the name of old Æschylus.

Mr. Buckley's prose translation of *Æschylus*—forming one of that series of cheap translations from the Classics, for which, whatever defects criticism may detect in them, the public owes a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Bohn—is certainly done on the principle of literal exactness. We cannot say much, however, in favour of Mr. Buckley's power of reconciling literal exactness with other qualities. The literality of his translation is frequently of that helpless kind which ends in unintelligibility; not a few of the passages in his version looking like the efforts of a faithful but somewhat dull schoolboy, who, after annexing to every word in a sentence its dictionary-meaning, remains without the slightest glimpse of the sense which the words convey as a whole. This, for aught we know, may arise from the fact that the translation was intended to be used as a key by pupils engaged in reading Greek; the result, however, is, that the reader is often left totally in the dark as to what a sentence may mean—and this not merely where there is an obscurity in the original text, but quite as often where there is none. Nor can we say much for Mr. Buckley in his additional capacity as an annotator. Many of his notes are a mixture of pedantry and flippancy, got up apparently for no purpose whatever but that the translator might seem to be annotating busily.

Professor Blackie's translation of *Æschylus* belongs, of course, by its very nature, to a far higher order of performances than Mr. Buckley's. And, in that order, it is infinitely better done. The translation of the great tragic poet has evidently been to Professor Blackie a labour of love. Every line of the original has been conscientiously gone through by the translator, and the meaning rendered in a manner thoroughly intelligible to the English reader. Here, also, we have spirit, strength, large command of language, and abundant proof of a mind not only of original literary faculty, and native poetical tendency, but also richly cultured in classic lore. The preliminary dissertations, too, the introductions to the several plays, and the notes, are all admirable—exhibiting a fine combination of thought and scholarship, and serving to increase the reader's insight into the meaning of the poet, and to give a more vivid idea than he could otherwise have, of the manner in which the dramas were originally put upon the stage. Altogether, we do not think it likely that the English language will ever possess a poetical translation of *Æschylus* of superior merit, or in which the duty of adhering faithfully to the original shall be more successfully harmonized with a free flow of verse. Possibly Professor Blackie might have more fully carried out his own views of what a translation of *Æschylus* should be, if he had dispensed with blank verse altogether in the choruses, and translated them from first to last

in rhyme ; but it would be ungrateful to urge this or any similar criticism very forcibly, where so much difficulty has already been so unsparingly undertaken, and so patiently overcome. The book, as it exists, is a worthy addition to English literature.

And yet, if, passing from the consideration of the merit of Professor Blackie's translation, as a general literary feat, we view it specially with relation to the question, how far this large amount of the labour of one of our really able men has contributed to bring Æschylus, in all his force and all his peculiarity, more closely and vividly before the minds of modern British readers than could have been possible without such help, we shall be forced to confess that, judging according to such a mode, we should have preferred being left with but a bald literal version, enjoying, at the same time, the pleasure of seeing so large a surplus of talent judiciously laid out on some independent performance. True, there are some points in which Professor Blackie's translation does enable us to pourtray the real spectacle of an Æschylean drama far more truly and powerfully than any prose translation could. Here, for example, is an extract from his translation of the first chorus in the *Agamemnon*, which, partly because it is in verse, partly because the verse is so good, seems to teach us with quite a new light, what a Greek chorus was. The chorus is rehearsing the song of the Greek seer, as he interpreted to the hosts going to Troy an omen of two eagles, the one black and the other silver-tipped, that were seen chasing a hare big with young.

“ The wise diviner of the host beheld,
 And knew the sign ;
 The hare-devouring birds with diverse wings,
 Typed the Atridan pair,
 The diverse-minded kings ;
 And thus the fate he chanted :—‘ Not in vain
 Ye march this march to-day ;
 Old Troy shall surely fall, but not
 Till moons on moons away
 Have lingering rolled. Rich stores by labour massed,
 Clean-sweeping Fate shall plunder. Grant the gods,
 While this strong bit for Troy we forge with gladness,
 No heavenly might in jealous wrath o’ercast
 Our mounting hope with sadness !
 For the chaste Artemis a sore grudge nurses
 Against the kings ; Jove’s winged hounds she curses,
 The fierce war-birds that tore
 The fearful hare with the young brood it bore.
 Sing, wo and well-a-day ! but still,
 May the good omens shame the ill !

“The lion's fresh-dropt younglings, and each whelp
That sucks wild milk, and through the forest roves,
Live not unfriended; them the fair goddess loves,
And lends her ready help.
The vision of the birds shall work its end
In bliss, but dashed not lightly with black bane;
I pray thee, Pæan, may she never send
Contrarious blasts, dark-lowering, to detain
The Argive fleet.
Ah! ne'er may she desire to feast her eyes
On an unblest, unholy sacrifice,
From festal use abhorrent, mother of strife,
And sundering from her lawful lord the wife:
Stern-purposed waits the child-avenging wrath
About the fore-doomed halls,
Weaving dark wiles, while with sure-memored sting,
Fury to fury calls.’

“Thus hymned the seer the doom, in dubious chant,
Bliss to the chiefs, dark-mingling with the bane,
From the way-haunting birds; and we,
Responsive to the strain,
Sing wo and well-a-day; but still,
May the good omens shame the ill!”

There are various other passages, both in the choruses and in the dialogue, rendered by Professor Blackie with equal poetical feeling; so that, if we were to regard these alone, we could not say that, even from the point of view to which we are at present restricting ourselves—namely, that of the question how *Æschylus* might be best represented to the English mind in his integrity and individuality—the labour spent on this metrical translation could have been better applied. But, on the whole, such is the value of literal adherence to the very words of a poet like *Æschylus*, and so inevitable are the deviations from this absolute literality in even the most painstaking poetical translator, that we are not sure whether, if we desired to give an intelligent English reader a clear and exact idea of the old Greek bard, we should not put Mr. Buckley's prose translation, with all its faults, into his hands, rather than Professor Blackie's poetical translation, with all its merits—only advising him to read Professor Blackie's translation afterwards, or to keep it by him at the time, in order to read his fine renderings of some of the grander and more difficult passages. To put this somewhat bold saying to the test, we appeal to any reader whose imagination is strong enough to work under a little difficulty, whether Mr. Buckley's helpless prose in the following extract from the opening scene in the *Agamemnon*, does not piece out as vivid a

picture of what it is meant to describe—namely, the watchman gazing at night from the battlements of Clytæmnestra's palace for the signal-light which is to announce the fall of Troy—as the far more flowing and spirited version which we shall subjoin to it, from Professor Blackie's work.

“ Watchman, on the roof of the palace, *loquitur.*”

(*Mr. Buckley's Translation.*)

“ I pray the gods a deliverance from these toils—a remedy for my year-long watch, in which, couching on my elbows on the roofs of the Atreidæ, like a dog, I have contemplated the host of the nightly stars, and the bright potentates that bear winter and summer to mortals, conspicuous in the firmament. And now I am watching for the signal of the beacon, the blaze of fire that brings a voice from Troy, and tidings of its capture; for thus strong in hope is the woman's heart, of manly counsel, (Clytæmnestra.) And whilst I have a night bewildered and dew-drenched couch, not visited by dreams,—for fear, in place of sleep, stands at my side, so that I cannot firmly close my eyelids in slumber,—and when I think to sing or whistle, preparing this the counter-charm of song against sleep, then do I mourn, sighing over the sad condition of this house, that is not, as of yore, most excellently administered. But now may there be a happy release from my toils, as the fire of joyous tidings appears through the gloom! [*He sees the beacon-light.*] Oh hail! thou lamp of night; thou that displayest a light like as the day, and the marshalling of many dances in Argos, on account of this event. Ho! ho!”

(*Professor Blackie's Translation.*)

“ I pray the gods a respite from these toils—
This long year's watch that, dog-like, I have kept,
High on the Atreidæ's battlements, beholding
The nightly council of the stars, the circling
Of the celestial signs, and those bright regents,
High-swung in Ether, that bring to mortal man
Summer and Winter. Here I watch the torch,
The appointed flame that wings a voice from Troy,
Telling of capture; thus I serve her hopes,
The masculine-minded who is sovereign here.
And when night-wandering shades encompass round
My dew-sprent dreamless couch, (for fear doth sit
In slumber's chair, and holds my lids apart,)
I chant some dolorous ditty, making song
Sleep's substitute, surgeon my nightly care,
And the misfortunes of this house I weep,
Not now, as erst, by prudent counsels swayed.
Oh! soon may the wished for sign relieve my toils,
Thrice-welcome herald, gleaming through the night

[*The beacon is seen shining.*]

All hail! thou cresset of the dark! fair gleam
Of day through midnight shed, all hail! bright father
Of joy and dance in Argos, hail! all hail!
Hillo! hilloa!"

We can assure the intelligent English reader, that, with even Mr. Buckley's bald prose translation of *Æschylus* on his book-shelf, he may bring himself face to face with the old Greek dramatist, as the Athenians saw and loved him. And he will find the exercise worth his while. For all the purposes which make what we call literature a valuable thing to humanity, there is no thoughtful man but will confess that, in this single volume containing the seven surviving plays of the Greek poet, there is more substance, more matter of true instruction and delight, than in whole tons of books from our ordinary circulating libraries. What will the modern English reader find in *Æschylus*? He will find a grand old Greek doing in his own way all that literary men in all ages and all lands have, more or less, tried to do—throwing his eye over the face of nature, and seizing and detaining whatever of beauty or sublimity, in shape or in colour, is to be seen there; insinuating himself sympathizingly into the turmoil of human life, and telling of the passions, and the woes, and the crimes of men and women of heroic mould; ever and anon, too, daring the inscrutable, and representing, under such figures as his Polytheism permitted to him, the mysteries of the beginning and the end, and the interfusion with nature and with human life, of a tremendous, stern, ever present, all-chastising element, which belongs to neither, but overargues both. And, investigating the poet more closely under each of these aspects, he will discover much that is curious and interesting. In *Æschylus*, as a poet of nature, he will find, not one of our modern writers of verse who are matchless in nature's minutæ, as if they studied her in a botanic greenhouse, or amid her ultimate distillations in a druggist's laboratory; but a man whose eye loves the spacious, the free, and the colossal, resting, if at all, only on a rock or mountain, but generally ranging the expanse of a landscape, following the sea-waves till they break on the beach, or watching the starry courses—a genuine son, in short, though a massive and vehement one, of that Athenian soil, whose inhabitants, according to the loving description of another poet, “always walked with graceful step through a most glittering ether, where the nine sacred Pierian muses were said once to have brought up the fair-haired Harmony as their common child.” And on *Æschylus*, as a poet of human life, the observation will be similar. Strength, sincerity, rage, pain, revenge, endurance, all on the colossal scale, as conceivable only among kings or

demigods, acting publicly in the face of a whole nation—such are the passions that Æschylus portrays, in words that sometimes stagger under their own weight, though always within the bounds of artistic seeming; not the more intricate wrongs and workings of the purely private breast, nor the luxurious woes that come to all the world from the white hand of Aphrodite. Lastly, as a poet of the ancient Greek religion, how much is Æschylus fitted to teach us! Here, to our surprise, in the writings of a Polytheist we shall find an idea of sin in general, as the prime fact of the world, which might be looked for in the works of the writer most true to the spirit of another faith; while, as regards one of the consequences of that idea—the eternally true doctrine that the justice of God pursues the sinner; that there is a paction and alliance between the Fates or the powers of nature without, and the Furies or the conscience of man within; and that guilt once committed goes on accumulating from generation to generation, till the hour of some fell explosion—it really seems, if we may judge from the prevalence of that doctrine in their literature, as if the contemporaries of Æschylus were more clear and more convinced than we. Or, if we read for nothing more than a speculative purpose, there is this curious fact, not often noted, which the writings of Æschylus and of his brother-dramatists might make very distinct to us—the fact that, in the Greek Polytheistic system, the local habitation assigned by the imagination to that part of the supernatural most intimately connected with human destinies was not the same as with us. When *we* pray, we look upward; it is in the clear starry region that we are taught by habit and by instinct to place our hopes of a future life. The Greeks, on the other hand, looked downward; Zeus, indeed, occupied the realms above, but it was to the gods beneath that they most often prayed; it was to them that they poured out libations; it was from underneath the earth that they expected supernatural aid to arise; and it was thither that the souls both of good and of bad were, in their view, supposed to descend. The *reason* may have been in that imperfect astronomical knowledge which did not enable them to assign bounds to the earth; but, whatever may have been the reason, the *fact* is one of immense importance in any investigation into the peculiarities of Greek thought. With us the element of the supernatural is conceived as showering down from above; the Greeks conceived it, still more emphatically, as welling up from beneath.—All this, and much more, the English reader may learn from the translation of Æschylus.

ART. X.—*Tages-Ordnung des vierten Deutschen evangelischen Kirchentags, und des dritten Congresses für die Innere-Mission.*
Elberfeld, September, 1851.

THE struggles of Christianity in Germany have occasionally occupied a place in our pages, which at once their intrinsic importance, and the vital union of our British theology with that of the Continent, every day becoming more apparent and more intimate, would have more than justified. Hitherto, however, we have dealt with German Christianity more as a matter of speculation and criticism, than of living practical manifestation. Happily, a change in the subject-matter of our study affords a welcome occasion for a change in our procedure, and we rejoice to be able to speak of evangelical religion, as now for the first time since the Reformation, or at least since the Thirty Years' War, asserting its place as a force that ought to move, and to move in the right direction, the whole of German society. The transition is effectually made in that great nation from a scholastic to a popular Christianity; and as we hail this movement with unfeigned congratulation, we shall endeavour to give our readers some outline of the beginning and progress of a change which is probably fraught with as great blessing to Germany and the world as almost any religious occurrence of our times.

Ten years ago, had a spectator of somewhat sanguine temperament been solicited to forecast the destinies of religion in Germany, he would probably have anticipated a gradual rising of that healthful tide which had begun to set in even with the dawn of the century, and had been increased by the influences of the Liberation-war, and the tercentenary of the Reformation, until it should overspread the whole country. He would have laid great stress on the revival of the universities, and have prognosticated that by sending out an increasingly orthodox and fervent body of clergy, they would prove the fountainheads of national piety, as they had been in the days of Spener and Francke. He would have trusted to the zeal of the leading magistrates and nobility—more especially the all but canonized king of Prussia, whose patronage and influence were ever on the side of orthodoxy, and who was known to be disposed to resign to a revived Church the entire spiritual care of his subjects, the moment she was fit to meet the responsibility. And he would have dwelt on the improved constitution of consistories and other ecclesiastical boards of administration, by which the wants of the people would be continually better supplied, until by a happy necessity these somewhat arbitrary bodies should die a natural

death, and give place to the free self-government in presbyteries and synods of a Christianized nation. Such might have been the vaticinations of our theorist; and then he might have regaled his imagination by pictures more or less enchanting, of a recovered harmony between the spirit of the Reformation symbols and the genius of modern free inquiry, and of a lettered theology thus re-impressing the stamp of the age upon the solid gold of the past, and sending it forth amongst a believing people, to displace universally the mass of base coin still in circulation. Prophecies like these were in the mouths of many; the "Church of the Future" in more books than Bunsen's, hastened to put on its apocalyptic garments, and, upon the whole, the German Church, watered by the genial influences of power, and drawing from the deep soil of vigorous speculation, was looked upon as ready to expand in "all the leaves of its spring."

Alas for time, which so perversely frustrates the tokens of seers, and "makes diviners mad!" Preliminary signs of the total incompetency of this remedy were furnished ere the last crowning demonstration brought it home to every heart. The unhappy schism in the camp of positive Christianity, between the disciples of Schleiermacher and Hengstenberg, which came to a head in 1845, shewed how little was to be effected by academic concord; while the growing reaction against the union of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches in Prussia brought out the utter powerlessness of kings and consistories as the leaders in religious progress. More damaging still to all such hopes of a speedy convalescence of the German Church, were the German Catholic movement, and that of the Friends of Light. It was not so much the undisguised rationalism of these kindred struggles, far spread and widely supported as they were, that was fitted to alarm—it was much more the popular *éclat* with which they sought to invest themselves, and the degree to which they brought in the democratic element into the settlement of Church questions. In this respect they form an epoch; and contemptible as they were in themselves, they were the ominous shadow of that terrible crisis which was so soon to come. Henceforth there was an open breach between democracy and the Church—an assize of the Church at the bar of the multitude, which nothing but the reconversion of the multitude to the Church could hinder from entailing the most fatal consequences. No such counterevangelistic effort, however, was yet called forth. The Church was willing to lose the more turbulent of these her sons, if they would only quietly withdraw: and liberty of dissent being conceded by the royal edict of March 1847, there was a danger that the very opening of this safety-valve would close the agitation and permit the awakening Church again to relapse into her old delusive

confidence. The decrees of the Berlin Synod of 1846, weak, ambiguous, and temporizing, were a proof how ready peace was to triumph over principle, and by a latitudinarian extension of the old Confessions, to rest in a hollow union with those who might otherwise have urged on the rationalist separation.

It was in this posture of affairs, when religious liberty without religion had already obtained a decisive triumph on the constitutional battlefield of the Prussian Parliament, and when the leaders of the Church were looking around in all directions to prevent defections to the infidel separatists without, and to hinder the not less infidel multitude within from degrading the Church into a mere political club with an ecclesiastical frontispiece,—that the terrific storm of 1848 swept over Germany. The national character of this movement could not be disputed, and the attitude which it soon assumed in relation to the Church, and to every thing that bore the name of religion, broke upon all with the force of a novel and startling revelation. A whole people seemed ready to cast off religion as an imposture and a delusion. Liberty shook hands with infidelity, and even with atheism; and on all sides the abolition of Christianity, under the name of the separation of Church and State, was demanded with a unanimity, and carried through with a celerity—so far as revolutionary measures could carry it—altogether portentous. In the dreadful period of anarchy which succeeded the March revolution of 1848, the moral and social plagues that had so long festered in the heart of the German nation came everywhere to light. Whole tracts of country were illuminated by the blaze of smoking castles. In the towns and cities communism raised its head. Every man's hand seemed turned against his brother, and the vision of German unity floated a hideous spectre over the scenes of discord and bloodshed that were perpetrated in its name. A revolutionary crisis is indeed a stern test of character; but the German nation (we grieve to state it, for we truly love them) stood that test worse than could have been anticipated. The "men of the people," by whom they submitted for months to be duped, were almost without exception men without standing or principle—"unruly and vain talkers," unless, indeed, when they urged in secret clubs or open parliaments schemes of rapine and licentiousness too hideous to be named. If the hopes of German liberty and unity, in the highest sense of the terms, have for the time been frustrated, we must trace the failure, not only to the pedantry and incompetence of the constitutional party, or to the faithlessness and tyranny of the re-actionaries—but much more to the recklessness, brutality, and heaven-daring impiety of German radicalism, which in those qualities has almost exceeded that of France. We do not need to recapitulate

the characteristic passages of the revolutionary history—the excesses of the Berlin mob—the murder of Lichnowski and Auerswald in the streets of Frankfort—the rising in Dresden—the invasion of Baden by the free corps, with its disastrous issues. These events, even the worst of them, admit of some faint extenuation from political excitement. To us it marks a deeper stage of moral degeneracy and corruption that William Marr, the avowed apostle of atheism, was by a great majority returned for the city of Hamburg, and that Robert Blum was canonized as a martyr by a religious celebration in one of the churches in Leipsic.

Let us not do injustice, however, to the dupes or even the promoters of revolutionary and infidel madness. The worst excesses of this tragic period bore a character of judicial retribution on the neglects and wrongs of bye-gone years. The masses were lawless and anarchical; but they had long been denied their rights as citizens, and that in breach of solemn promises: and when at length concessions were slowly made, it was as from the ground of divine prerogative and not of constitutional equity. The press abused its liberty, and poured forth incessant streams of scurrility and blasphemy: but who could forget its unjustifiable restraints, and the extent to which religious writings had thus been hindered from making their way among the multitude? Secret clubs and democratic conspiracies were but the fruit of that miserable policy, which, through long years had crippled the freedom of lay association, and forbidden more than nineteen persons to assemble for any act of worship. The general excitement of public opinion against the clergy was but a reaction against the hypocrisy and selfishness which had exacted baptismal, confirmation, and burial fees, for services which their performers were known inwardly to despise; and where it was men of a better stamp who were exposed to contumely, and even to violence, though hatred of serious religion no doubt played its part, the multitude assailed them not less as obstructives of all reform, and as bigoted adherents of the “right divine of kings to govern wrong.” The infidel cry that sounded through the country was but the whisper of thousands of pulpits proclaimed upon the house-tops; Communism, the extemporized heaven upon earth of a people whose religious teachers had filched away from them a future life and immortality. There was, in short, a terrible truth, even in the excesses of the revolution, well fitted to put the falsehood and hollow-heartedness of moderate rationalistic Christianity to shame; and for our parts we do not wonder, that a national religion of which (with many beautiful exceptions) this was the prevailing type, was not thought worthy of being kept up, with all its negations and hypocrisies, either in connexion with the common-

wealth, or in a state of separation. The Church which the multitude doomed to be swept away in Germany, was, in their eyes, a dead body, with its life eaten out by hypocrisy, and only galvanized by spiritual despotism to act as a scarecrow for the protection of state tyranny: and to those who calmly contemplate it, the unparalleled rapidity of its downfall is hardly so surprising as the success of its restoration.

It was a critical moment for the living Church that was mixed up with these heterogeneous elements, and threatened with a double overthrow, both as a Christian Society and as an established institution. We will not conceal our convictions, that that Church would have weathered the storm better, and reached a safer anchorage, had she cheerfully accepted the enforced separation from the State, and henceforth breasted the waves of democratic trouble and error, in the sole might of her Great Head. This would at once have put an end to the *Cæsaropapie* that sought to bring her again into bondage, and likewise have retrieved her false position towards the masses of the people. It would have opened an immediate door for the exit of all the faithless and false-hearted of her clergy, and have paved the way for a final Church-Union of all the scattered adherents of the gospel throughout the different State-Churches, without the interminable technicalities and subtleties of State diplomacy. The leading minds of the German Churches, however, have judged otherwise, and in the spirit of candour and fairness, we shall rehearse their remedial measures for the evils that beset them, in which there is much that must give joy to every Christian heart.

In the summer of 1848, when the principles of infidel voluntarism were agitating the entire population, and threatening to reach their consummation in the Frankfort Parliament, and when all the anti-Christian elements already described were seething and fermenting in the public mind, the earnest desire simultaneously arose in the breasts of the leaders of the Church in different parts of Germany, to create some common centre of resistance to these inroads of evil, which might prove in turn a centre of aggression. This desire first took a distinct shape, so far as we are aware, in the epistle of Dr. Dorner of the University of Bonn, to Drs. Nitzsch and Müller, and a nearly contemporaneous appeal of Mr. Bethmann Hollweg, formerly Chancellor of the same University, both concurring in the proposal of a general conference from all parts of Germany in the autumn of that year, to take up the whole Church question. Such an assemblage was indeed without precedent, for the Berlin conference and synod of 1846 had both been summoned by the King of Prussia, while this meeting was designed to be held without any

State concurrence. The provincial synods and pastoral conferences that existed before in different parts of Germany had nothing of this contemplated national character, and the crisis demanded a bolder spirit than ruled in these tame assemblies. The Gustavus Adolphus Society for the relief of German Protestantism abroad was likewise too limited in aim to afford a parallel. Hence some shrunk from the projected conference with fear and trembling—among whom was the excellent Dr. Lücke of Göttingen, who, when it was finally resolved on, in a set epistle dissuaded all admission of business beyond devotional exercises. The more manly and Christian councils, however, prevailed, and the proposal for a conference elicited a cordial response from the deepest heart of German Christianity. The ultimate requisition by which a conference was summoned, bore not less than forty-one signatures, comprising the leading pastors and professors in the several states and universities, among which, along with the well-known names of Hengstenberg, Krummacher, and others, of the most advanced school of orthodoxy, those of Tholuck and Julius Müller of Halle obtained great prominence, since they had shortly after the revolution dissuaded the Government from calling a constituent synod, after the model of the Frankfort Assembly—a step which would have thrown every thing into the hands of the rationalist party.

The Assembly, thus ushered into existence, held its sittings in Wittenberg on the 21st, 22d, and 23d September 1848. These remarkable days, known as "the three days of Wittenberg," will doubtless form an epoch in the history of the German Church, and attach a new interest to the cradle of the Reformation, and the grave of its great founder. To complete this spell of association, the Assembly met in the *Schloss-Kirche*, to which Luther had affixed his ninety-five theses, close beside his tomb, and under the eye of those living portraits of himself and Melancthon, which still look down from the wall. The whole proceedings were conducted in the spirit of Luther, and, by the unanimous testimony of the religious press of Germany, the same spirit to which Luther owed his inspiration was present in extraordinary power. It was a spectacle only too rare in the history of a country where that mighty soul had once lived and breathed. The German Church found again its unity and freedom, and the hearts of the assembled brethren were knit together in a conscious oneness of faith, not only around the grave of Luther, but the cross of Christ. The Assembly numbered about 500, chiefly from Prussia, Saxony, and the North, and contained representatives of all the sections of living Protestantism, with the exception of the Baptist dissenters and the old Lutherans. The fusion of heart in preliminary devotions paved

the way for concord in deliberation. Very special prominence was given to acts of humiliation for the sins and disorders of the times, in which one after another confessed his own share; and the hearts of all present were melted as in the same furnace of affliction. At the same time, the fullest liberty of debate was indulged, and all the grievances and heart-burnings that had arrayed the Lutheran against the Reformed, and both against the United Church, as a mongrel and latitudinarian body, hardly deserving the name of a Church at all, came freely to light. There was no want in the Assembly of open difference, and even "open rebuke," but love triumphed over all, and every important decision was carried through with remarkable harmony.

The grand result of the Wittenberg Conference was, the formation of an ecclesiastical confederation, or league, adapted to the altered circumstances of the German Church. The constitution and objects of this union were defined almost in terms of the programme which the requisitionists who had called the Assembly had drawn up, and which they defended, with admirable sagacity and eloquence, against all conflicting proposals. In these debates Drs. Nitzsch, Sack, and especially Müller, greatly distinguished themselves, and, along with Dr. Stahl of Berlin, the well-known jurist, and the admirable president Von Bethmann Hollweg, turned aside all important objections. It was agreed without a dissenting voice, after an exceedingly animated discussion, that the Confederation should neither be, on the one hand, an incorporating union of Churches, nor a mere alliance of individual Christians, but an intermediate body, having for its ultimate object the gathering up of all the German State-Churches into one common national Church; and, in conformity with this fundamental principle, it was resolved, with almost equal harmony, that its membership should be limited to the three prevailing Confessions—the Lutheran, Reformed, and United, with the addition of the Moravian brethren, there being a kind of understanding that dissenters of older and newer date, though not expressly included, might yet take a friendly interest in the movement. It was also resolved, that no other test should be required for membership than a profession of honest adherence to the Confession of the particular Church to which the individual belonged, and of readiness to act in the spirit of that Confession; and certain general regulations were passed for the election of members—lodging this power in the hands of the existing Church rulers with the congregations, and securing an equal number of lay and clerical deputies at the annual meetings of the Confederation. While the Confederation disclaimed all power to interfere authoritatively in the administration of the particular Churches represented in its membership, it yet avowed its intention to exhibit and promote, by all suitable

means, their internal union—to protest against all anti-Evangelic movements, within or without their pale—to give counsel and decision in all cases submitted by them for advice or arbitration—to protect their common rights and liberties—to forward all their joint religious enterprises at home or abroad—and at the same time assist in drawing closer the bonds of union with all foreign Churches of Evangelical principles.

Such is a sketch of that ecclesiastical organization which emerged from the debates of these memorable days, differing, as our readers will see, very greatly from the Evangelical Alliance formed in London in 1846, and, in our opinion, much more suited to the exigencies of the German Church, though some German members of that Alliance in the Wittenberg Conference at first advocated strenuously the superiority of the latter association. It was justly urged, in reply, that no important end of the Evangelical Alliance was sacrificed in such a confederation, while the ultimate union of Churches was superadded as a higher and nobler aim;—that in a troublous period a body reserving to itself the right of counsel in ecclesiastical questions, was a common oracle which would command respect; and that in the apprehended dissolution of State-Churches, the Confederation would rally round it more of the fragments, and act more powerfully as a check upon the formation of divergent sects, by assuming from the first an ecclesiastical character.

The happy effects of such a convocation must be at once apparent. The feelings of strangeness and alienation between the adherents of the different confessions utterly disappeared, more especially in relation to the United Church of Prussia, which was now for the first time treated as a genuine Church—proving that union is not to be effected by the power of kings or ministers of state, but of Christian love alone. A silencing reply was given to the mocking questions of those who asked in triumph, whether the German Church still existed; and the assembled deputies were strengthened, not only for the work of evangelization in an evil time, but in the prospect of actual persecution at the hands of that infidel party which was in the ascendant in the counsels of the State, and which, as the experience of the Canton de Vaud had sufficiently taught, was quite capable of interdicting religious worship, and harassing the ministers of the gospel by civil pains and penalties. This sense of mutual strength in union, reached its highest point, when, in response to the warm-hearted appeals of Dr. Krummacher, whose fiery eloquence formed a very characteristic feature of the Wittenberg Conference, the whole assembly, with one voice, pledged themselves to receive each other in case of persecution to house and home.

The Wittenberg Conference, like other great events in the history of Christianity, reached farther than its projectors had contemplated; and what came to it directly from God's own hand, was destined to cast into the shade what man had planned and brought laboriously to birth. An instrument, before unknown, was chosen as the advocate or apostle of the greatest and most fertile idea which that Conference produced. This was Candidate Wichern of Hamburg, who came forth amidst world-renowned professors and eloquent preachers, to enforce a truth, which, if all others had not missed, none else had discerned with such clearness, or stated with such emphasis. It was the great truth that the only atmosphere in which Christian union can flourish, is that of self-denying Christian labour; and that the Christianity of a nation can only be harmonized in all its parts by common efforts to evangelize all classes of the people. This truth gave birth to the "Inner-Mission," as an integral part of the Church Confederation; and of this Candidate Wichern is the acknowledged founder. He had been qualified for his destined work in the humblest school of training. Renouncing in the prime of life, we believe from choice, all prospects as a candidate or licentiate of the Church, he devoted himself to the obscure and thankless task of superintending the *Rauhe Haus* at Horn, near Hamburg, a species of house of refuge, devoted to the recovery of juvenile criminals. Here for upwards of twelve years he had pursued his quiet way amid the most reckless specimens of youthful depravity, eating, working, and sleeping with them,—at once master-workman, schoolmaster, singing-master, and chaplain,—till the number of children committed to his charge had increased from three to one hundred at one time, most of whom were sent out thoroughly reformed and subjected to the grace of the gospel. All the while he was exploring the moral statistics of his entire country, opening his ear to every recital of profligacy far and wide, and collecting a very Newgate Calendar of the immorality, crime, and blasphemy of the German people at home and in the great capitals of Europe. This training would have made an ordinary man narrow-minded, and by the age of fifty it would have crushed him beneath the loathsome burden, or driven him from the field in despair—but Wichern came forward before the Wittenberg Conference with all the fire of youth glowing under his prematurely grey hairs and weather-beaten visage, to develop a remedy for the spiritual evils of Germany, which struck every one, not more by the fulness of its details, than the breadth and maturity of all its leading principles. It was immediately felt that none more profoundly imbued with the spirit of Luther had spoken on that occasion from his ancient pulpit; and the thrill of a strange and irresistible eloquence, of

which the great charm was an intensely glowing earnestness, turning masses of statistics into life, kindling all argument into passion, and throwing out, unconscious of their brightness, dazzling gleams of poetry in its rapid track, soon mastered the whole assembly. As he laid open the depths of Satan which existed in Germany, in the form of social disorganization, all-pervading immorality, contempt of religious observances, and infidel conspiracies against the very idea of a God, his audience stood aghast at the brink of the gulf on which they stood. As he narrated examples of the power of self-sacrificing Christian love, in the manifold forms of home-mission labour, the opposite feelings of hope and emulation returned; and when, recapitulating all the varieties of such exertion already scattered over Germany, and with a creative hand, sketching others as yet non-existent, he appealed to the Confederation to take these under its wing, and to find in them its true impulse and rallying point of union, the impression was overwhelming, and the whole multitude started to their feet, and, with uplifted hands, solemnly bound themselves to make the "Inner-Mission" the business of the Confederation, and the work of their life. Arrangements were made without delay for the carrying on of the work of the Inner-mission in connexion with the scheme of Church-union; and though it was judged advisable that the two associations should be formally distinct, and be managed by different committees, the leading men in the one were nominated to office in the other, and their annual meetings arranged to be held together.

We have dwelt thus long upon the Wittenberg Conference, because the whole subsequent religious life of Germany has run in the channel thus dug out, and is really incapable of being understood without the knowledge of its source. Almost all that is interesting and hopeful has been connected either with the Church Confederation or the Inner-Mission; and hence a few details must be added respecting the progress of these kindred operations. Since 1848, three meetings of the Church Confederation have been held, with evidently growing interest in the mere act of assembly, though the contemplated union is perhaps more remote than ever. The meeting in 1849 at Wittenberg fell short of the first in excitement, but surpassed it in numbers, being attended by about 700 persons. It took up the ecclesiastical questions that had lain over from the former year; such as, the relation of the Church to the School—the separation of Church and State—the rights of the people to Church-representation—and the evils of union without Confessions of Faith. On all these points interesting debates took place; a spirit of conciliation prevailed; and, though the differences of the three Confessions gave birth to very conflicting views—the Lutherans

opposing all popular influence, and going farther than the rest in denouncing the separation of the Church from the State—the bond of peace was not only unbroken but undisturbed. Only one individual, *Pastor Bonnet* of Frankfort, contended for the separation of Church and State; the rest were divided into what would be called in this country, the Erastian and non-Erastian theories.

The next Conference, in the autumn of 1850, at Stuttgart, was invested with peculiar interest as having been held in the capital of the kingdom of Würtemberg, that part of the country where religious life had suffered less than elsewhere, either from rationalism or revolution, and which has been justly called the Scotland of Germany. The attendance rose to 2000 members, chiefly from the South; and the proceedings were of a peculiarly cheerful and exhilarating character. The North and South, lately in violent antagonism respecting leadership in the Empire, here shook hands; and the more cold and critical theology of the former, learned to appreciate the deep and somewhat mystic experience of the latter. The chief topics of public discussion were two; the duty of civil obedience, especially on the part of the clergy, in which *Dr. Dorner* distinguished himself by a manly assertion of the most liberal principles, with especial reference to the case of the Schleswig-Holstein clergy, against the more slavish views of *Dr. Stahl*; and the question of Lord's-day observance, which, amidst much theoretical difference as to its grounds, was unanimously recommended as indispensable to personal or national religion, and an address agreed upon by the Conference to the governments and people of Germany, urging them to the long-neglected duty of Sabbath-sanctification. The last Conference, that of September 1851, in Elberfeld, of which the programme stands at the head of this Article, had the great advantage, like the Stuttgart meeting, of being surrounded by an atmosphere of living piety in that flourishing town, long blessed with the ministrations of two of the most eloquent men in Germany, and two of the leading spirits in the Church Confederation, *Dr. Krummacher* and *Dr. Sander*. It afforded perhaps a better mixture of all the elements of the Church-union than any foregoing assemblage, though the Reformed predominated, gathered from Westphalia and the banks of the Rhine. Two long and instructive discussions took place—one on the gymnasial system of education and its urgent need of religious improvement—the other on the relation of lay-agency to the pastoral office, which shewed, on the whole, a spirit of concession by the high Lutherans to the growing necessities of the Inner-Mission. Two less animated debates arose on the constitution of district synods, and the right of the congregations to the use of the

Reformation Catechisms, in both of which sound decisions were given in favour of popular influence and the guarding of reformation principles. A harmonious and brotherly conversation on the state of the candidates or licentiates, who amount to upwards of 6000 in all Germany, and unhappily have no settled rights or opportunities of usefulness, made up the roll of the Assembly's business. Through this whole Conference there breathed a fine devotional spirit—an earnest interest in the topics brought forward—and a manly respect for diversity of view and practice; so that a spectator might well rejoice to see the impress of the first days of Wittenberg still brightly legible.

In summing up the present state of the Church Confederation, it must be acknowledged that it has made exceedingly small way, in any direct sense, towards an incorporating Church-union for all Germany. There are not only three confessions to be united, there are 39 states, all differing more or less in internal Church order, and none acknowledging the clergy of its neighbours. The ecclesiastical authorities that have been applied to, with a view to promote the objects of the Confederation, have mostly observed a cold silence, while some have answered unfavourably; and the universities, to which also the appeal has been sent, have generally followed the same procedure. Moreover, the Confederation has not found such favour with the Lutheran Church as with the Reformed and the United; and not a few of the former have openly taken the field against it, as a presumptuous and self-constituted claimant of ecclesiastical power. If to all this it be added that the growing reaction in the State indisposes men to organic change in the Church, it is easy to see that little short of a fresh revolution will break down the barriers in the way of a universal Church for Germany. Nevertheless, it is obvious that a great step is every year taken indirectly to this happy result. The Conference, though far from being so bold an assertor of religious liberty as we should desire to see it, yet by the very act of holding its annual meeting, independently of State permission, asserts the right of the Church to spontaneous union when she shall see fit, without State hindrance. The happy concord already effected in the Conference of such extremes as the Hengstenberg party and the disciples of Schleiermacher, shews the softening influence of such convocations. The habit of deciding common topics together, almost necessitates the final transition, sooner or later, of this consultative assembly into a regular synod. And the spectacle so novel and full of interest of a Nitzsch and a Tholuck from the chair sitting side by side with a Krummacher or a Sander from the pulpit—a Treviranus from Bremen supporting a Kápff from Stuttgart—a Schmieder from Wittenberg encountering a Fliedner from Kaiserswerth—a theorist like Lehnerdt

urging on a man of action like Wichern; while, as in the late Assembly, nobles, privy-counsellors, and even Prussian ministers of instruction look on well pleased; and (not less important!) crowds of students and unplaced theologians—the hope of the future—catch the impulse; all this is an augury that the day of a visible union of all the Churches of the Reformation in Germany is nearer than some believe. Let the Church only keep clear of the reactionary tendencies of the State, and she has nothing to fear. In the midst of order she is on the way to independence; if involved in convulsion, the foundation of union already rises above the waves.

Meanwhile, contemporaneously with the movements of the Confederation, the Inner-Mission has been advancing with still more decisive progress. Candidate Wichern, liberated from time to time from his engagement near Hamburg, and honoured with a Doctor's degree, (which his attainments as a thinker and liberal scholar, not to speak of his classical German, well support,) has been employed for the last three years in making occasional journeys in its behalf, in addressing public meetings, where he has always left behind him something of his own ardent spirit, and in editing a magazine (*Fliegende Blätter*) expressly devoted to the business of the Inner-Mission. He has also been the presiding genius in the Central Committee, which has its seat in Hamburg and Berlin, and which has given shape and direction to the entire movement. The measures of this body, which consists of some of the most influential names in Germany among the clergy, nobility, counsellors of state, professors, and mercantile men, have been marked by great wisdom as well as zeal. This Committee, ever keeping before them the revival of religion within the Church, and the recovery of its nominal or apostate members to the faith of the gospel, have not complicated their labours by efforts directed to the Roman Catholics. Nor have they limited themselves within the Protestant pale to the poor and the outcast, the orphan and the prisoner, but have extended their regards to the profligacy of the higher classes—to the unbelief of the clergy—to the want of religion in schools—to the non-existence of a Christian literature—to the desecration of the Lord's day—to the neglect of family religion, and many other kindred evils, which a "Home Mission," in the English sense of the word, does not suggest, and the attempt to meet which gives the German institution a strikingly original character. Hence, as treading more closely on the peculiar province of the ministers of the gospel, and the existing Church authorities, they have always sought their co-operation; and while freely employing all disposable lay-activity at their command, they have not been willing to bring it into collision with clerical

observation of it sometimes tempts us to the wish that there could be a decree of society forbidding, for some time, all reference to Shakespeare and his companions, and compelling us, both in our conversation and in our authorship, back to that miscellaneous world of substances, passions, and events, whence Shakespeare himself, the greatest niggard known of allusions to preceding writers, drew the materials for a not deficient literature.

That we do not exaggerate this view of the case, ought to be evident from the fact that, in the present paper, we deliberately perpetrate an offence against it. Milton is one of the writers that have been most frequently, most variously, and, we may add, most splendidly written about; and yet here we venture upon a new essay on Milton. It is needless, therefore, to say that we have sympathies also with the other view of the case, and that we hold that there is something right, beautiful, and full of use in this practice of visiting again and again the same ancestral tombs, this tendency of writer after writer to scan for himself those characters which tradition has bound him to revere, and to attempt such new portraiture of them as may present, if not the whole men, at least some of their lineaments, more vividly to the world. How we can reconcile this belief with the sentiment before expressed, we shall not stop to inquire. The Duke of Wellington's mode of proceeding in such cases is as good as any that we know. When he wishes to reconcile two apparently contradictory propositions, he simply asserts them both as strongly as he can. Content to adopt this plan, we shall leave the matter in question to the consideration of our readers, and go on, without farther preface, to the task which we have appointed to ourselves, of saying something about Milton and his writings which, whether new or not, may be appropriate to the temper and circumstances of these grave times.

Never surely did a youth leave the academic halls of England more full of fair promise than Milton, when, at the age of twenty-three, he quitted Cambridge to reside at his father's house amid the quiet beauties of a rural neighbourhood some twenty miles distant from London. Fair in person, with a clear fresh complexion, light brown hair which parted in the middle and fell in curls to his shoulders, clear grey eyes, and a well-knit frame of moderate proportions—there could not have been found a finer picture of pure and ingenuous English youth. And that health and beauty which distinguished his outward appearance, and the effect of which was increased by a voice surpassingly sweet and musical, indicated with perfect truth the qualities of the mind within. Seriousness, studiousness, fondness for flowers and music, fondness also for manly exercises in the open air, courage and resolution of character, combined with the most maiden

purity and innocence of life—these were the traits conspicuous in Milton in his early years. Of his accomplishments it is hardly necessary to take particular note. Whatever of learning, of science, or of discipline in logic or philosophy the University at that time could give, he had duly and in the largest measure acquired. No better Greek or Latin scholar probably had the University in that age sent forth; he was proficient in the Hebrew tongue, and in all the other customary aids to a biblical theology; and he could speak and write well in French, Italian, and Spanish. His acquaintance, obtained by independent reading, with the history and with the whole body of the literature of ancient and modern nations, was extensive and various. And, as nature had endowed him in no ordinary degree with that most exquisite of her gifts, the ear and the passion for harmony, he had studied music as an art, and had taught himself not only to sing in the society of others, but also to touch the keys for his solitary pleasure.

The instruments which Milton preferred as a musician, were, his biographers tell us, the organ and the bass-viol. This fact seems to us to be not without its significance. Were we to define in one word our impression of the prevailing tone, the characteristic mood and disposition of Milton's mind, even in his early youth, we should say that it consisted in a deep and habitual *seriousness*. We use the word in none of those special and restricted senses that are sometimes given to it. We do not mean that Milton, at the period of his early youth with which we are now concerned, was, or accounted himself as being, a confessed member of that noble party of English Puritans with which he afterwards became allied, and to which he rendered such vast services. True, he himself tells us, in his account of his education, that "care had ever been had of him, with his earliest capacity, not to be negligently trained in the precepts of the Christian religion;" and in the fact that his first tutor, selected for him by his father, was one "Thomas Young, a Puritan of Essex who cut his hair short," there is enough to prove that the formation of his character in youth was aided expressly and purposely by Puritanical influences. But Milton, if ever, in a denominational sense, he could be called a Puritan, (he always wore his hair long, and in other respects did not conform to the usages of the Puritan party,) could hardly, with any propriety, be designated as a Puritan in this sense, at the time when he left college. There is evidence that at this time he had not given so much attention, on his own personal account, to matters of religious doctrine, as he afterwards bestowed. That seriousness of which we speak was, therefore, rather a constitutional seriousness ratified and nourished by rational reflection,

than the assumed temper of a sect. "A certain reservedness of natural disposition, and a moral discipline learnt out of the noblest philosophy"—such, in Milton's own words, were the causes which, apart from his Christian training, would have always kept him, as he believed, above the vices that debase youth. And herein the example of Milton contradicts much that is commonly advanced by way of a theory of the poetical character. Poets and artists generally, it is held, are and ought to be distinguished by a predominance of sensibility over principle, an excess of what Coleridge called the spiritual over what he called the moral part of man. A nature built on quicksands, an organization of nerve languid or tempestuous with occasion, a soul falling and soaring, now subject to ecstasies and now to remorse—such, it is supposed, and on no small induction of actual instances, is the appropriate constitution of the poet. Mobility, absolute and entire destitution of principle properly so called, capacity for varying the mood indefinitely rather than for retaining and keeping up one moral gesture or resolution through all moods—this, say the theorists, is the essential thing in the structure of the artist. Against the truth of this, however, as a maxim of universal application, the character of Milton, as well as that of Wordsworth after him, is a remarkable protest. Were it possible to place before the theorists all the materials which exist for judging of Milton's personal disposition as a young man, without exhibiting to them at the same time the actual and early proofs of his poetical genius, their conclusion, were they true to their theory, would necessarily be, that the basis of his nature was too solid and immovable, the platform of personal aims and aspirations over which his thoughts moved and had footing, too fixed and firm, to permit that he should have been a poet. Nay, whosoever, even appreciating Milton as a poet, shall come to the investigation of his writings, armed with that preconception of the poetical character which is sure to be derived from an intimacy with the character of Shakespeare, will hardly escape some feeling of the same kind. Seriousness, we repeat, a solemn and even austere demeanour of mind, was the characteristic of Milton even in his youth. And the outward manifestation of this was a life of pure and devout observance. This is a point that ought not to be avoided or dismissed in mere general language; for he who does not lay stress on this, knows not and loves not Milton. Accept, then, by way of more particular statement, his own remarkable words in justifying himself against an innendo of one of his adversaries in later life, reflecting on the tenor of his juvenile pursuits and behaviour. "A certain niceness of nature," he says, "an honest haughtiness and self-esteem either of what I was, or what I might be, (which let

envy call pride,) and lastly that modesty whereof, though not in the title-page, yet here I may be excused to make some beseeeming profession; all these, uniting the supply of their natural aid together, kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself that can agree to saleable and unlawful prostitutions." Fancy, ye to whom the moral frailty of genius is a consolation, or to whom the association of virtue with youth and Cambridge is a jest—fancy Milton, as this passage from his own pen describes him at the age of twenty-three, returning to his father's house from the university, full of its accomplishments and its honours, an auburn-haired youth beautiful as the Apollo of a northern clime, and that beautiful body the temple of a soul pure and unsoiled! Truly, a son for a mother to take to her arms with joy and pride!

Connected with this austerity of character, discernible in Milton even in his youth, may be noted also, as indeed it is noted in the passage just cited, a haughty yet modest self-esteem, and consciousness of his own powers. Throughout all Milton's works there may be discerned a vein of this noble egotism, this unashful self-assertion. Frequently, in arguing with an opponent, or in setting forth his own views on any subject of discussion, he passes, by a very slight topical connexion, into an account of himself, his education, his designs, and his relations to the matter in question; and this sometimes so elaborately and at such length, that the impression is as if he said to his readers,—Besides all my other arguments, take this also as the chief and conclusive argument, that it is *I*, a man of such and such antecedents, and with such and such powers to perform far higher work than you see me now engaged in, who affirm and maintain this. In his later years Milton evidently believed himself to be, if not the greatest man in England, at least the greatest writer, and one whose *egomet dixi* was entitled to as much force in the intellectual Commonwealth as the decree of a civil magistrate is invested with in the order of civil life. All that he said or wrote was backed in his own consciousness by a sense of the independent importance of the fact, that it was he, Milton, who said or wrote it; and often, after arguing a point for some time on a footing of ostensible equality with his readers, he seems suddenly to stop, retire to the vantage-ground of his own thoughts, and bid his readers follow him thither, if they would see the whole of that authority which his words had failed to express. Such, we say, is Milton's habit in his later writings; in his early life, of course, the feeling which it shews existed rather as an undefined consciousness of superior power, a tendency silently and with satisfaction to compare his own intellectual measure with that of others, a resolute ambition to be and to do some-

thing great. Now we cannot help thinking that it will be found that this particular form of self-esteem goes along with that moral austerity of character which we have alleged to be discernible in Milton even in his youth, rather than with that temperament of varying sensibility which is, according to the general theory, regarded as characteristic of the poet. Men of this latter type, as they vary in the entire mood of their mind, vary also in their estimate of themselves. No permanent consciousness of their own destiny, or of their own worth in comparison with others, belongs to them. In their moods of elevation they are powers to move the world; but while the impulse that has gone forth from them in one of these moods, may be still thrilling its way onward in wider and wider circles through the hearts of myriads they have never seen, they, the fountains of the impulse, the spirit being gone from them, may be sitting alone in the very spot and amid the ashes of their triumph, sunken and dead, despondent and self-accusing. It requires the evidence of positive results, the assurance of other men's praises, the visible presentation of effects which they cannot but trace to themselves, to convince such men that they are or can do anything. Whatever manifestations of egotism, whatever strokes of self-assertion come from such men, come in the very burst and phrenzy of their passing resistlessness. The calm, deliberate, and unshaken knowledge of their own superiority is not theirs. True, Shakespeare, the very type, if rightly understood, of this class of minds, (for we are total dissenters from that theory of Shakespeare which defines him as a kind of William the Calm,) is supposed in his sonnets, to have predicted, in the strongest and most deliberate terms, his own immortality as a poet. It could be proved, however, were this the place for such an investigation, that the common interpretation of those passages of the sonnets which are supposed to supply this trait in the character of Shakespeare, is nothing more nor less than a false reading of a very subtle meaning which the critics have missed. Those other passages of the sonnets which breathe an abject melancholy and discontentment with self, which exhibit the poet as "cursing his fate," as "bemoaning his outcast state," as looking about abashedly among his literary contemporaries, envying the "art" of one, and the "scope" of another, and even wishing sometimes that the very features of his face had been different from what they were and like those of some he knew, are, in our opinion, of far greater autobiographic value. Nothing of this kind is to be found in Milton. As a Christian, indeed, humiliation before God was a duty the meaning of which he knew full well; but as a man moving among other men, he possessed in that moral seriousness and stoic scorn of temptation which characterized him, a spring of

ever-present pride, dignifying his whole bearing among his fellows, and at times arousing him to a kingly intolerance. In short, instead of that dissatisfaction with self which we trace as a not unfrequent feeling with Shakespeare, we find in Milton, even in his early youth, a recollection firm and habitual, that he was one of those servants to whom God had entrusted the stewardship of ten talents. In that very sonnet, for example, written on his twenty-third birthday, in which he laments that he had as yet achieved so little, his consolation is, that the power of achievement was still indubitably within him—

“ All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever, in my great Task-Master's eye.”

And what was that special mode of activity to which Milton, still in the bloom and seed-time of his years, had chosen to dedicate the powers of which he was so conscious? He had been destined by his parents for the Church; but this opening into life he had definitively and deliberately abandoned. With equal decision he renounced the profession of the law; and it does not seem to have been long after the conclusion of his career at the university, when he renounced the prospects of professional life altogether. His reasons for this, which are to be gathered from various passages of his writings, seem to have all resolved themselves into a jealous concern for his own absolute intellectual freedom. He had determined, as he says, “to lay up, as the best treasure and solace of a good old age, the honest liberty of free speech from his youth;” and neither the Church nor the Bar of England, at the time when he formed that resolution, was a place where he could hope to keep it. For a man so situated, the alternative, then as now, was the practice or profession of literature. To this, therefore, as soon as he was able to come to a decision on the subject, Milton had implicitly, if not avowedly, dedicated himself. To become a great writer, and, above all, a great poet; to teach the English language a new strain and modulation; to elaborate and surrender over to the English nation works that would make it more potent and wise in the age that was passing, and more memorable and lordly in the ages to come—such was the form which Milton's ambition had assumed when, laying aside his student's garb, he went to reside under his father's roof. Nor was this merely a choice of necessity, the reluctant determination of a young soul, “Church-outed by the prelates,” and disgusted with the chances of the law. Milton, in the Church, would certainly have been such an archbishop, mitred or unmitred, as England has never seen; and the very passage of such a man across the sacred floor would have trampled into timely extinction all that has since sprung

up among us as Puseyism and what not, and would have modelled the ecclesiasticism of England into a shape that the world might have gazed at, with no truant glance backward to the splendours of the Seven Hills. And, doubtless, even amid the traditions of the law, such a man would have performed the feats of a Samson, albeit of a Samson in chains. An inward prompting, therefore, a love secretly plighted to the Muse, and a sweet comfort and delight in her sole society, which no other allurement, whether of profit or pastime, could equal or diminish,—this, less formally perhaps, but as really as care for his intellectual liberty, or distaste for the established professions of his time, determined Milton's early resolution as to his future way of life. On this point it will be best to quote his own words. "After I had," he says, "for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father, (whom God recompense!) been exercised to the tongues and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers both at home and at the schools, it was found that, whether ought was imposed upon me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice, in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live." The meaning of which sentence to a biographer of Milton, is, that Milton, before his three-and-twentieth year, knew himself to be a poet.

He knew this, he says, by "certain vital signs," discernible in what he had already written. What were these "vital signs," these proofs indubitable to Milton that he had the art and faculty of a poet? We need but refer the reader for the answer to those smaller poetical compositions of Milton, both in English and in Latin, which survive as specimens of his earliest muse. Of these, some three or four which happen to be specially dated—such as the *Elegy on the Death of a Fair Infant*, written in 1624, or in the author's seventeenth year; the well-known *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, written in 1629, when the author was just twenty-one; and the often quoted *Sonnet on Shakespeare*, written not much later—may be cited as convenient materials from which, whoever would convince himself minutely of Milton's youthful vocation to poetry rather than to anything else, may derive proofs on that head. Here will be found power of the most rare and beautiful conception, choice of words the most exact and exquisite, the most perfect music and charm of verse. Above all, here will be found that ineffable something—call it imagination or what we will—wherein lies the intimate and ineradicable peculiarity of the poet; the art to work on and on for ever in a purely ideal element, to chase and marshal airy nothings according to a law totally unlike that of

rational association, never hastening to a logical end like the schoolboy when on errand, but still lingering within the wood like the schoolboy during holiday. This peculiar mental habit, nowhere better described than by Milton himself when he speaks of verse—

“Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,”

is so characteristic of the poetical disposition, that, though in most of the greatest poets, as, for example, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare in his dramas, Chaucer, and almost all the ancient Greek poets, it is not observable in any extraordinary degree, chiefly because in them the element of direct reference to human life and its interests had fitting preponderance, yet it may be affirmed that he who, tolerating or admiring these poets, does not relish also such poetry as that of Spenser, Keats, and Shakespeare in his minor pieces, but complains of it as wearisome and sensuous, is wanting in a portion of the genuine poetic taste.

There was but one “vital sign,” the absence of which in Milton could, according to any theory of the poetical character, have begotten doubts in his own mind, or in the minds of his friends, whether poetry was his peculiar and appropriate function. The single source of possible doubt on this head could have been no other than that native austerity of feeling and temper, that real though not formal Puritanism of heart and intellect, which we have noted as distinguishing Milton from his youth upward. The poet, it is said in these days, when, by psychologizing a man, it is supposed we can tell what course of life he is fit for—the poet ought to be universally sympathetic; he ought to hate nothing, despise nothing. And a notion equivalent to this, though by no means so articulately expressed, was undoubtedly prevalent in Milton’s own time. As the Puritans, on the one hand, had set their faces against all those practices of profane singing, dancing, masquing, theatre-going, and the like, in which the preservation of the spirit of the arts was supposed to be involved, so the last party in the world from which the reputed devotees of the arts in those days would have expected a poet to arise, were the Puritans. Even in Shakespeare, and much more in Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and other poets of the Elizabethan age, may be traced evidences of an instinctive enmity to that Puritanical mode of thinking which was then on the increase in English society, and in the triumph of which these great minds foresaw the proscription of their craft and their pleasures. When Sir Toby says to Malvolio, “Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more

cakes and ale?" and when the Clown adds, "Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too," it is the Knight and the Clown on the one side, against Malvolio the Puritan on the other. That the defence of the festive in this passage is not borne by more respectable personages than the two who speak, is indeed a kind of indication that Shakespeare's personal feelings with regard to the austere movement which he saw gathering around him, were by no means so deep or bitter as to discompose him; but if his profounder soul could behold such things with serenity, and even pronounce them good, they assuredly met with enough of virulence and invective among his lesser contemporaries. That literary crusade against the Puritans, as canting, sour-visaged, mirth-forbidding, art-abhorring religionists, which came to its height at the time when Butler wrote his *Hudibras*, and Wycherley his plays, was already hot when the wits of King James's days used to assemble, after the theatre, in their favourite taverns; and if, sallying out after one of their merry evenings in their most favourite tavern of all, the Mermaid in Bread Street, leaving, as Beaumont used to say, an atmosphere in the room they had quitted sufficient to make witty in spite of themselves the next two companies that sat in it, these assembled poets and dramatists had gone in search of the youth who was likeliest to be the poet of the age then beginning, they certainly would not have gone to that modest residence in the same street where the son of the Puritanic scrivener, then preparing for college, was busy over his books. Nay, if Ben Jonson, the last twenty-nine years of whose life coincided with the first twenty-nine of Milton's, had followed the young student from the house where he was born in Bread Street to his rooms at Cambridge, and had there become acquainted with him and looked over his early poetical exercises, it is probable enough that, while praising them so far, he would have constituted himself the organ of that very opinion as to the requisites of the poetical character which we are now discussing, and declared, in some strong phrase or other, that the youth would have been all the more hopeful as a poet if he had had a little more of the *bon vivant* in his constitution.

This, then, is a point of no little importance, involving, as it does, the relations of Milton as a poet to the age in which he lived—that splendid age of Puritan mastery in England, which came between the age of Shakespeare and Elizabeth, and the age of Dryden and the Second Charles. Milton was *the* poet of that intermediate era; that his character was such as we have described it, made him only the more truly a representative of all that was then deepest in English society; and, in inquiring, therefore, in what manner Milton's austerity as a man affected

his art as a poet, we are, at the same time, investigating the *rationale* of that remarkable fact in the history of English literature, the interpolation of so original and isolated a development as the Miltonic poems between the inventive luxuriousness of the Elizabethan epoch, and the witty licentiousness that followed the Restoration.

First, then, it was not *humour* that came to the rescue, in Milton's case, to help him out in those respects wherein, according to the theory in question, the strictness and austerity of his own disposition would have injured his capacity to be a poet. There are and have been men as strict and austere as he, who yet, by means of this quality of humour, have been able to reconcile themselves to much in human life lying far away from, and even far beneath, the sphere of their own practice and conscientious liking. As Pantagruel, the noble and meditative, endured and even loved those immortal companions of his, the boisterous and profane Friar John, and the cowardly and impish Panurge, so these men, remaining themselves with all rigour and punctuality within the limits of sober and exemplary life, are seen extending their regards to the persons and the doings of a whole circle of reprobate Falstaffs, Pistols, Clowns, and Sir Toby Belches. They cannot help it. They may and often do blame themselves for it; they wish that, in their intercourse with the world, they could more habitually turn the austere and judicial side of their character to the scenes and incidents that there present themselves, simply saying of each, "That is right and worthy," or, "That is wrong and unworthy," and treating it accordingly; but they break down in the trial; suddenly some incident presents itself which is not only right but clumsy, or not only wrong but comic, and straightway the austere side of their character wheels round to the back, and judge, jury, and witnesses are convulsed with untimely laughter. It was by no means so with Milton. As his critics have generally remarked, he had little of humour, properly so called, in his composition. His laughter is the laughter of scorn. With one unvarying judicial look, he confronted the actions of men, and, if ever his tone altered as he uttered his judgments, it was only because something roused him to a pitch of higher passion. Take, as characteristic the following passage, in which he replies to the taunt of an opponent who had asked where *he*, the antagonist of profane amusements, had procured that knowledge of theatres and their furniture, which certain allusions in one of his books shewed him to possess:—

"Since there is such necessity to the hearsay of a fire, a periwig, or a vizard, that plays must have been seen, what difficulty was there in that, when in the colleges so many of the young divines, and those

in next aptitude to divinity, have been seen so often upon the stage, writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the antic and dishonest gestures of Trinculoes, buffoons, and bawds; prostituting the shame of that ministry which either they had or were nigh having, to the eyes of courtiers and court-ladies, with their grooms and mademoiselles? There, whilst they acted and overacted, among other young scholars, I was a spectator:—they thought themselves gallant men, and I thought them fools; they made sport, and I laughed; they mispronounced, and I disliked; and, to make up the atticism, they were out, and I hissed.”—*Apology for Smectymnuus*.

Who can doubt that to a man, to whom such a scene as this presented itself in a light so different from that in which a Shakespeare would have viewed it, Friar John himself, if encountered in the real world, would have been simply the profane and unendurable wearer of the sacred garb, Falstaff only a foul and grey-haired iniquity, Pistol but a braggart and coward, and Sir Toby Belch but a beastly sot?

That office, however, which humour did not perform for Milton, in his intercourse with the world of past and present things, was in part performed by what he did in large measure possess—intellectual inquisitiveness; respect for intellect, its accomplishments, and its rights. If any quality in the actions or writings of other men could have won Milton's favourable regards, even where his moral sense condemned, that quality, we believe, was intellectual greatness, and especially greatness of his own stamp, or marked by any of his own features. Hence that tone of almost pitying admiration which pervades his representation of the ruined Archangel; hence his uniformly respectful references to the great intellects of Paganism and of the Catholic world; and hence, we think, his unbounded, and, so far as we can see, unqualified reverence for Shakespeare. As by the direct exercise of his own intellect, on the one hand, applied to the rational discrimination for himself of what was really wrong from what was only ignorantly reputed to be so, he had kept his mind clear, as Cromwell also did, from many of those sectarian prejudices in the matter of moral observance which were current in his time—justified, for example, his love of music, his passion for natural beauty, his habits of cheerful recreation, his devotion to various literature, and even, most questionable of all, as would then have been thought, his affection for the massy pillars and storied windows of ecclesiastic architecture; so, reflexly, by a recognition of the intellectual liberty of others, he seems to have distinctly apprehended the fact that there might be legitimate manifestations of intellect of a kind very different from his own. A Falstaff in real life, for example, might have been to Milton the most unendurable of horrors, just as, according to his own con-

fession, a play-acting clergyman was his abomination; and yet, in the pages of his honoured Shakespeare, Sir John as mentor to the Prince, and Parson Hugh Evans as the Welch fairy among the mummers, may have been creations he would con over and very dearly appreciate. And this accounts for the multifarious and unrestricted character of his literary studies. Milton, we believe, was a man whose intellectual inquisitiveness and respect for talent would have led him, in other instances than that of the College theatricals, to see and hear much that his heart derided, to study and know what he would not strictly have wished to imitate. Ovid and Tibullus, for example, contain much that is far from Miltonic; and yet that he read poets of this class with particular pleasure, let the following quotation prove:—

“I had my time, readers, as others have who have good learning bestowed upon them, to be sent to those places where, the opinion was, it might be soonest attained; and, as the manner is, was not unstudied in those authors which are most commended:—whereof some were grave orators and historians, whose matter methought I loved indeed, but, as my age was, so I understood them; others were the smooth elegiac poets whereof the schools are not scarce, whom, both for the pleasing sound of their numerous writing (which, in imitation, I found most easy, and most agreeable to nature's part in me) and for their matter (which, what it is, there be few who know not), I was so allured to read that no recreation came to me more welcome—for, that it was then those years with me which are excused, though they be least severe, I may be saved the labour to remember ye.”—*Apology for Smectymnuus.*

That Milton, then, notwithstanding his natural austerity and seriousness even in youth, was led by his keen appreciation of literary beauty and finish, and especially by his delight in sweet and melodious verse, to read and enjoy the poetry of those writers who are usually quoted as examples of the lusciousness and sensuousness of the poetic nature, and even to prefer them to all others—is especially stated by himself. But let the reader, who may think he sees in this a ground for suspecting that we have assigned too much importance to Milton's personal seriousness of disposition as a cause affecting his aims and art as a poet, distinctly mark the continuation.

“Whence, having observed them” (the elegiac and love poets) “to account it the chief glory of their wit, in that they were ablest to judge, to praise, and by that could esteem themselves worthiest to love, those high perfections which, under one or other name, they took to celebrate, I thought with myself, by every instinct and pre-sage of nature, (which is not wont to be false,) that what emboldened them to this task might, with such diligence as they used, embolden

me; and that what judgment, wit, or elegance was my share would herein best appear, and best value itself, by how much more wisely, and with more love of virtue I should choose (let rude ears be absent!) the object of not unlike praises. For, albeit these thoughts to some will seem virtuous and commendable, to others only pardonable, to a third sort perhaps idle, yet the mentioning of them now will end in serious. Nor blame it, readers, in those years to propose to themselves such a reward as the noblest dispositions above other things in this life have sometimes preferred; whereof not to be sensible, when good and fair in one person meet, argues both a gross and shallow judgment, and withal an ungentle and swainish breast. For, by the firm settling of these persuasions, I became, to my best memory, so much a proficient, that, if I found these authors anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled, this effect it wrought in me:—From that time forward, their art I still applauded, but the men I deplored; and, above them all, preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never wrote but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts, without transgression. And long it was not after when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem—that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy.”—*Apology for Smectymnus*.

Here, at last, therefore, we have Milton's own solution of the matter of our inquiry. He had speculated himself on that subject; he had made it a matter of conscious investigation what kind of moral tone and career would best fit a man to be a poet, on the one hand, or would be most likely to frustrate his hopes of writing well, on the other; and his conclusion, as we see, was dead against the “wild oats” theory. Had Ben Jonson, according to our previous fancy, proffered him, out of kindly interest, a touch of that theory, while criticising his juvenile poems, and telling him how he might learn to write better, there would have descended on the lecturer, as sure as fate, a rebuke, though from young lips, that would have made his old face blush. “*He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem:*”—fancy that sentence—an early and often pronounced formula of Milton's, as we may be sure it was—hurled, some evening, could time and chance have permitted it, into the midst of the assembled Elizabethan wits at the Mermaid! What interruption of the jollity, what mingled uneasiness and resentment, what turning of faces towards the new speaker, what forced laughter to conceal consternation! Only Shakespeare, one thinks, had he been present,

- would have fixed on the bold youth a mild and approving eye, would have looked round the room thoroughly to observe the whole scene, and, remembering some passages in his own life, would mayhap have had his own thoughts! Certainly, at least, the essence of that wonderful and special development of the literary genius of England, which came between the Elizabethan epoch and the epoch of the Restoration, and which was represented and consummated in Milton himself, consisted in the fact that then there was a temporary protest, and by a man able to make it good, against the theory of "wild oats," as current before and current since. The nearest man to Milton in this respect, since Milton's time, has undoubtedly been Wordsworth.
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It has not been without purpose that we have thus presented our readers with what may be called, though with some allowance for occasional anachronism, a study of the character of Milton in his early manhood. In fixing our attention upon him so closely at a period of his life when as yet he had not produced those works which are the cause why the world now attends to him at all, we but imitate his own example in those passages of his writings where he instructs us how he may be best appreciated. "With me it fares now," he says, referring to his hostile critics, "as with him whose outward garment (*i.e.* books) hath been injured and ill-bedighted; for, having no other shift, what help but to turn the inside," (*i.e.* the man, as anterior to, and apart from, his books,) "outward—especially, if the lining be of the same, or, as it sometimes is, much better." Let us now, however, glance at the facts of his subsequent career, so as to see, preparatory to such a general view of his genius as can only be attempted in connexion with his writings, how the character which we have sketched as Milton's from the first, and which substantially remained with him through life, became modified by external influences as he passed on through manhood to old age.

Milton, his academic studies being over, and his resolution against entering the Church already taken, remained an inmate of his father's house at Horton, Buckinghamshire, for a period of six years,—that is, from 1632 to 1638, or from his twenty-fourth to his thirtieth year. Walks amid the rich English scenery of the neighbourhood, sometimes for the mere pleasure of exercise and meditation, sometimes in his special character as a student of botany; more lengthened excursions to Oxford and other places in or out of Buckinghamshire, particularly the pretty village of Forest Hill, some three miles from Oxford, where there resided a Squire Powell, an acquaintance of his father's; occasional visits to London for books, lessons in mathematics, and the like; indoor conversations and musical

concertoes with such friends or relatives as might from time to time join the family circle, including a married sister older than himself, and a younger brother engaged in the study of the law—such was the quiet nature of the poet's life, at a time when most men are plunged in the cares of worldly business. His father, himself a scholarly old gentleman and a musical composer, "equal in science, if not in genius, to the first musicians of the age," was probably glad that his own position as a retired attorney, living on a small estate, enabled him to afford his son the means of such manly leisure. Nor was Milton idle. Devoting the main part of his time to a course of new reading, which embraced all the most celebrated classical writers, and had special reference to those Greek philosophers whose works he felt himself more capable of appreciating now than in his college days, he produced at intervals during these years those exquisite minor poems—*Arcades*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and others, which the reader, when not disposed for the severer grandeurs of his later muse, turns to with delight. The style of those poems, blending so beautifully the grace of the classic model, and the spirit of classic thought with the rich beauty of the English pastoral, indicates clearly enough that his early taste for the sweet and sensuous compositions of the elegiac and descriptive school of poets had not as yet declined. As clearly, however, does the loyal and strict tone of these poems, the chivalrous and sustained purity of purpose which appear in them, and most observably of all in the *Comus*, indicate the perfect truth of his assertion that he had early come to the resolve that in all his own attempts in the art he admired, the fair should serve only the good and honourable. In these poems, too, sensuous in conception and full of fantastic imagery as they are, there are genuine individual flashes of the sterner Miltonic spirit. Such, for example, is the invective in *Lycidas* against the hireling shepherds of the Christian fold. Such also is this, among other passages that might be quoted from *Comus*—

"Against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm—
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not intralled;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when, at last,
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed: If this fail

The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble."

And thus, we see, underneath the flowers and the beauty, there ever lay in Milton all manly strength. If his art by preference still worked most in the sensuous and the idyllic, it was but as a young athlete, his symmetry not yet injured by much experience in the gymnasium, might be the gentlest of all the guests at a classic entertainment, might recline most gracefully on the embroidered couch, and wear most fitly the garland of festive roses.

Milton's poems, composed during his residence in his father's house, were not written for publication. The *Comus* was a gift to the ladies and younger branches of the family of the Earl of Bridgewater, meant as a kind of innocent play or mask to be performed in the family-circle of Ludlow Castle; and though Lawes, who composed the airs for the mask, published it in 1637, three years after it was performed, he speaks of the authorship as not openly acknowledged. In the following year *Lycidas* appeared in a collection of Cambridge verses. Milton's reputation as a poet can, therefore, have been but of a very private character when, in the year 1638, his mother being then just dead, he left England for a tour on the Continent. From Paris, where he became acquainted with Grotius, he went to Italy. He resided there about a year, visiting all the chief towns, and seeing many of the eminent Italian men of the time—among others, Galileo, then in his old age, and a prisoner to the Inquisition on account of his astronomical heresies. From Italy he meant to extend his tour to Sicily and Greece; but the gathering political tempest at home brought him back to England in the summer of 1639.

In consequence either of some change in the circumstances of his father, or of some change in his own views as to his way of life, Milton now took up household in London. "He took him a lodging," says his earliest biographer, "in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street, at the house of one Russell, a tailor." Probably one of the reasons that led to this arrangement is indicated in the fact that he took to board with him, as pupils, two nephews, sons of his sister Mrs. Philips, the one about ten, the other about eight, years of age. "He made no long stay," however, in St. Bride's Churchyard, "necessity of having a place to dispose his books in, and other goods fit for the furnishing of a good handsome house, hastening him to take one; and accordingly, a pretty garden-house he took in Aldersgate Street, at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn, by the reason of the privacy, besides that there are few streets in London more free from noise than that." Here he took a few more boys as boarders, all the sons of intimate friends.

But it was not solely with his pupils that Milton's mind was occupied in his new residence in his garden-house in Aldersgate Street. His journey to Italy and the encouragement he had met with there had but confirmed his ambition to be a great name in the literature of his country. The following passage, written close upon the period we are now arrived at, will exhibit more aptly than any words of ours, the thoughts as to the future employment of his time and powers, which secretly filled Milton for months and months after his first settlement in London. The passage is in every way remarkable:—

“ But, much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout, (for the manner is that every one must give some proof of his wit and learning there,) met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things, which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men on this side the Alps—I began thus far to assent both to them and to divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that, by labour and intense study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let die.

“ These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other—that, if I were certain to write, as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard to be sooner had than to God's glory by the honour and instruction of my own country. For which cause and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo—to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end, (that were a toilsome vanity,) but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and wisest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, and modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old, did for *their* country, I, in proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for *mine*, not caring to be once named abroad, (though, perhaps, I could attain to that,) but content with these British islands as my world, whose fortune has hitherto been that, if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.”

“ Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting—whether that *epic* form, whereof

the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso are a diffuse, and the Book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, (which, in them that know art and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art;) and, lastly, what king or knight, before the Conquest, might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. . . . Or whether those *dramatic* constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a chorus, as Origen rightly judges. And the Apocalypse of Saint John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. . . . Or, if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnificent *odes* and *hymns*, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy; some others in their frame judicious; in their matter most and end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made to appear, over all the kinds of lyric poetry, to be incomparable. These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though by most abused) in every nation;—are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to embrace and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship."—*Reasons against Prelaty.*

It was not destined, however, that Milton should then, or for many years to come, carry these great schemes into execution. Work of a very different, and far less congenial kind, was for the present required of him. That great era in English history, which nothing in English history has paralleled since, was then opening. Vanquished by the spirit of his subjects, Charles I. had been compelled, in 1640, to summon his fifth Parliament, the famous "Long Parliament" of England, and to commit himself reluctantly to the tide of reform in Church and State which flowed out of its deliberations. Never was there such a time of hope and promise in the political world. Gathering round the new Parliament, and looking to it as the instrument by which, with the blessing of God, such changes would be wrought in the entire system of the country as would make

England, though still under a regal head, the pattern of free and well-governed Commonwealths, all men of mark for their liberal opinions were eager to contribute their quota to the new movement. Of these Milton was one. Always, by temperament, by education, and by speculative conviction, a man of the progressive party which since the days of Elizabeth had been gaining strength in England, but debarred hitherto like the rest of his countrymen from speaking his mind in any distinct manner on public affairs—he was now kindled to a pitch of enthusiasm such as made his whole past life seem tame, and thoughts that had till then lain in his mind only as vague dream and aspiration, nourishing his own sense of personal dignity, rushed at once into form, and struggled for utterance. Perhaps at no time in his whole life could Milton's character have been seen to greater advantage than about the year 1640-41, when the spirit of polemical activity first caught and mastered him. The promise of his earlier years then ripened into firm yet fair maturity; his consciousness of power rather increased than abated by his intercourse with the world; his mind, too, as we think, more exercised than before in solemn personal thoughts of God, religion, and revelation—he was no longer the mere serious youth meditating among flowers and books, and keeping his soul chaste by the worship of virtue as a grace or goddess of some heathen shrine, but a practical and fully-assured Christian man, conversant with usages and cities, and regarding his own faculty and virtue but as so much energy sent down by God to mould humanity to a higher rule. The word *loftiness*, or the word *magnanimity*, rather than the word *seriousness*, or the word *austerity*, might be used to describe the habitual state of Milton's mind at this epoch, when, ceasing, as it were, to be occupied with its own culture and regulation, it turned, like a lion about to leave its den, to the survey of the world without. His heart swelled within him when he saw what was to be done by a soul like his in the concourse of other men; and, if he hesitated at all to begin the work of action, it was only because he doubted whither in so vast a crowd he ought first to carry his royal presence.

Abandoning, then, for the time, all his great schemes of literary preparation and performance, Milton, in the year 1641, plunged into the tumult of political controversy. Disdaining smaller topics, he struck at once at what he, in common with many others, regarded as the radical evil, the cause, so far as any one theory or institution could be the cause, of all that was wrong and reactionary in English society—the theory and institution of Prelacy. That Prelacy, or the rule of the Church by bishops and archbishops, should be root and branch abolished,

not merely modified and improved by dissociation from peerage and the like ; and that the Long Parliament and all other legislative powers in the country should be stirred up and incited, by every possible means, to this work, and to the speedy change of the ecclesiastical system of England to the Presbyterian form, or some form even beyond that—such was Milton's notion of the greatest political duty of the time. Give him this, he thought, and he would return to his books and his leisure ; until this were attained, books and leisure were luxuries he would forego. Hear his own words :—

“ And the accomplishment of them ” (his literary schemes) “ lies not but in a power above man's to promise ; but that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall—that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend, and if but the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of Prelaty, under whose inquisitorial and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish.”

When, by his own labours, and those of others, the land should have, by the abolition of Prelacy, been put into such a state as that “ a free and splendid wit ” could flourish in it, then it would be time for him to resume his literary aspirations ; meanwhile, for a few years, he would be content to go on trust with his readers for the payment of his debt, and, “ leaving a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark on a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes,” doing battle against Episcopacy in the face of the people and the Parliament of England. Accordingly, for two years, or from 1641 to 1642, he seems to have been incessantly engaged (his duties to his pupils excepted) on this one topic. He handled it in five separate treatises or pamphlets ; the first, an elaborate historical essay *On the Causes that have hindered the Reformation in England*—in other words, arrested it at the stage of Episcopacy ; the second, a treatise *On Prelatical Episcopacy*, containing an examination of arguments in favour of its antiquity and apostolic origin, advanced at the time by Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher ; the third, a more comprehensive treatise, entitled, *The Reason of Church-government urged against Prelaty* ; the fourth, *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus*, the remonstrant being Bishop Hall, and Smectymnuus a designation for five Presbyterian ministers who had attacked him, and the initials of whose names, put together, make up the uncouth word ; the fifth and last, a farther *Apology for Smectymnuus*, drawn out by an answer to the preceding.

The controversy, however, to which Milton had so courageously lent himself, was soon snatched away from the hands

of writers and clergymen, and appealed, with many other, and even graver questions, to the decision of a ruder reasoning. The final rupture between Charles and the Parliament had at length taken place, and all England was a scene of military strife. The fate, not only of Episcopacy, but of Royalty itself, depended on the issue of an uncertain war. Surrendering over, then, to the sword and the battle-field the continuation of his favourite argument, and taking no more active part in the politics of the time than that of praying for the success of the party which represented his hopes, Milton would now probably have returned to his private projects had not Providence prepared for him a new and far more miserable controversy in the state of his own household. His father, driven from his own residence by the disturbed condition of the country, had just come to live with him and his pupils at the house in Aldersgate Street, when, about Whitsuntide 1643, Milton, to use the words of his nephew Philips, "took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was more than a journey of recreation, till, after a month's stay, home he returns a married man that went out a bachelor." The wife thus unexpectedly brought home by Milton, then in his thirty-fifth year, was Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Powell, the Oxfordshire squire formerly mentioned.

Never was a worse match made. The young wife had hardly been a month in town with her husband, when, in a fit of longing to see her parents and friends, she asked and obtained leave to go and spend part of the summer with them, promising to return at Michaelmas. When that time came, however, she positively refused to go back; and, her mother abetting her, she left Milton's repeated letters unanswered, and, when a messenger came with a peremptory message, had him turned out of the house. The reasons for this extraordinary occurrence, as given by Philips, are, that "her relations being generally addicted to the Cavalier party, and some of them possibly engaged in the King's service, (who by this time had his headquarters at Oxford, and was in some prospect of success,) they began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought it would be a blot in their escutcheon whenever that court should come to flourish again." There may be something in this; but the account given by the old gossip Aubrey, confirmed, too, by what Philips himself says, is far more to the point. The bride, according to Aubrey, had been "brought up and bred where there was a great deal of company and merriment, as dancing, &c.; and when she came to live with her husband, she found it solitary, no company came to her, and she often heard her nephews cry and be beaten. This life was irksome to her, and so she went to her

parents." There are hints also that, during her month in town, she had shewn some stubbornness—accepting invitations from her relations against her husband's will, and going about with them to theatres and the like. In short, one sees the whole case but too easily. Here was a gay, self-willed country girl, whose highest happiness it had been to dance with a King's officer at Oxford or elsewhere, married to a man whom she did not love, whom she could not understand, and whose books and austere ways were a terror to her. How Milton had been led to commit such a blunder as to marry a girl so totally unsuited to be his wife, can only be explained by the reasons he himself hints at—the inexperience of even the soberest man in these affairs, the very haste of men who have lived strictly in youth "to light the nuptial torch," the "persuasion of friends," the want of sufficient opportunities "for a perfect discerning" till too late, and the known fact that "the bashful muteness of a virgin," so romantically interpreted by the lover, may often "hide all the unliveliness and natural sloth" which constitutes sheer stupidity. *Stupidity*, if we may judge from Milton's allusions, was the quality which, after his eyes were opened to the real character of his wife, he found most unendurable in her. "A mute and spiritless mate," "a mind to all due conversation inaccessible," such are the phrases in which he seems evidently to refer to his own case; and "what a solace," he adds, "what a fit help such a consort would be through the whole life of a man, is less pain to conjecture than to have experience." No sensible man, he even says in another place, but would rather forgive actual unfaithfulness in a woman than this sullen incompatibility of tastes and temper.

At first, Milton's rage at the insult and scandal of his wife's desertion of him seems to have been something tremendous. Afterwards, bitterly making up his mind to the worst, and having determined that in no circumstances could he honourably take her back, he directed all his thoughts to the single purpose of getting rid of her. And, as it was not in his nature to put a fair face on the matter to the world, and secretly compensate himself by being other than he seemed, he pursued his object in the most open and public manner. In the course of the years 1644 and 1645, he put forth a series of four treatises on divorce—the first entitled *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce restored from the bondage of the Canon Law*; the second, *The judgment of Martin Bucer touching Divorce*, being extracts in point from that Reformer's writings; the third *Tetrachordon*; or *Expositions of the four chief passages of Scripture which treat of Marriage*; and the fourth, *Colasterion*, being a reply to an anonymous answer to the first treatise. The doctrine which pervades all these treatises and which they try to enforce, partly by

reason, but chiefly by the authority of Scripture, is that the guardianship of marriage ought to belong solely to the civil magistrate, and that divorce ought to be allowed not only in the cases recognised by the canon law, but also in any case of moral incompatibility between the parties immediately interested. Without entering into a consideration of Milton's views on this important subject—views which really signified “divorce at pleasure,” though Milton repudiated that phrase—we may observe that hardly in the whole history of human speculation will there be found a more remarkable instance than these treatises furnish, of how a man of the most sober and austere life may be led, by the felt misery of a personal experience, to investigate and tear up the settled maxims on which society has based itself, and to trouble a deaf world with importunate theorizings. That Milton, when the circumstances of his wife's family and the report of his intended marriage with a Miss Davis, induced them after about two years to attempt a reconciliation, did then take back his wife, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, is well known. But, though this put an end to his open warfare on the subject, it would be a mistake to suppose that so sad a passage of his life left no permanent effects. Externally, it made a decided breach between him and the Presbyterians who had been the most resolute opponents of his theory of divorce, and had even caused the House of Lords to take the matter up as an offence against sound morals; inclining him at the same time more and more to those extremer sects whose increasing numbers had perhaps given him hope that his views might obtain legislative sanction, and among whom he actually did gain over not a few to avow his doctrine under the name of Miltonists. But the secret effects on his mind and character were far more momentous. He had already described by anticipation that “drooping and disconsolate household captivity” which results from an ill-assorted marriage, and had spoken of that “continual sight of one's deluded thoughts” which the forced association with an unloved partner supposes, as a thing “to drive a man to atheism,” or at least “to abase the mettle of a generous spirit, and sink him to a low and vulgar pitch of endeavour in all his actions.” And if the effects upon himself of his seven years of legal union with his wife after their reconciliation fell short of this, their detrimental nature may at least be traced in a tone of increased harshness and bad temper discernible in most of his subsequent writings. And the poor wife all this time! One cannot help remembering that, though Milton could *speak* his wrongs in the case, she may have *felt* hers; and none the less keenly that people told her that her austere husband was a great scholar. Indeed, what was that act of hers which so offended Milton, but a

practical assertion on the woman's side of that liberty which he claimed for the man?

During the stormy period of his controversy on the subject of divorce, Milton found time to publish the short tract *On Education* before alluded to, and also his noble *Areopagitica*, or *Speech to the Parliament of England for the liberty of Unlicensed Printing*. In the year 1645, he likewise published for the first time, in a collected form, his juvenile poems in English and Latin. From that time, probably owing to the disturbed state of the public mind, he published nothing for three or four years. During these years he removed his residence twice—first from Aldersgate Street to Barbican, where besides his wife, his pupils and his own father, he had his wife's father and mother to live with him; and then to a smaller house in Holborn, which had an opening at the back into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. In 1647 his father died; and about the same time his father-in-law. As his father's property, which does not seem to have been very large, was shared by him with his sister and his younger brother, now a lawyer of known royalist opinions, Milton was not yet exempted from the necessity of earning his own livelihood. A marriage portion of £1000 which should have come to him on his father-in-law's death, remained unpaid in consequence of the confused state in which that gentleman left his affairs.

The triumph of the Puritan party was an epoch in the life of Milton. Scarcely was the Commonwealth inaugurated by the death of Charles I., (January 1648-9,) when, breaking his long silence, he published a justification of that act against the Presbyterians and others, in the form of an essay on *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, one of the ablest arguments ever penned in favour of the *jus populi*. This piece of service probably contributed to his appointment, in 1649, to the office of Latin Secretary to the Government, with a salary of £288 a year. As Latin Secretary, his duties were multifarious and somewhat onerous. In the *first* place, as it had been resolved that all the Government correspondence with foreign princes and states should be in Latin, he had daily to attend at Whitehall to lend his services as a compiler and translator. A collection of the letters written by him in this capacity, both for the Council of State and for Cromwell, is published among his prose works. But besides these strictly official duties, others naturally devolved upon him in consequence of his general literary abilities. Thus, when the Government wished to print a collection of papers relative to the proceedings of the Royalists in Ireland, Milton contributed (1649) some critical *Observations on the Articles of Peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish rebels*; and, again, in the same year, he was persuaded by the Government to

write his *Eikonoclastes*, in answer to the famous "Eikon Basilike," the supposed literary relic of Charles I. But the most important of these polemical writings which Milton's position as a literary servant of the government of the Commonwealth induced him to undertake, was the celebrated *Defensio pro populo Anglicano*, published in 1651, in reply to the Latin Defence of Charles I., put forth by the Frenchman, Claude de Saumaise, who, under his Latinized name of Salmasius, was then one of the most renowned scholars of Europe. Milton appears to have thrown his whole strength into this production, which was regarded as a triumphant demolition of his antagonist, and procured him applauses and encomiums from all quarters.

On his appointment to the Secretaryship, Milton, who seems now to have given up his pupils, had removed from Holborn to apartments in Scotland Yard. It was while residing here, in the year 1652, that he was visited by the crowning calamity of his life, his blindness. His sight had been gradually failing for ten years; and at last it completely gave way under the serious labours in which he involved himself when preparing his great work against Salmasius. His own description of the manner in which the blindness came on is worth quoting:—

"On the left side of my left eye (which began to fail some years before the other,) a darkness arose that hid from me all things on that side: if I chanced to close my right eye, whatever was before me seemed diminished. In the last three years, as my remaining eye failed gradually some months before my sight was utterly gone, all things that I could discern, though I moved not myself, appeared to fluctuate, now to the right, now to the left. Obstinate vapours seemed to have settled all over my forehead and temples, overwhelming my eyes with a sort of sleepy heaviness, especially after food, till the evening; so that I frequently recollect the condition of the prophet Phineus in the *Argonautics*:—

Him vapours dark
Enveloped, and the earth appeared to roll
Beneath him, sinking in a lifeless trance.

But I should not omit to say that, while I had some little sight remaining, as soon as I went to bed I reclined on either side, a copious light used to dart out from my closed eyes;—then, as my sight grew daily less, darker colours seemed to burst forth with vehemence and a kind of internal noise; but now, as if everything lucid were extinguished, blackness, either absolute, or chequered and interwoven as it were with ash-colour, is accustomed to pour itself on my eyes; yet the darkness perpetually before them, as well during the night as in the day, seems always approaching rather to white than to black, admitting, as the eye rolls, a minute portion of light, as through a crevice."—*Letter to Philaras of Athens, Sept. 28, 1654.*

Even when totally blind, Milton continued to hold his office as Latin Secretary; latterly, however, a colleague was appointed, who did most of the work, and received about half of the salary. For the sake of his health Milton, one of whose peculiarities it seems to have been never to be satisfied with the house he lived in, removed to a house in Petty France, Westminster, opening into St. James's Park. Here he remained for about eight years, or till the Restoration of Charles II. compelled him to seek a less public place of residence. These eight years produced not a few changes in his household. In 1652 his wife died, leaving him, a widower and blind at the age of forty-four, with three infant daughters, the oldest of whom was not more than six years old. In 1656 he married a second wife, who did not survive the marriage, however, more than a year. Her death was probably a misfortune to the poor children of the former wife, who, left thereafter to the care of their blind and austere father, seem to have grown up in a kind of horror of him, increased rather than diminished by the efforts he appears to have made from time to time to impart to them some portions of his linguistic learning. As they were not old enough yet to act as his amanuenses, the various works written by him at this period must have been dictated either to his nephew Philips, or to some other of his grown-up pupils. Among these works were several in continuation of his answer to Salmasius—such as the *Defensio secunda pro Populo Anglicano*, published in 1654, as a reply to a work written by Peter du Moulin, but advertised under the name of Alexander More; and the *Defensio pro se* called forth by More's rejoinder. These, however, were but incidental exercises of his pen; and the greater part of his time after the year 1654 appears to have been devoted to several great literary projects which he had resolved upon as appropriate work for his now advancing years and disabled condition—such as the composition of a large History of England, the compilation of an Elaborate Thesaurus or Dictionary of the Latin language, and the preparation of a Body of Systematic Divinity out of the Bible.

Once more the retired man of letters tried to make his voice heard amid the concerns of a world shut out for evermore from his bodily view. It was during that brief period after the death of Cromwell, the man after Milton's own heart, when the nation, torn by all manner of new distractions, saw no hope of rest but in the restoration of the monarchy of the Stuarts, with all its miserable chances. Grieved, alarmed, and indignant, the blind Republican did all he could to avert the catastrophe and arouse his countrymen to a better faith and a more enduring courage. In a treatise *Of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*, and in an-

other *On the Means of removing Hirelings out of the Church*, both published in 1659, he endeavoured to maintain the waning spirit of political reform, and to direct it on to new triumphs which would secure, as he thought, the dear-bought liberties of the nation; and finally, in *A Letter to a Friend concerning the Ruptures of the Commonwealth*, a tract entitled, *A Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth*, and a short criticism on a Royalist sermon preached in March 1660, he addressed himself directly to the question of a continuation of the Commonwealth as against the recall of the Stuarts. All in vain. "No blind guides" was the only answer his appeals elicited; Charles II. sat upon the throne of his fathers; and Milton, hardly escaping the death awarded to so many others for the part they had acted under the Parliament and the Protectorate, sought a refuge in silence and privacy.

Milton survived the Restoration fourteen years, residing first in a house he had taken in Holborn; next in Jewin Street, Aldersgate; then as a lodger in the house of Millington, a well-known auctioneer of books; and last of all in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields. During four years of this period he remained unmarried; but in 1664, or when he was in his fifty-sixth year, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul, daughter of a Cheshire baronet. She appears to have been a rather elderly person, who had been recommended by one of his friends as a fit housekeeper for him in his old age; and the evidence seems to say that he would not have married again at all but for the undutiful conduct of his daughters. The three girls—the eldest of whom, Anne, was now about eighteen years of age, the second, Mary, about sixteen, and the youngest, Deborah, about fourteen—used "to combine together," it is said, "and counsel his maid-servant to cheat him in his marketings;" they used also to pawn and sell his books; and on one occasion, shortly before his third marriage, when the maid-servant told the second daughter, Mary, that she heard her father was to take another wife, "the said Mary replied to the said maid-servant, that it was no news to hear of his wedding, but if she could hear of his death, that would be something." With the exception of the youngest, Deborah, the daughters appear scarcely to have lived with their father after his third marriage. The eldest, Anne, who was somewhat deformed, set up in business as a gold and silver lace maker, and afterwards married a master-builder; and her sister Mary seems to have gone with her. So long as they lived with him, all the three daughters appear to have acted as his amanuenses; after his marriage, however, this species of work devolved sometimes on the wife, sometimes on the daughter Deborah, until she also escaped by

marriage with a weaver in Spitalfields, and sometimes on any stray boy that could be induced by love or money to lend his services to the imperious old man. It was in this way that he composed and made ready for publication the numerous writings which formed his sole occupation and delight during the fourteen years that intervened between his retirement into private life in 1660, and his death in 1674. Of these the following were in prose:—*Accidence, or Commenced Grammar of the Latin tongue*, published in 1661; a *History of Britain to the Norman Conquest*, first published in 1670, as a contribution to the larger work he found himself unable to complete; a tract published in 1673, and entitled, *Of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery*; a Latin treatise on logic, published about the same time, and entitled, *Artis Logicæ plenior Institutio ad Petri Rami methodum concinnata*; a collection of his *Familiar Latin Epistles*, published with a few other academic trifles, in the last year of his life; a *Brief History of Muscovy and the Countries beyond Russia*, left by him in manuscript, and not published till 1682; his materials for a *Thesaurus of the Latin Authors*, also left in manuscript for the use of subsequent lexicographers; and, finally, the celebrated Miltonian system of theology, or *Latin Treatise on Christian Doctrine*, the manuscript of which, after having been lost for a century and a half, was accidentally discovered in the State-paper office, and edited in English by the present Archbishop of Canterbury in 1825. Laborious as these latest prose writings of Milton were, however, they were but the severer amusements of a mind which had at last, after so many years, returned to its first and most enduring love. Never, amid all the turmoil and harsh controversial warfare of his middle life, had Milton forgotten his early promise, from the performance of which he had but requested the indulgence of a few years less congenially spent; and when at last, after not a few but many years so spent, time and sore chance threw him aside from worldly ties, and assigned to him a career of aged loneliness, with death as its welcome close, then the old aspiration came back, and with it the ease of a readier choice and the faculty of a more seer-like song. The *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes* were given in succession to the world. And so, if when the time came for him to die, and to exchange the earthly vacancy in which his eyes had so long rolled, for the visible splendours and illuminations of the world he had preconceived, he then left not behind him a heritage of that kind in which most men place their boast—weeping friends, dutiful and well circumstanced children, and the fructifying deeds of a prosperous civil life; if, instead of all this, he saw from his dying pillow children scat-

tered, rebellious, and mechanically natched, (doubtless in part his own blame,) a wife greedy for his remnant of household goods, and a State which had rejected and cast out all his counsels; yet this he could even at that last moment be sure of, that his life had not been spent in vain, and that whenever the men of future ages should look back to the times foregone, they would pronounce, and pronounce truly, that the soul then ebbing away had been the soul of one of the noblest of God's Englishmen.

Some particulars of interest are recorded of Milton, as he was seen and conversed with in his later years. Even in old age he preserved his comeliness, so as to seem much younger than he was. His eyes never betrayed their loss of sight by any outward speck or blemish, but remained clear and perfect, so that it was only by observing them closely that one could perceive that he was blind. "An aged clergyman of Dorsetshire," says the novelist Richardson, "found John Milton (in his house in Artillery Walk) in a small chamber, hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black, pale, but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. He used also to sit in a grey coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill-fields in warm weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality." He had some intimate friends who came to see him almost daily, chiefly bookish men of the graver sects, whose opinions agreed with his own. After his blindness and other infirmities prevented him from walking much about, he had a machine made to swing in for the sake of exercise. He used to rise about four or five o'clock; dictate or have books read to him all morning; spend part of the afternoon in playing on the organ or bass-viol, sometimes singing, and sometimes making his wife sing, who, he said, had a good voice but no ear; then study again for an hour or two; then have a few friends about him till supper time, when, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, he went to bed. One curious little glimpse of his household habits is obtained from the deposition of the witnesses who were examined before the Prerogative Court after his death, on the matter of a nuncupative or unwritten will, which he was alleged to have made. By this will, his widow maintained he had left all his property to her, with the exception of the £1000 still due to him out of the estate of his first wife's father—which £1000, and nothing more, he left to his three daughters by that wife, "they having been very undutiful to him," and he "having already spent the greater part of his estate in providing for them." The daughters, however, contested the will, and gained the suit. One of the witnesses was a maid-servant, Elizabeth Fisher, who deposed thus:—

"That, on a day happening in the month of July last (1674), the time more certainly she remembereth not, this deponent being then in the deceased's lodging-chamber, he, the said deceased, and the party producent in this cause, his wife, being then also in the said chamber at dinner together, and the said Elizabeth Milton, the party producent, having provided something for the deceased's dinner which he very well liked, he, the said deceased, then spoke to his said wife these or the like words, as near as this deponent can remember,— 'God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live; and when I die, thou knowest I have left thee all;' there being nobody present in the said chamber with the said deceased and his wife but this deponent: And the said testator at that time was of perfect mind and memory, and talked and discoursed sensibly and well, but was then indisposed in his body by reason of the distemper of the gout which he had upon him."

Of the classical authors, Homer, Euripides, Demosthenes, Sallust, and Ovid, were Milton's chief favourites. There was something special in his liking for Euripides, a fact which ought to go to the credit of that poet, whom it is now too much the fashion to depreciate. In Italian he preferred Dante and Petrarch. In English his favourite poets were Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cowley; Dryden, who used sometimes to visit him, but who had not then done his best, he called a rhymist, but no poet. It was noted of Milton by his friends that he pronounced the letter R very hard in speaking, not mincing it as most Englishmen do—a characteristic circumstance, shewing his true and judicious ear. In reading Latin, too, he followed the foreign and not the English plan of pronouncing the vowels; and when the young Quaker Ellwood came to read Latin to him, he made him get rid of the English mode of pronunciation as a bad habit. His ear was so nice, that he knew when Ellwood understood the Latin sentence he was reading and when he only read by rote.

The retrospect of Milton's literary life gives us the following as the facts most proper to be remembered by those who would study his works in their biographical connexion;—that from his 17th to his 33d or 34th year, his chief literary exercises were in poetry; that from his 34th year, however, on to his 52d, he laboured almost exclusively as a controversialist and prose-writer, producing during this long period scarcely anything in verse besides a few sonnets; and, finally, that in his old age he renewed his allegiance to the muse of verse, and occupied himself in the composition of those greater poems, the *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and the *Samson Agonistes*, which he intended more especially as his bequest to the literature of England.

Of the style and texture of Milton's earlier poems we have

already spoken. They are characterized, in a remarkable degree, we have said, by those peculiar qualities which distinguish, in an intimate and essential manner, the compositions of the poet, as such, from the compositions of the man of thought or the man of mere persuasive utterance—extreme sweetness and musical charm of expression; delight in sensuous imagery; absolute or almost absolute indifference to what is known, usual, rational, or real; and a kind of holiday leisureliness of motion through and amid the labyrinths of occult and luxuriant allusion. These poems are like the precious gum of certain forest trees, small and exquisite in production rather than impressive by reason of intellectual quantity; and yet they are the gum precisely of one of these great forest trees, elaborated out of its whole substance, leaf, trunk, bark, and root. There are millions of conceivable pieces of writing, for example, any one of which would, as an effort of general intellectual power, be more notable and difficult than the following passage from the *Penferoso*; and yet the most intellectual man in the world, not being a poet, or not being exactly such a poet as Milton, would have toiled in vain to write it:—

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears from Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek:
Or call up him that left half told,
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar King did ride;
And if aught else greet bards beside
To sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not tricked and frownced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But Kerchieft in a comely cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With minute drops from off the eaves!

Such was the earlier Miltonic muse; the muse of rich and sensuous fancy, shunning the human world, placid even in its melancholy, and rarely or never perturbed by the intrusion of the social passions.

But the progress of a poet as he lives on from youth to old age, does not, and cannot, consist merely in the greater ease he acquires in the practice of an art already definite and fixed. The poet is a man; and as a man, he goes on, like other men, assuming into himself, and depositing as it were, day by day, in his character, feelings, wishes, hopes, preferences, accordant it is true with the capacities and tendencies originally born with him, but yet requiring to be self-imported out of the experience of life, before those capacities and tendencies attain their predestined power, or can perform their highest work. Deep in the foundations of his character, like the immovable blocks whereon great edifices repose, each man has to lay down for himself certain thoughts, sooner or later, of passing consequence, got out of secret and manifold communings regarding the vast mystery of here and hereafter; and on these thoughts again, and the more happily and grandly as these thoughts are strong, there will still base and pile themselves, in some loose order or other, conclusions, sentiments, and diverse predilections, extracted painfully or otherwise out of the experience that is gone through of life and its ways, and then employed back again in the scrutiny and contemplation of all that the world presents. Hence, though there is a formal peculiarity, so to speak, in the poet's mind from the beginning, and though this formal peculiarity will always remain, the general intellectual conditions amid which that peculiarity must work cannot through life continue the same. Let a poet pursue his art from first to last as a recluse from all that can agitate or perplex him, still in the retrospect of his works there will be discernible a transition from the earlier to a middle, and from the middle to a later muse. If he who erewhile sang of loves and flowers may not in the end sing of wars and heroes, compelled thereto by the spirit of his time, yet old age itself and its gentlest meditations will originate other and sadder themes for him than the damsels and the lilies. Sometimes, indeed, a true poet, either from unusual fervour of character, or from premature experience of what is bitter in life, seems to pass altogether over that first stage in which the poetic organ or quality exhibits itself acting, so to speak, for the mere pleasure of its own sole exercise; and from such poets the world receives from the first, not rich fantasies of occult and ideal conception, not leisurely creations of the cold imagination, but strains piercing the heart by direct and powerful reference, songs pregnant with the lyric fire. Sometimes, on the other hand, but more rarely

perhaps, a true poet, after giving evidence that he is such precisely by those vagaries in the pure ideal that prove it best, may suddenly abjure the poetic art and devote himself to labours of a harsher kind. In this case it is because (to use Milton's own figure) Fancy or Imagination, the second faculty of the soul, no longer adequately serves by itself the growing requirements of the Reason. Most frequently, however, the poet persists, not relinquishing his art as he advances in life, but only using it so that it may still suffice his demands; and then the fancy, not weaker than before, but bold and competent as ever, only works under the pressure of a higher and more complex rule. Thus it was that he who wrote *Venus and Adonis* at length wrote *Hamlet*; and thus, also, after a few years, the poet of *Endymion* was able to produce *Hyperion*. That which, after our refining modern habit, we are now used to distinguish from Fancy under the name of Imagination, is but the same power as Fancy leased to the tenure of a more human and more impassioned service.

In Milton's case, the diversity between the poetry of earlier and the poetry of later life, and the causes to which that diversity is to be attributed, are rendered more obvious by the fact, that there was a large intervening period during which the poet all but ceased to exercise his art, and became in the main an active citizen and prose writer. During this period the reason of the poet, till then occupied in framing and putting into serious, yet gay and pleasant form, the sensuous imaginations with which his teeming fancy supplied him, retired, as it were, into another cell, there to employ itself in new ways and more strenuous investigations; and when, at length, the opportunity and the disposition for this rougher species of work being over, reason came forth once more to resume its former and more congenial avocation, fancy found it a changed and more exacting master. All, in short, that happened to Milton as a man from his thirtieth year to his fiftieth year—the misfortune of his repented marriage; his more earnest and personal attention to matters of religious doctrine; his vehement conflicts in the character both of politician and theologian; his connexions with statesmen and state affairs; his blindness; his very thoughts as to what poetry was, and what he should do and attempt as a poet—acted to modify his later poetry as compared with his earlier. Just as different as Milton at fifty years of age was from Milton at thirty, was the theory and art of poetry brought to the composition of *Paradise Lost*, from the theory and art of poetry that displayed itself in the composition of *Lycidas*. The only question is whether we can seize the points of difference so as to specify them clearly.

The first and most important exercise of an artist's invention

Goethe has well said, is in his choice of a subject. Very much of all that the artist is or can do is involved and indicated in this. Sometimes the choice of a subject is apparently a simple act of the judgment, first looking deliberately about for a variety of subjects, and then, after balancing their respective merits, deciding upon one. By some such process Wordsworth, as he himself informs us, decided at last on that meditative and philosophical poem of which the *Excursion* was an instalment; rejecting in its favour various schemes of a British or Scandinavian epic. Even in such a case, however, both the prior and more extensive search, and the subsequent selection, are determined by a kind of instinct compounded out of all that is peculiar in the poet's character and past experience. And more particularly still is this connexion between the actual life of a poet and the nature of his poetical productions made evident in those cases where the poet either, like Goethe, habitually converts striking scenes and incidents in his own biography into subjects and suggestions for his art, or, like Dante, carries about with him for years and years the burthen of one weighty and laborious conception. How Milton chose the subjects of his later poems it is not easy to say with certainty. In the prime of his early manhood, as we have seen, he was in a state of perplexity, similar to that of Wordsworth, as to what species of composition would best suit his genius and best answer his preconceived scheme of an immortal English work. Wavering between the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric, his thoughts on the whole seemed to tend towards an epic to be derived from British history. The subsequent events of his life probably assisted to conclude his doubts and point him decisively to one or two themes. *Samson Agonistes*, for example, was clearly a direct inspiration of his experience of blindness, aided and confirmed by his fondness for Scriptural subjects in general, and his bitter relish for the opportunity of handling such a secondary character as Dalilah. *Paradise Regained* was but a natural and obvious sequel to *Paradise Lost*. The great question is, therefore, how the conception of this last originated? Dismissing the impertinent myth of the fair unknown lady who admired Milton in his youth as he lay on a summer's day asleep under a tree, and whom he followed all over the world as his lost paradise, we can imagine but one probable explanation suiting the case. Milton, we imagine, retaining his desire to bequeath to the literature of England some one immortal work, and continuing from time to time his search through history for a proper subject, gradually went back through the ages, weighing the claims of one heroic epoch after another, and in turn rejecting all, till at length he found himself at that primeval point of time where human his-

tory was but at its commencement, and all the fate of nations, heroic or unheroic, lay concentrated in two sole beings moving over the face of the new-made globe. As the capabilities of this subject flashed upon his view, his soul, we will suppose, exulted, and there was no need for farther search. In the conception and completion of such a theme as that presented in the creation and the fall of man, there was not one of his manifold faculties and tendencies, small or great, but might be fully satisfied—his bent towards theology; his familiarity, traceable even in his prose-writings, with the idea of supernatural agency; his delight in imaginations of the physically vast and spacious; his exquisite sense of minute beauty; his stern moral temper; his lofty ideal of free manhood; and even his cherished belief in woman's weakness. In one negative respect also, his instinct guided him aright in leading him to such a theme. The dramatic faculty, the faculty of depicting men and women individually peculiar and distinct, was not Milton's. In those cases, indeed, where the impression of individuality could be conveyed in the one circumstance of sheer vastness, or by the representation, on a colossal scale, of Miltonic qualities of soul, no poet could delineate better. His Satan and his Samson are creations as clear and definite as any ever imagined by ancient or modern poet. In the old Greek or Æschylean drama, therefore, Milton would probably have been a master. But a dramatist in the modern or Shakspearian sense, peopling ideal worlds with men and women as distinct as those of real life—Hotspurs, Hamlets, scholars, courtiers, clowns; this he could never have been. There was in this respect, also, then, a deep reason in Milton's choice of a subject for his great work. In selecting a period of the world's history where there were but two human beings that could be objects of description, he avoided the necessity of any recondite delineation of character. An Adam with any marked peculiarity of character, or an Eve featured like one of her cultured daughters of the nineteenth century, would have been an absurdity. The great primitive father of our race did not walk in the garden of Eden inculcating on himself, as we moderns do, the duty of being earnest, firm, or specially true to this or that ideal; nor was his spouse a woman of highly intellectual tendencies. That the first man and woman should be delineated simply as man and woman, fully proportioned in all human qualities, but not unusually featured in any, was a necessity of the subject chosen. And this Milton could do. Whether, indeed, his Adam and his Eve are such splendid creatures as they might have been, even under the conditions of the case, is an open question.

As the matured condition of Milton's mind, at the time when

he resumed his poetical activity, was revealed in the nature of the subjects which he then chose, so it was revealed in his mere style and manner of writing. Far less than formerly does he indulge, in his later poems, in those occult and labyrinthine windings, those delays of sensuous imagery, those bouts of linked sweetness, which were the early proofs of his poetical genius. Occasionally, indeed, there still occurs a passage conceived according to this mysterious law of the purely poetic intellect. For example, in the description of Sin and her brood at the gate of hell—

“ Far less abhorred than these
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipses at their charms.”

But for the most part the style is direct and obvious; each sentence marching on with a steady progressive motion towards the complete evolution of what is necessary in meaning, and nothing more. The opening of *Paradise Regained*, for instance, is as bald and terse as a piece of prose narrative; and had a prose-writer undertaken to convey precisely the same sense, he could not have conveyed it in less space. And this, in so genuine a poet as Milton, is felt to be a positive merit. To begin telling a story simply, baldly, and weightily; and to let the wealth and profusion of words, and the full organ-blow of sound, come as the story enlarges and the imagination of the speaker works more vehemently with the contending element—this is what is best in the poet of an epic theme. And this is what we find in Milton. Grand, gorgeous, and sonorous as he is throughout his *Paradise Lost*, it will be found that all his grandeur, all his gorgeousness, all his majesty of sound, are expended strictly and judiciously in the evolution of the transcendent tale he had undertaken to narrate in English verse.

No reader of the *Paradise Lost* by parts and sections, no mere admirer of its select passages, can appreciate at half its value the greatness of this sublime poem. That which is most marvellous in it, and which gives significance and proportionate excellence to all its parts, is the clear and consistent conception of scene and of plot which pervades the whole. As in the case of Dante, whose physical conception of the three regions of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, is felt to constitute so large a portion of the merits of his poem, that diagrams and pictures have been made to illustrate and explain it; so, in the case of Milton, fully to under-

stand and admire the *Paradise Lost*, it is necessary that the reader should represent to himself, as distinctly as in a diagram or drawing, the physical universe, infinitely more vast than that of Dante, in which the story is made to enact itself. There is this difference, too, between the poem of Dante and the poem of Milton, that whereas in the one there is no plot properly so called, no progressive march of story, other than what is involved in the poet's own experience of the successive visions; in the other there is a true epic narration, a series of connected incidents, a story conducted through a tract of time.

Chronologically the poem begins within the bounds of the great universe antecedent to our system. In that measureless primeval space there were, as the poet maps it out, two huge regions or hemispheres, an upper and a lower, the one all light, the other all darkness. The upper or luminous half was Heaven, the variously-prolonged abode of the angelic hierarchies, then the sole creatures that had been called into existence. The under half was Night or Chaos, a thick, black, turbid abysm, a limitless sea or marsh of elemental pulp. No beings resided in it. But a strange event befell which changed in an unimaginable manner, the aspect and destiny of this part of space. There arose a rebellion among the celestial hierarchies; Lucifer and his proud companions, listless of their monotonous service through the ages, dared to dispute the Almighty supremacy. Hurlled out of heaven, and pursued by hissing fire which burnt after them like a resistless pressure, the rebel angels were driven down through the blackness and marsh of Chaos to its uttermost pits and depths. Here, under the name of Hell, was allotted them a special region for their new abode. And now the Deity, according to his eternal counsels with his only-begotten Son, resolved to create that new system of which Man is chief. By a motion of the golden compasses there were marked out in the upper part of Chaos, where it adjoined Heaven, the limits and range of the new experiment. A huge cavity was scooped out into which the Light rushed down, contending with the Darkness. Into this cavity the creating word implanted a new principle, the principle of gravitation; and straightway all the matter within the swoop of this principle forsook the vague chaotic form, and sprang together into balls and planets. Thus arose the human universe with its stars, its galaxies, and its firmament of azure; within which universe, one central star, begirt with its related luminaries, was chosen for the particular home of Man and his lineage. Meanwhile the rebel angels in their Hell of torment underneath Chaos were scheming their revenge. Satan, their chief and leader, proposed his elaborate device. It was that, abandoning for the time all efforts to regain their lost

place in Heaven, they should turn their attention to that one point of space where God had planted his new and favoured creation. To impregnate this new universe with the venom of their rebellious spirit, to vitiate the Maker's purpose with regard to it, and thus to work out a compensation of their own fall by at least dragging down the new race to their fellowship, if indeed something more splendid might not occur in consequence—such was the Satanic plan. Charged with the task of its execution, Satan passed through Hell-gate; toiled his way upward through the turbid depths of the superincumbent Chaos; and, emerging into the light of day, gazed through the balmy ether towards the sapphire floor of his former home. For a moment he forgot his errand; then, selecting our Sun from amid the myriads of luminaries that glittered in the peaceful concave, winged his flight towards it to obtain the fell intelligence. Thence, marking for his prey our one unconscious star sleeping in the distance with the small attending moon, he hastened to end his voyage. As he neared it, and neared the planet, its shining mass grew larger to the view; the features of sea and continent came forth to sight; and at last alighting on its rotund surface, he trod the sward of Eden in the neighbourhood of the fated pair. Here lying in wait, and weaving his wiles, he consummated his proposed design; the forbidden fruit was eaten; Sin and Death entered the new-made world; and Satan, rejoining his expectant companions, filled Hell with the joyful tidings.

The poem is, in fact, a Sataniad. Five-sixths of it treat of transactions done amid the great infinitudes of space while our earth was either non-existent, or recognised but as a starry point selected for attack. Only in the remaining sixth do we walk amid terrestrial landscapes and vegetation, and see events transpire earthly in kind, and amenable to the laws of human mode and sequence. If we regard Satan as the hero, then the poem is the story of that portion of the existence of this being, when, not yet the devil of our universe, he determined, by free act of will, to become such, renouncing with his dignity of archangel all concern or intercourse with the larger realms of space, and deliberately narrowing the sphere of his activity to our finite and corruptible world. In this point of view the Mephistopheles of Goethe might be considered as a prolongation of the same being, an appended representation of his character when six thousand years of labour in his restricted vocation had despoiled him of his sublimer satanic traits, and reduced him to one unvarying aspect of shrewd and scoffing malevolence. And intermediate between the two, though nearer to Mephistopheles than to Satan, might be placed the Tempter of *Paradise Regained*.

Conceiving, as we do, that all the incidents, whether of internal or of external history, that befell Milton in that middle period of his life which intervened between his earlier and his later poetical labours, formed conjointly but the necessary preparation for the composition of his final master-piece, we are disposed to assign quite a peculiar importance in this respect to the one incident of his blindness. The blindness of Milton was an actual qualification for the writing of the *Paradise Lost*. We do not allude merely to such general effects of his blindness as consisted in the habit of serene and daring contemplation to which it must have given rise, or in the habit of mental versification and subsequent oral dictation which it imposed. We allude to effects more signal and specific. The fundamental conception of *Paradise Lost*, so far as that conception is physical, is precisely that conception of opposed light and darkness which is easiest and most natural to a blind man. Light against a background of blackness—light in masses; light in belts or zones; light in extended discs or spheres; light in glittering star-points; light in bursts and conflagrations; light in gleams, streaks, waves, or coruscations; light in diffused mist or powder, is the prevailing material image, and necessarily so throughout five-sixths of *Paradise Lost*. When the rebel angels are thrust down into hell, God's wrath pursues them through the darkness like a lurid funnel of descending fire. When Satan alights on the sun he is like a spot on its surface seen through a telescope. When Raphael wings his way from star to star, his path through the interspaces is a track of radiance. When Gabriel and the rest of the angelic host, provoked by Satan's defiance, begin to hem him round, the figure is, that they shape their phalanx like a crescent-moon. When Satan, couched like a toad at the ear of Eve, is touched by the spear of Ithuriel, his rise is like the explosion of a powder-magazine. Had a poet with the full use of his sight undertaken the subject which Milton sets forth by such recurring images as these, he would have been obliged to have recourse to images of exactly the same kind, just as in our conceptions of heaven light is felt to be the only adequate medium of visual description. We question, however, if the visual contrast between light and darkness could have been so consistently maintained, and so wondrously varied, by any other than a man whose daily thoughts about each and every subject were, and seemed to himself but as so many lucid phantasms in a chamber of extended gloom.

If, however, Milton's blindness was a positive qualification in these five-sixths of the poem, where the scene lies in the celestial spaces, it was surely a disadvantage, it may be said, in that remaining portion of the poem where the descriptions

are of the terrestrial paradise. And this is, to some extent, true. Luscious and rich as are Milton's descriptions of Eden, a comparison of these parts of the *Paradise Lost* with his earlier poems will shew that his recollections of the flowers had faded. The hearse of Lycidas is more beautifully garnished with flowers than the nuptial bower of Eve.

Of Milton as a prose-writer we have not room to speak. Suffice it to say, that both as regards style and matter, his prose-writings are among the most magnificent and powerful in the English language, and that if ever there was a time when they should be read and studied, that time is the present. That Milton was both a great poet for all time, and a vehement controversial prose-writer among his contemporaries, is a fact in itself worthy of more attention than we have been able to bestow upon it. It is perhaps the most splendid practical contradiction there can be cited of the theory made current by Goethe, that the poet must hold aloof from the polemics of his generation. And yet, as Milton himself said, it was but his left hand that he gave to this kind of work. Some men or other must do this kind of work, however; and surely better great men than little.

- ART. II.—1. *New Zealand and its Aborigines.* By W. BROWN. London, 1851.
2. *The Otago Journal.* Edinburgh, 1851.
3. *The Canterbury Papers. Information concerning the Settlement of Canterbury, New Zealand.* London, 1851.

AMONG the internal influences which have affected our social atmosphere during the last fifteen years, few have proved of greater moment to our national prosperity than the progress of colonization. The subject has been evaded by our Cabinets, and only slightly alluded to in the Houses of Parliament; but the people of these islands have themselves been seriously discussing the matter. The consequence has been that not merely the surplus population, but a considerable portion of those who are the very strength and sinew of the country, have gone forth across the Atlantic, and to the far Antipodes, to an extent that threatens seriously to weaken the body politic at home. It is not our province in the present Article to refer further to this great subject than is required, while we seek to contribute some information concerning New Zealand, or rather certain parts of it, which may be added to what is already easily attainable from other sources.

However anomalous the circumstance may appear, it is a fact in the history of British emigration, that upwards of 25,000 of our fellow-subjects, located at the Antipodes upon the New Zealand group of islands, are "living there," as the phrase goes, without any apparent exportable wealth. In the period of the increase of that scattered European community which has elapsed since 1839, when they numbered but a few hundreds, they have been eating, drinking, and otherwise consuming the commodities of this and other countries, probably without a tithe in value of natural products to give in exchange for them. We know that a large number of these colonists dwell in towns, and that they occupy habitations built after the model of our own, many of them comfortably and luxuriously furnished: their towns have streets, squares, public edifices, wharfs, and market places, constructed at great expense. A busy population daily throngs their thoroughfares. But although its occupants are busy in the hive, the comb seems almost empty. Their time is mainly occupied in consuming. Their neighbours on the Australian shores live much in the same manner as regards their domestic and political condition; but in this matter of accounting for the balance of trade on the creditor side of the colony, they shew a very different result. Scarcely a week passes without several ships entering our ports from those rich lands laden with wool, tallow, copper, and other natural products. But we rarely meet a *homeward*

bound vessel at the chops of the channel with its pennant from New Zealand fluttering in the breeze; and when it does appear from the mast-head of some monthly visitor, it probably betokens a paltry cargo of timber, of no greater value on the export sheet of the colony than about one-fourth its freight to England.

Notwithstanding this apparent deficiency in its internal resources, this, the youngest and pet colony of Great Britain, has hitherto "paid its way," and seems to stand in as good credit with the mercantile and emigrating community of this country as any one of her fifty sisters. Whence then have the means come to support these outward signs of prosperity, and are they likely to continue to maintain the credit of New Zealand? We may not be able to solve those questions satisfactorily to all concerned, but we shall examine impartially the facts before us, and endeavour to show the groundwork of some errors committed by the Government in legislating for this colony, and by the New Zealand Company in their schemes, comparing truthfully, as far as we can, the advantages and disadvantages presented by that country, especially those parts of it with which we are familiar, as a field for colonization.

Previous to the year 1839, the condition of the few European settlers who had taken up their abode amongst the aborigines on the north island of New Zealand, was, comparatively speaking, comfortable and prosperous. They had abundance of the necessaries of life, with many of the luxuries to be found in civilized communities, and their persons and property were safe. They were composed almost exclusively of missionaries and traders. The former were pursuing zealously the high objects of their mission, supported in their vocation by liberal contributions from the Church and Wesleyan Missionary Societies: the latter, besides trafficking with the natives for timber, flax, pigs, and potatoes, pursued a lucrative trade with the South Sea whalers, who frequented the harbours on the east coast to refit and provision their ships, bartering oil for the necessary supplies. Although widely apart in their interests and occupations, there existed among those heterogeneous elements of a new community wonderful confidence and good will. And if there was one party more satisfied than another, it was the aborigines, who were abundantly gratified with the many new and agreeable articles of food and clothing those peaceful strangers had brought for distribution and barter. In their simplicity they looked upon them as chiefs of unbounded wealth, when, in their estimation, a musket, a blanket, or a hatchet, was considered a treasure, and they freely gave not only the produce of their lands but full possession of the land itself in exchange for the coveted trifles.

The accounts transmitted to this country from time to time

concerning that distant region and its native inhabitants were exceedingly vague. The public mind associated the horrors of cannibalism with the very name of New Zealand, and the country was assumed, without evidence, to be rich and fertile. The favoured few who had the means of ascertaining the true state of affairs, were incited to prosecute the formation of an association for emigration purposes on an extensive scale. Out of several failures the materials of the New Zealand Company emanated. At the same time the attention of the Government was drawn to the favourable reports brought by vessels of war visiting that coast. The result was a resolution, on their part, to establish a settlement in New Zealand, and to proclaim the Crown's right of pre-emption to all lands purchased from the aborigines by British subjects or foreigners in that territory. Many noble and influential friends of colonization joined the New Zealand Company, bringing considerable means to aid them in carrying out their views. They proposed a sale of lands at a uniform price, and the employment of a large portion of the purchase money as an emigration fund. These proposals were sanctioned by Government in June 1839. In the same year these rival projects were carried into effect by despatching authorized agents and surveyors to purchase from the natives conveniently situated lands. The result was the establishment of Auckland on the "Waitxmata" by the Government, and Wellington in Port Nicholson by the Company.

The cry among these colony-mongers was "Land! land! who will buy land! here it is cheap; one, two, three pounds an acre. Till the ground, sow and reap, we are rich, and your adopted country shall become mighty among the nations of the earth." Were these acres only one or two days' journey distant from the great maw of a London, or the lank jaws of a Manchester, these promises might be fulfilled; but, when we consider that our ships have to disappear on the horizon of waters for ten long and weary months, circumnavigating the great globe itself ere they can return from that land, such a market as Europe is beyond profitable supply. Nor is it likely that the adjacent colonies will hold out better prospects for their sanguine expectations, seeing that they at present ship their own surplus stores of flour to New Zealand and California. And it is not unreasonable to predict that Van Dieman's Land, South Australia, and Victoria, may be independent of foreign supplies of grain for centuries to come. But is there not a greater principle in political economy to maintain on this matter of prosperous emigration, of true colonization, than mere belly-filling? Is it not necessary to rear a product bearing some intrinsic value in a foreign market? Do not the colonists require a

medium of exchange to barter for the products and manufactures of other lands—a currency of acknowledged standard amongst other nations, instead of the local debentures of wheat and oats? The histories of other colonies teach us the general fact that without an export to equalize the balance of trade they cannot flourish, as this fact, as we believe, is illustrated in the anomalous condition of New Zealand. Although the produce exhibited on its annual export-sheet for the last twelve years, would not have bought “salt to its broth,” much less have paid for its large importation of foreign commodities, yet it has maintained its position, in a great measure, by continued supplies of extraneous wealth, in the shape of individual savings of British capital, a large outlay of British money by the missionaries, and an extravagant expenditure of the hard earnings of our home population, in maintaining an army of soldiers and ships of war for the protection of the colony.

The story of the planting of these cuttings from the parent tuber is an instructive fact in the modern history of nations. A small band of emigrant pioneers were landed upon the coast where a settlement was intended to be established. Their hearts were full of high hopes, great purposes, and good intentions. They had abundance of means to conciliate the good-will of the savages, and a store of arms to protect themselves in case of need. They likewise brought spades and ploughs to till the ground, with pots and kettles to cook their food. The ground they neglected in the immediate necessity of foraging for the food. Their wishes were readily responded to by the friendly aborigines, who supplied them with pigs and potatoes, receiving in exchange blankets and gew-gaws with which they were delighted. The neighbouring colonists arrived with ship-loads of beef and bread, for which they obtained high prices, receiving the hard cash that the emigrants had brought with them in payment. And thus they lived while negotiations were pending for the purchase of land. Meanwhile other vessels which had followed on their track, reached the newly found harbour and cast anchor in safety, landing great cargoes from “the workshop of the world,” and conveying new bands of emigrants, possessed of money and credit, to the embrace of their delighted friends who had gone before them. The dangers of the passage, and the novelty of their position, soon gave way to the bustle and excitement consequent on “settling,” and that spirit, inherent in the British character, of making a “home” even in the wilderness, spurred them on to the task. Land was soon obtained, surveyed, and portioned off to the several claimants. Fencing and building proceeded. Houses were erected and

multiplied into streets, and a township was formed almost with the rapidity of a Bartholomew fair. The newly-born city resounded loudly amongst the silent forests of the Maori, whilst the wondering savage looked with a jealous eye upon the giant child.

A year passed away, yet scarcely a ploughshare had entered the soil. All were trading and none producing. So much profit was realized in selling the provisions that were imported, that few capitalists could wait for the slow returns of an annual crop; and as the consumption increased prices rose, for there was no appearance of a harvest in the land. Speculation was rife in the towns; houses and land sold at enormous prices, and credit was freely given; so that money became plentiful, as the holders of it locked up their principal in the security of landed property. Then the people began to live extravagantly; luxuries in eating and drinking were abundantly supplied by the flour and cattle ships from the adjacent colonies, which were draining them fast of the real wealth they possessed. The short-sighted inhabitants deemed this state of things prosperity, and there was a continuous stream of new comers, whose means swelled the purses of the shipowners and land companies.

Among this motley crowd there were a few prudent men who turned their attention to ascertain the much vaunted resources of the colony. They were disappointed to find the soil poor and scanty. Where they expected to meet with grassy pasture lands, there was little but fern and brushwood, and withal a troublesome native population to oppose their right of occupation. The New Zealand Company were perpetually at variance with the vacillating local government, while the grievances of the unfortunate settler were unattended to amidst the din of contention. During the two following years, accordingly, the influx of emigrants diminished, trade slackened, and money became scarce. The revenue failed, and government issued a paper currency to pay their salaried officers and maintain their credit.

It is difficult to conceive the effect of all this rushing to and fro, this coming and going of men and merchandise, upon the minds of the aborigines. Here were thousands of *Pakehas* (foreigners) come to dwell amongst them, eating strange food, drinking strange drinks, building fine houses to live in, dressing themselves in gay garments, and shewing great anxiety to be possessed of their lands. They could scarcely understand the motives of that large body of strangers from their previous experience of the good missionaries. Consequently they became suspicious; and as they had heard of, and a few had seen, the lands where the white man had exterminated races akin to their own, they concluded that a similar fate awaited themselves. Yet they were fully alive to their own immediate interests, and re-

ceived readily the gold and property of the Europeans in exchange for the much coveted land. As it is natural to suppose that in their rude savage state they could have no fixed boundaries exact enough to satisfy the nice distinctions of our surveyors, so their claims to the possession of lands were clashing, contradictory, and confused. Meanwhile large bodies of settlers had arrived from England, and demanded possession of lands in the colony they had bargained and paid for at home; but the lands were withheld by the natives, probably through misapprehension of the technicalities of the Company's negotiations. At all events, quarrels ensued between them and the settlers, and they disputed the power of the surveyors in measuring their land. The melancholy catastrophe of the Wairau massacre ensued. Troops were brought into the field, and the demon of war and bloodshed stalked through the devoted land. Many of the affrighted settlers fled the country for safety, whilst others who had not the means to follow sat down in despair and wept, cursing the land in which they had been ruined and deceived.

The period of reaction after this feverish time soon arrived. And what had the immigrants achieved, or wherein had they provided for the future? Scarcely one-fifth of them were to be found in the interior; the remainder were located in the townships of Auckland, Wellington, Nelson, and Russell, peddling with the natives and amongst each other, like hawkers at a fair. Instead of having advanced in circumstances by their emigration, the majority had retrograded. The savings that had been accumulated in the mother country, with which to commence a new life of labour in this "land of promise," were gradually dwindling away, and it soon became difficult to obtain the means of subsistence: this was the condition of families who were accustomed to labour for their bread. Still more distressing was the case of the small capitalists who had conjured up visions of independence on those distant shores. This class included retired officers in the army and navy, who had commuted their pensions; younger sons from the higher classes, packed off by their relatives, after receiving their passage and outfit-money, with a few hundred pounds besides; and a numerous class of adventurers, from all parts of the United Kingdom. Obligated to work with their hands when their purses became empty, they had in some instances to perform menial offices, while their want of skill in any trade placed them in the social scale below the mechanics. Among them might be found college-bred men working as labourers to builders, and sons of country gentlemen acting as sawyers to carpenters. Many a tale of suffering these helpless emigrants could divulge, if their pride would brook the disclosure.

Apart from this distress of the white men, the friendly tribes

of aborigines lived in their usual style, comfortable and contented. They fattened their pigs, planted and gathered their potatoes and kumeras, having abundance to gratify their limited wants. They presented an enviable condition of life to the impoverished settler. Human nature could stand it no longer. Many of the young colonists abandoned the society of their fellow-countrymen and became domesticated amongst the Maories, adopting their savage habits of living, and cohabiting with their women.

The news of the sanguinary affray at Wairau created a feeling of insecurity among the Europeans in the north as well as the south of New Zealand. They called upon the Governor, Captain Fitzroy, to protect them and punish the murderers; but he, from mistaken motives of humanity, dealt leniently in all cases of Maori aggression, carrying out a pre-conceived theory of mediation and non-interference. The consequence was that bitter retributions passed between him, the New Zealand Company, and the people; while the hostile native tribes took advantage of the imbecile measures of the Governor and Council, and the disaffection of the settlers, to renew their insults and depredations. In the north that notorious turbulent chief Honi Heki, now gathered to his fathers, committed repeated outrages at the Bay of Islands, sacked the town of Russell, treated the women and children in the grossest manner, and, finally, with the greatest deliberation, cut down the British flag-staff. Governor Fitzroy could no longer temporize with this savage and his myrmidons. He summoned the available naval and military forces in the Australasian seas to his aid. The sanguinary engagements which followed between our troops and those war-like Indians, with the temporary subjugation of the latter, at the expense of much British life and money, are now matter of Colonial history. The Imperial Parliament, on hearing of the state of the Colony, without delay despatched frigates and war steamers, with fresh detachments of troops to succour our forces. Governor Fitzroy was recalled, and Captain Grey, Lieutenant-Governor of South Australia, superseded him, with unlimited powers to quell the insurrection that threatened to ruin the Colony.

These momentous occurrences hushed the internal dissensions of the Colonists for the time. All were busily engaged in assisting to preserve the general safety of the community. After the lapse of years of dire foreboding, during which the settlers had called upon the Executive in vain for protection, it inspired their despairing hearts with renewed confidence to find their appeal to the Imperial Parliament so quickly responded to, and that their relations with the parent country were not entirely forgotten. Many an eye glistened with joy on seeing the "wooden

walls" of old England once more guarding their deserted harbours, while the echoes of the spirit-stirring fife and drum thrilled through their gloomy souls, sending forth a welcoming shout of enthusiasm which seemed to shake the standard of the British empire as it fluttered in the breeze.

The arrival of so many mouths that *must* be fed, so many bodies that *must* be lodged at all hazards, roused the colonists from their lethargy. Here were new customers for their merchandise, and customers who were able to pay. For old mother country, in the height of her indignation at the insult offered to her children and her flag, was determined to spare no expense in chastising those rebellious savages. "To business, we have been idling," was now the order of the day amongst the colonists. The commissariat staff had issued notices for tenders to furnish this host with provisions and accommodation. Contracts were entered into for more than the poverty stricken land could supply; so they invited the corn growers of Tasmania, and the beef and mutton feeders of Australia, to come to their assistance; and never were ship-loads of oxen, sheep, and flour, so many and so great, known to have crossed the New Zealand seas before. The peaceably disposed Maories swelled the bill of fare, by adding pork, potatoes, and vegetables, and there was as much squeaking and grunting in Auckland as might have rivalled Donybrook on a fair day. Mechanical labour could not be had in sufficient abundance to supply the timber, bricks, stone and lime for building purposes, or even to erect them into tolerable dwellings. Amateur labourers were therefore pressed into the service. Thus merchants, shipmasters, shopkeepers, tradesmen, and Maories, worked late and early, as they never had done before. Adversity had taught them to "make hay while the sun shone," for the season of plenty might soon pass away. Their gains were large as trade became brisk, and all were delighted once more to hear the chink of gold as it rattled freely from the military chest.

So evident was the cause of this gust of prosperity, that the inhabitants of Auckland felt a momentary gratefulness towards Heki, and many repeated the joke that he "should be presented with a piece of plate," less in jest than earnest. Whether this show of strength on the part of the government overawed the natives into a peaceful treaty, or that being poor and having neglected their crops they thought it unwise to continue on the defensive without provisions, we cannot determine. Perhaps the consideration of both circumstances induced them to submit to reasonable terms. Accordingly, by the spring of 1848 a general cessation of hostilities took place throughout the colony.

The pacific result of these negotiations was attributed to the

energetic measures pursued by Captain Grey on the capitulation of the Maories. He was subsequently appointed Governor-General of the New Zealand colonies, with a resident Lieutenant-Governor at Wellington and another at Nelson. His administration had been looked forward to with interest by all parties—the Colonial Office, the New Zealand Company, and the settlers. As he obtained the appointment over the heads of older men on account of his successful management of affairs in South Australia, great things were expected from him. He made changes in the legislative and also in the executive departments;—whether or not for the better it is difficult to say. Being a soldier by profession, his ordinances for the suppression of the Maori war were carried into effect with more decisive energy than had been done by his predecessor who was apparently a good-natured sailor. But with all his tact and shrewdness, he could not mend the constitution of New Zealand so successfully as he had mended that of South Australia. Here was a proud and powerful race of aboriginal proprietors on the one hand, with the Government and the New Zealand Company acting as “middle men;” and on the other, the broken down, dispirited, and duped settlers, who had parted with their money without securing an equivalent in land. It was in vain that the governor passed new acts, renewed and annulled ordinances, cajoled and threatened by turns; it was all to no purpose; there was “something rotten in the state of Denmark.” Yet his administration placed the local government on a more secure and organized basis, and soothed for a time the murmuring spirit of the colonists, who no longer annoyed the British Parliament with their petitions. His policy towards the interests of the New Zealand Company was likewise favourable. It was confidently supposed by them and the southern settlers, that he was using all his endeavours to remove the seat of government to Wellington, which of course raised the ire of the northern colonists, who saw the injury they must sustain by the withdrawal of so much government expenditure. But any expression of their sentiments on this subject which was conveyed to him he answered with disdain. He assumed the tone of a Dictator more than that of a responsible British Governor, passing bills through his “packed” council with unseemly rapidity. Three readings in one day without any previous notice, and next day’s Government Gazette announced that the proposed measure was a law of the land. So that the inhabitants of Auckland and the surrounding district, in the year 1848, expected every day to see the announcement issued, that the head quarters of the Government would be removed on the morrow to the South. If there was any truth in this surmise, the probability of carrying it into effect was sud-

denly thwarted in the November of that year, by the dreadful visitation, at the town of Wellington, of an earthquake which levelled nearly all the stone and brick erections with the ground. The Governor had just time to dub himself Sir George Grey, when he hurried off to the scene of destruction: all was consternation and distress there; many of the affrighted settlers had packed up what articles they could conveniently carry, and got on board the few vessels in the harbour, to take their departure for the shores of Australia. To add to the misfortunes of one ship-load of these refugees, they were wrecked in the harbour before the vessel could get clear of the heads. No lives were lost, but the poor creatures were left penniless.

Meanwhile the colonial minister, in conjunction with the local government, had organized a protective force on an economical scale, in lieu of the regular troops, whose maintenance in New Zealand was more than double what it would have been in the Australian colonies. A body of military pensioners, bearing the name of the New Zealand Fencibles, was formed. They were located in three separate divisions, within six and nine miles of Auckland, to be ready at all times to perform military duty in defence of the colony. Hitherto they have not been employed on active service. We hope that the day is far distant when the settlers shall have to place their lives and properties under the protection of that infirm and unsteady corps, against the assaults of young and able bodied warriors, such as are to be found amongst their antagonists. The result of these measures has been the withdrawal of two regiments of infantry, a company of artillery, and a large commissariat staff from the colony. The expenditure of these troops, during upwards of seven years, was the mainstay of the northern settlements. This fact, coupled with a decreasing revenue, has already crippled the government, who are continuing to issue debentures for local disbursement; and should they fail to realize the means of redeeming them, we see nothing but bankruptcy staring the colony in the face.

The limits of an Article like the present preclude us from commenting upon the foregoing narrative. We can only add, as a sequel to our imperfect sketch of the history of British colonization in New Zealand, some remarks upon its present condition. And here, at the outset, we maintain that there is not an individual of competent knowledge in all that territory, who, if giving an unbiassed opinion, would deny that the attempts to colonize New Zealand have hitherto proved in a great degree failures. The explanation of this fact may be found in a complication of circumstances, which ought to be studied by those who are interested in the future welfare of that and the

other colonies of the British empire. Let us glance at the physical and moral aspect of this country and its inhabitants from Nelson to the Bay of Islands. Was there ever a more heterogeneous combination of elements gathered together in any country in possession of resources so feeble for resolving themselves into a well organized and prosperous colony? Had they possessed the wealth and slave-labour of ancient Carthage, or even the purse and prison-labour of modern Tasmania, then some advance towards permanent and successful colonization, even on the fern lands of New Ulster, might have been achieved. Instead, we find an assemblage of aristocratic idlers, with slender means; a mass of nondescript adventurers; with only a small group of professed labourers and artificers. Have the means not shadowed forth the ends? If the results had not been so tragical, we could have smiled at the bubbles blown by those colonizing empirics, who think they can mould the human soul to their purposes as easily as the tailor shapes his coat for the body? Where are those boyish schemes they planned of robbing nests and eating sugar plums in that promised land of holidays? The eternal laws which prompt man's nature to good and evil purposes, have prostrated their futile fireside calculations, adding another chapter to the experiences of "mice and men." Unless, therefore, a new leaven is mingled with this ill-organized community, to raise them to a level with Victoria, and other colonies of equal growth, we predict for at least the greater part of New Zealand a gradual decline to a condition probably not more prosperous than that presented by her barren sister in Western Australia.

When we turn our eyes to the map of the southern hemisphere, and measure the length of this group of islands from the 34th to the 48th degree of south latitude, we find that it exceeds eight hundred miles, and that the average breadth, which is very variable, is about one hundred miles. The surface is estimated at 95,000 square miles, or about sixty millions of acres. Now, it is a startling fact that no indigenous quadrupeds are to be found upon that soil. With the exception of a bat and a mouse, which latter is said to exist there, but which has not yet been sent to this country, the most highly organized animal hitherto discovered, either fossil or recent, is a bird, while the low organization of the botany of the country is indicated by the remarkable absence of fruit-bearing trees, cereals. There are no pleasing associations of a natural greensward with animals bounding upon it, in the contemplation of this fact. The scientific agriculturist will say, "What! no natural animal manure—no decayed turf, then the alluvial deposits cannot be very plentiful, or, at all events, the soil must be soon impover-

ished by culture." And such is the case throughout the north island, in most of the natives' plantations, for they invariably leave them fallow for three or four years after they have been cultivated for a like period of time. And although much has been said of the fertility of the land in Waidrop Valley on the banks of the "Hutti," "Waikato," "Thames," and other rivers, which we do not deny, yet there is not that depth of soil we are led to expect from the virgin lands of all new countries, such as has been found, without travelling further, in the valleys of Van Dieman's Land, Port Philip, and South Australia. Without referring to the inexhaustible "Lothians" of the former island, we adduce as a fact illustrative of the superior natural advantages possessed by the two latter colonies that not only are they independent of foreign supplies of grain, but they export largely to Sydney and the Mauritius. Yet neither of them has been two years in advance, while each has a European population at present more than double that of New Zealand.

The peculiar features of New Zealand vegetation to which we have adverted, consist not so much in the dissimilarity of its botany as compared with other islands in Australasia, but from the paucity of species amongst the higher orders of plants, and the abundant distribution of the lower. Flora has strewed her beauteous offerings to mother Earth on these isles with a niggard hand. In our rambles a flower is rarely to be met with. Two-thirds of the plants around us are cryptogamic. Hence in botanical geography the country is classed as the region of acrogens, analogous to the carboniferous era in geology. Thus Dieffenbach, in allusion to this fact, says that we have attempted to colonize New Zealand a thousand years before its time. The forests, however, serve to maintain the beauty and grandeur of its mountain scenery, at the same time that they yield abundance of valuable timber for ship-building and all ordinary purposes, and as an article of export the Kauri pine forests are of the first importance. These are to be met with only on the northern section of the north island. Mercury Bay and the Bay of Islands on the east coast, and Hokianga and Kaipara on the west, are the principal localities. These forests are nearly all retained possession of by the Maories, who cut down the trees and square them into logs in a tradesman-like manner. These logs the European and American timber-traders residing amongst them purchase, bartering all kinds of merchandise in payment, and then ship them off to the Australian colonies, India, and England. The value given to the New Zealanders for it is at the rate of 15s. to 30s. per load of 50 cubic feet, while the freight is respectively 42s., 75s., and £5. As probably not more than

forty ships leave annually, averaging a cargo of 200 loads each, the wealth created in the colony by this article of export does not exceed at the utmost £10,000.

One prevailing character of these forests which strikes the traveller, is the network of roots that covers the surface of the ground, rendering walking inconceivably fatiguing, as the pedestrian has to spring from root to root to avoid stepping into the puddles which collect between them. Few of the trees apparently have tap-roots, for when one is blown down, which is a frequent circumstance, the roots clogged with earth stand like a cake, laying bare the rock or clay subsoil beneath, and causing the observer to marvel how soil so poor could rear their gigantic trunks. But as there is no fall of the leaf, the trees being perennial and the climate moist, we conclude that they obtain more nourishment from the air than from the earth. The consequence is that when a Kauri forest takes fire it is utterly consumed; not a stump is left; the only vestiges that remain to mark the spot are molten pieces of resinous gum where the trees once stood. And if we consider that the present "fern land," as it is named by the colonists, whereon were collected the "Kauri gum" of commerce several years ago, had at one time been woodlands, this valuable timber must have covered four times the extent of ground that it now does. The aspect of this open country displays a poverty-stricken land to the gaze of the traveller; instead of grassy pastures nothing meets the eye but tea tree (*Leptospermum scoparium*) and fern brake (*Pteris esculenta*), Fern, fern, fern, dingy brown fern, with scarcely a shade of green to vary the tint of the landscape; and woe betide the luckless wight who loses the beaten track and gets entangled in its maze. Once we were so situated, and it certainly put our usual equanimity of temper out of joint. We laboured for hours, pushing aside the dry fronds with our hands as a man does in the act of swimming, making no more progress than a mile an hour, until we were fairly tired out, after having fallen into a deep bog, hidden by the fern. Occasionally on this open country the traveller crosses extensive patches of marshy ground, where the flax plant (*Phormium tenax*) grows in tufts, like the Iris on the banks of our lakes, its leaves measuring two, four, six, and frequently eight feet in length, the fibres of which form the well-known New Zealand flax. Many plans have been adopted by the settlers, and expensive machinery erected, to dress flax in a more expeditious manner than the tedious hand-process of stripping it from the parenchyma with a shell, as adopted by the Maories, but hitherto they have failed in producing a sample equal to that furnished by the natives. Merceration in water has no effect in rotting

the pulp from the fibre; even beating does not separate them; hence this valuable product, worth about sixpence per lb. to rope-makers, and capable of being woven into a fabric not much inferior to silk, is obtained in very small proportion to the quantity that could be had where the plant grows wild and in the greatest abundance. In the first years of colonization this article was produced more plentifully than it is now; for the acute aborigines find it a more profitable and agreeable employment to rear pigs and potatoes to barter with the Europeans for their blankets—a more comfortable wear in that moist climate, (although not so healthy,) than their cold mats.

Among other products worth mentioning as articles of export is copper ore, which has been discovered in small nodules of Pyrites amongst volcanic debris on the Great Barrier island in the Houraki gulf and elsewhere, but scarcely in sufficient quantities to pay the working. Black oxide of manganese, iron sand, sulphur, and a few other minerals, which are to be found in trifling quantities, have been added by the sanguine colonists to swell this list of natural productions. But we might almost as well say that Scotland is a gold country, because a labourer could earn the sum of fourpence a-day by picking up a few grains of the precious metal on the Braid hills or the Ochils, as has been done in former times, as speak of the “mineral wealth” of New Zealand on account of such slender resources.

That this group of islands is of recent igneous formation is evident from the existence of volcanoes and earthquakes, together with the scantiness of animal life and the small amount of debris and alluvial deposits to be seen on them. In a geological point of view everything is in a state of infancy. Instead of the carboniferous series of rocks, we have a friable sandstone with seams of lignite, and a plutonic cavernous basalt. Likewise there is traditional and scientific evidence on which to base the inference that the Maori race have not occupied the country from any very remote date. Their language and customs are almost the same with the aborigines of Tahiti and other islands in the South Seas which have been peopled from the continent of America.

As these Maori savages form the bulk of the population on the north island, variously estimated at 80,000 to 120,000, and as their presence has great influence upon the success of the settlers, we shall be excused if we enter a little into detail respecting their social condition.

The majority of books written upon New Zealand have two-thirds of their pages filled with desultory accounts of its *Aborigines*, including drawings and descriptions of their war dances, tatooing, paint, dresses, and hideous carvings on huts and canoes. Few, with the exception of Mr. Brown's work, now before us, give us

any insight into the native character. It is in their homely everyday guise that we want to know the Maori man and woman; for, in their fantastic habits and gross mechanical structures, they are but children compared with Europeans. But, in the scale of mental intelligence and practical common sense, they are not inferior to any race of men in the world. If the absence of pilfering and robbery, honesty in dealing, and safety of person and property in a community, are types of social excellence, they are in this respect superior to the peasantry of many civilized kingdoms. The honourable policy pursued by their chiefs in warfare might be an example to the belligerent powers of these northern nations. Their strict adherence to faith in treaty, and their independent principles, presented a contrast to the pusillanimous conduct of the local government during the protracted negotiations which followed the outbreak. The unconquerable spirit of the present generation will never be subdued by force; it is the slow march of civilisation working upon their offspring that alone can bring them under subjection or eventually extirpate the race.

That there are dark features in the Maori character is abundantly evident from all authorities. The Maori still bears the brand of the savage. His friendly disposition towards the white man is very much the result of his indulging in luxuries that the white man alone can furnish. Self-gratification of the lowest sort is apt to govern his actions. He is industrious no further than will gratify his several wants. His temperament prompts him to be strong and active when roused by his passions, and to sink into the extreme of laziness and dirt when they subside.

A proud and powerful race, such as these New Zealanders appear to be, numbering five to one of the European settlers at present among them, must necessarily influence the social condition of the colonists, and in some respects give a tone to society similar to that of the Hindoos upon our more aristocratic countrymen in India. Keen and close at a bargain, they screw the utmost penny out of the purchaser of their produce, asking generally twice as much as they expect to get, while they higgie and banter for an hour cheapening a coat or blanket. The consequence is that this trading system, hard-bargaining and close-fistedness, has influenced more or less the whole community. And all this petti-fogging trade is conducted in the high-flown language peculiar to savage nations, each exaggerating their own importance by assertions not at all consonant with the truth. Hence the expression, "New Zealand talk," has become a bye-word amongst travellers in these colonies for anything savouring of Captain-Bobadilism.

Before leaving this part of our subject, there is one propensity which, common alike to savage and civilized man, we are bound to refer to, however delicate its nature may be, for we have known its baneful influence exerted in an unhappy degree amongst the immigrants in these colonies. We allude to the unblushing intercourse that prevails between the male settlers and the Maori women, encouraging the most debased mercenary spirit amongst the chiefs, parents, and husbands of these women, and creating a deplorable laxity of moral feeling among the young emigrants. From the times of the early navigators the absence of female virtue among the New Zealanders has been observable even in contrast with other aborigines. This feature in their character is particularly noticed by Captain Cook.* Seventy-eight years have elapsed since Cook's visit, and the "traffic" to which he refers has continued in an increasing ratio to the present day. The consequence is, that many young colonists, of respectable origin, have abandoned themselves to the indolence and sensuality of a Maori life. Ashamed to write to their friends at home, they lead a degraded life, while their aggrieved relatives inquire in vain about their fate.

As regards a comparison between the European and Maori labourer, we find in New Zealand a powerful, energetic, and intelligent savage, who knows the value of labour; can till the ground in a fashion; sow grain; and reap the increase. Although a stout, muscular-looking fellow, he is content with scanty fare—potatoes, kumeras, and maize, with an occasional mouthful of pork—all of which he rears himself. This he washes down with a draught of water, and luxuriates afterwards in a pipe of tobacco. The hut he lives in costs him only a few days' labour to build, and he dispenses with chairs and tables. An iron pot, a few tin "pannikins" and calabashes, with a grass mat to squat upon, is all the furniture he requires. In his clothing he is equally economical. A shirt and a blanket, or a flax mat, is all his costume during the day, and serves for his bed and bedding at night; so that his consumption of foreign commodities does not exceed annually two shirts, one blanket, and about five pounds weight of tobacco—the value of the whole scarcely amounting to forty shillings. Compare this with the expensive habits of an English agricultural labourer, who lives in a well furnished

* Captain Cook remarks,—“During our stay in the Sound, I had observed that this second visit made to this country had not mended the morals of either sex. I had always looked upon the females of New Zealand to be more chaste than the generality of Indian women. Whatever favours a few of them might have granted to the people in the *Endeavour*, it was generally done in a private manner, and the men did not seem to interest themselves much in it. But now I was told that they were the chief promoters of a shameful traffic. . . .”

cottage, eating his roast beef, eggs, and bacon, consuming the foreign articles of tea and sugar, besides clothing himself from head to foot in high-priced manufactures which he has to pay for out of the profits of his labour. John Bull, with all the advantages of the plough and other improved implements of husbandry, cannot compete with the New Zealander on his own land, who has the disadvantage of tedious hand-labour only in growing corn.

Perhaps the class of emigrants who could compete most successfully with the New Zealand labourer would be the Irish. Without insinuating any invidious comparison, we cannot help tracing a resemblance of character between the Irish Celt and the Maori. The latter shares his "raupo warre" with his pig as the former does his "mud cabin;" hence they are both lovers of dirt. The potato is their principal article of food, and they are equally indolent and fond of smoking. Probably it was from this circumstance that the Government surveyors have named the three principal islands New Munster, New Leinster, and New Ulster. Our artistic traveller, Mr. G. F. Angus, has produced a very "pretty book," wherein he figures the Maori man and woman in gay holiday attire; but his portraits do not convey the disagreeable odour which offends our olfactory nerves in approaching the fairest Wahina, and the unwashed shirt, blanket, or rug on the unsoaped skin of the greatest Rangitiro.

The patois used as a means of conversation between the white man and the New Zealander is more extensive in the number of aboriginal words than that found on any of the South Sea Islands or in Australia. To acquire it is a matter of importance to the settlers, as it is universally adopted in all communications and transactions with the Maories. The Government use it in their proclamations and regulations, which are printed in legible characters around the townships. The missionaries preach in it, and there is a newspaper at Auckland written in that dialect, which the majority of the Aborigines can read and understand, while not a few can write the language in readable letters. The credit of teaching them belongs to the missionaries, although many consider that they should have taught them English at the outset. However, as it is, we have grammars, dictionaries, and translations of the Scriptures printed in it, by them and at their expense. Hence the majority of words are required to express religious ideas and matters of faith, which have had no previous existence in the mind; so, for want of a better orthography, they *maori-ise* nouns and proper names to suit the poverty of their alphabet. Thus Jesus Christ is written Ihu Karaiti, and pronounced as if in German—queen, *kuini*, governor, *kawana*, soldier, *hoia*, which has been followed to the letter

by these profound lexicographers. Just as we might suppose an old nurse constructing a vocabulary for the use of children, rendering the hard words familiar to the infant tongue by adding the termination she had attached to the title of her most gracious Majesty. Thus queen is written *kuini*, and pronounced queeny. In like manner our venerable dame might insert that famous expression that "georgy peorgy will have a ridy pidy in his coachy woachy." The pure Maori language as spoken by themselves is very expressive, and their gestures in conversation not inelegant.

From the date of the arrival of the first body of emigrants commenced the decline of missionary power over the native tribes. The influx of laymen with greater wealth soon lowered the rank of the missionaries in the estimation of the New Zealanders. The consequence was, that a jealousy of feeling arose between the new settlers and the missionaries. The latter have not only been accused of dislike to the settlers, but of countenancing by their silence many rebellious acts of the Aborigines. Be this as it may, they have unquestionably been useful in their calling as Christian teachers, and much good has resulted from their operations. Mr. Brown, in allusion to this matter, thus speaks,—

"Independently of their susceptibility to religious impressions, there are many other motives by which the New Zealanders are influenced to join the missionaries and to make some show of religion. I have already noticed one of these, namely, the great pleasure they appear to derive from assembling together, and uniting in singing hymns; but strong inducements are also presented by every form or circumstance connected with their new character, which can minister to their love of display, so as to afford a favourable and ostentatious contrast to the conduct of the natives, who still reject missionary influences. The mere possession of books, and the superior requirements of the missionary natives, form a powerful inducement to the other natives to follow their example, as there is no people whatever more desirous to acquire information, or are more apt and persevering in the pursuit of it. By taking a proper advantage of this, therefore, the missionary has very many motives to appeal to; but he must, at the same time, be cautious to prevent them from suspecting that interested motives influence him. The Roman Catholic priests, for example, have been in the habit of making presents of beads, crosses, Virgin Marys, &c., which the natives, of course, very gladly receive; but they look upon them as payments for something to be done by them, and conclude that they are conferring a favour by joining that body. This practice, however, is very effectual, so far as the making converts is concerned; but at the same time it, to a certain extent, confuses their ideas as to the motives of the donors, and doubtless also affects the purity of their belief."—P. 85.

It could not be expected in the course of events that those rival missionaries were likely to agree upon the supremacy of their respective institutions over the converted savages. Mr. Brown writes thus :—

“ Until Bishop Selwyn arrived in New Zealand, the Church and Wesleyan missionaries conducted their labours of love with the best feeling towards each other—the native converts of the one communion being treated in all respects as if they were members of the other, and were wisely kept ignorant of the formalities of religion which distinguished one set of missionaries from the other. No sooner does the bishop arrive, however, than a line of distinction is immediately drawn between the Wesleyan and the Church-mission natives ;—the former not being allowed, as formerly, to partake of the Sacrament along with the followers of the latter. The Wesleyan missionaries themselves are decried as not being of divine authority, and their teachings therefore decried as unwarranted and useless. The rite of baptism performed by them must be repeated by the bishop or his clergy, in order to be effectual. The natural result of such extraordinary conduct soon manifested itself, and the natives of these different forms of Christian belief are now at open war with each other ; nor will it excite surprise if we soon hear that they have forsaken their own savage feuds and animosities, for the no less deadly hatred and enmity engendered by the teachings of different professors of the same meek and merciful religion. But so it is ; and unless some effectual remedy be devised for the growing evil, all the good that the missionaries have ever done may soon be as nothing compared with the evils which threaten to accompany it. Native wrongs and enmities may easily be put an end to ; because they are susceptible of explanation and reparation ; but, if religious feuds are once introduced, who can say where they may end ? as their causes neither can be satisfactorily explained, nor can any compromise be made. The greater the sincerity of belief, the deeper the animosity of those who differ from it. It is lamentable that the religion of Jesus should be perverted to such unholy purposes.”—P. 178.

To intending emigrants it is of course a matter of great importance to obtain correct and useful information connected with those colonies. Their future welfare and comfort may depend upon what are considered trifling details. We advise them to place little confidence in the truth of many of those flattering accounts which describe those promised lands as “ sylvan communities amidst an earthly paradise.” There is no portion of this habitable globe, however fair to the eye, but has its gloomy side of the picture, which ought in justice to be described at the same time. For example, would it not be a more honest and manly proceeding on the part of the agents and surveyors of New Zealand Associations to state, even in moderate terms, the reasonableness of emigrants finding disagreeable cir-

cumstances to contend with over which they have no control, such as are to be encountered at the earthquake settlement of Wellington, or preparing them for the many privations they must undergo at the first occupation of a new country, such as are to be found even at Otago and Canterbury. Much discomfort arising, for example, from the inclemency of the weather, might be avoided by timely information. Wind and rain are direful forces to contend against in those bleak shores, especially for those who have been only accustomed to the comforts and shelter of a town life in this country. Some hints of this description, along with the sunshiny prints, gaudy panoramas, and glowing descriptions so zealously set forth, might prepare the emigrant in some measure for the reality that he must soon meet face to face. He would be more satisfied with his lot, seeing he had been forewarned; for New Zealand, notwithstanding its picturesque scenery, and the romantic character of its aboriginal inhabitants, is in the main a very homely country, which the enthusiastic emigrant, soon after his arrival, finds to his cost. We have not written the preceding paragraphs to deter men from going to these colonies, but to put them in possession of a few facts that may be balanced with the more favourable statements current in some quarters of society.

Our strictures in a former part of this paper upon the conduct of the early promoters of emigration to New Zealand, and our account of the possible advantages to be obtained by colonizing those islands, seem to apply more directly to the case of the large capitalist. We have endeavoured to shew that he might as well have his money locked up in railway shares that cannot pay a dividend, as rely on profitable returns from any extensive system of agriculture, sheep farming, or cattle grazing, at least for the next half century; and even then he could not be in as advanced a condition as his brother capitalist in New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land, unless he had a force to work with similar to that by which those colonies have been raised to their present influential mercantile position, viz., convict labour and expenditure. For it is a fact in the history of these two important colonies, that their resources were mainly developed by the roads, bridges, and other public works constructed at the enormous expense of convict labour. To be made aware of this fact the traveller need only journey along the magnificent road which intersects the island of Van Dieman's Land, joining the south and north settlements, and opening up the golden resources of the interior. What must this colony have been had it depended on the unaided efforts of the emigrants, who now wend their way to New Zealand?

In reading the preceding passages the reader will remember

that they relate chiefly to the condition and prospects of the north island and its occupants. The attempts at colonization narrated above are matters of history. With regard to the middle island, (Tavai poenammoo, or New Munster,) which at present occupies a great share of attention from the emigrating portion of the community, the case is different. There everything is in projection. Its success or failure is in the womb of time. And as we have not similar sources of information in regard to them, we cannot so confidently canvass the flattering statements put forward by the promoters of emigration to Otago and Canterbury. Our experience, however, has taught us, that twelve years ago a respectable body of well-meaning and sanguine men held out equally bright prospects, and described the country in as glowing terms. And what has been the result? We are as earnest promoters of the cause of colonization as any member of these associations. But we would seriously counsel them to weigh well the statements on which they found their conclusions. As Bishop Selwyn advises Captain Thomas, Local Secretary to the Canterbury Association, "to send the very soil in boxes to be analyzed in England," so would we recommend him to inclose with it a patch of turf to shew the native pasture on their plains, for the inspection of the public, and the satisfaction of the intending immigrants. For the latter, in their enthusiastic visions of the supposed "charms of colonization," place implicit faith in the slightest favourable account, looking towards their future lot in the land of their adoption, as the bride elect pictures to herself an uninterrupted succession of happy years as soon as she crosses the threshold of her new home. Many a scene of grievous disappointment on the distant shores of New Zealand is known to us, and we believe that if the propounders of those contemplated colonies had witnessed these scenes, they would speak in less confident terms of their success.

In the imaginary tariff at the future port of Lyttleton we find an item of export to a promised market gravely stated, upon such slight data, that we cannot but refer to it, particularly as the commodity in question might be supposed to create a considerable portion of the future revenue of the colony, and thereby induce a larger per centage of agricultural labourers to emigrate than would be judicious:—

"As the settlement," it is remarked, "begins to fill up, and the demand for grain increases within its limits, an export of grain may eventually be looked for from the enterprise gradually engaged in its cultivation. For this grain there can hardly fail to be a considerable demand at the Australian ports, as the engagement of labour in pastoral and mining pursuits on that continent renders its population partially dependent on foreign supplies."—*Canterbury Papers*, p. 13.

Any one acquainted with the internal resources which Australia possesses for producing every description of food, will remark at once the gratuitous assertions contained in this passage. The writer might with equal plausibility have affirmed, that as numbers of sheep and cattle die of excessive drought in the warm districts of Australia, there is no doubt that the Canterbury sheep farmer will ultimately find a market there for his "mutton, so fat, that the sailors of the Acheron could not eat it." Van Dieman's Land alone, with its rich soil and cheap convict labour, is able to land grain of the finest quality at any Australian or New Zealand port cheaper than it can be produced on the spot. In fact, the grain market throughout those colonies is ruled by the Launceston prices. Excepting the imports of grain at Sydney and Moreton Bay from the corn-growing districts of the same group of colonies, we are not aware of any foreign supplies.

If we are, therefore, to place as little confidence in some other assertions contained in those papers, we must pause before we accept the judgments of those well-meaning leaders of colonial enterprise. We would advise them to solicit the advice of some disinterested and experienced mercantile men in such matters, for we are afraid that while many of their first transactions must necessarily be connected with exports and imports, supply and demand, produce and consumption, their education has not been of that nature to qualify them for conducting such monetary transactions with due caution and economy.

Far be it from us to discourage emigration and colonization on the praiseworthy plans of the Otago and Canterbury settlements. We most heartily wish them "God speed." But the wisest of men are liable to commit mistakes in their enthusiasm. Colonies, like plants when forced into premature growth, are ever weak and puny, and where natural resources and advantages are absent they will pine and die. Moreover, without a substantial foundation of capital, even the richest natural resources can seldom be made available. Labour itself is usually of small avail at the establishment of a colony where this is wanting. In our information regarding those distant lands we have known strong and willing labourers sitting idle for want of capital to employ them. And we have likewise known capital invested in local works which have yielded no return, as in the mining operations at Kawan. That the produce from pastoral pursuits must form the staple export from this colony, like her flourishing neighbours in Australia, there is little doubt. But before this can be accomplished to an equal extent with that naturally richly grassed land, a long period must elapse to bring stock to its mere intrinsic value in a foreign market, or lower the prices from £12 for cattle, and 35s. per head for sheep, perhaps to 30s. for the former and 5s. for the

latter, as they are in Australia. Although the shrubs and sedges indigenous to New Zealand furnish good pasture for cattle, yet they are not the food for fine woolled sheep. Hence the sheep farmer has to incur the heavy outlay of clearing the land and sowing European grasses, and this cannot be done without great expense. For home consumption, and to a limited extent, a profit may be realized ; but when the grazier has to boil down his increase, as in Australia, for the sake of the tallow, wool, hides, and horns, the returns look very small in proportion to the outlay.

In this Article we refrain from offering any further opinion upon the schemes of colonization which are in operation in Otago and Canterbury. A discussion of the principles on which these plans are founded may supply enough of material for another Article. In the meantime we cordially wish them all possible success. We have employed this opportunity specially for presenting facts and judgments concerning the physical capabilities of certain parts of New Zealand, which, we believe, are not yet commonplace to many of our readers. Our purpose is served if they tend, by spreading truth, to promote caution and wisdom, in the future history of the great modern movement of colonization, which is still in its infancy, but in which our warmest sympathies are embarked. It is one thing to discuss those principles of Social Science by which colonization should be regulated, and to apply them to the circumstances of this age. It is another task to describe accurately the resources of spots which have been, or are likely to be, selected by emigrants, and thus to diffuse information concerning them among the various orders of the community. Both these investigations are of the greatest importance in the present circumstances of our country. In this paper we have confined ourselves to the latter, and we shall be glad if what we have said suggests the desirableness of more systematic means for collecting and spreading true facts and judgments, gathered by disinterested parties, with regard to the geology, botany, physiology, and other resources of our favourite resorts of emigration.

ART. III.—*The Life of John Sterling*. By THOMAS CARLYLE.
London, 1851.

LITERATURE and CHRISTIANITY present in their relations hitherto a somewhat singular and perplexing study. They have but seldom gone hand in hand. Their mutual bearing has been often one rather of repulsion and hostility than of attraction and sympathy. There has been a strong jealousy on both sides which has often manifested itself in downright animosity. To what extent this is to be traced to their original position of antagonism it would now perhaps be difficult to say. Christianity grew up under the hostile frown of Pagan Literature. The spirit of the one revolted from that of the other; and while it is true that almost all the literary culture which survived gradually passed over into the Church, we yet find throughout the early centuries, till it culminated in the notable case of Gregory in the sixth, a prevailing feeling of indifference, and even of opposition to heathen learning among Christians.* With the revival of letters the old antagonism reappeared. The ideals, which kindled the young enthusiasm of Europe in the fifteenth century, and re-awakened the long slumbering literary spirit, were those of Greece and Rome. It was from the old fountains of Pagan culture, dilapidated by long neglect, and overgrown with the weeds of centuries, that the stream of genius burst forth afresh.

The spirit of Modern Literature necessarily partook of the character of its origin. It was impossible that it could be otherwise. Accustomed to find the standard, not merely of taste, but of character and feeling in the productions of Grecian and Roman learning, modern genius could not fail to bear the stamp of the models which it thus worshipped. A certain Paganized influence accordingly diffused itself through the latter—an influence which, in some of its noblest representatives, may be said to have been almost entirely overcome, but which is not the less characteristic of its general productions.

We scarcely think that any would be disposed to question this decided effect of the ancient upon the modern classical Literature. In turning from the one to the other, we frequently meet with but little change of *tone*. The same class of sentiment—the same cast of character, claim our sympathy or provoke our dislike. Or where there is no such identity, there is yet, save in some comparatively rare instances of high significance, no *reno-*

* Julian, we know, made it one of his main reproaches against the Christians, that they ascribed the works of heathen genius to Satan or his agents—an accusation exaggerated it may be supposed, but undoubtedly indicating in the Church a prevailing sentiment of hostility to heathen learning.

vation of thought and feeling. There is no baptism of divine fire renewing and transfiguring the page of Literature. Christianity might nearly as well not have been, for aught of its spirit that breathes in many of these works of modern genius which have most interested and delighted the human mind. It is of our own literature we would be understood chiefly to speak; but the truth of our remark will perhaps be most readily admitted when applied to Modern Literature in general.

It may seem a harsh and Puritanical judgment which we thus pronounce. But the real question that concerns us is, not whether the judgment be *harsh*, but whether it be *true*. No good can come from mere evasion on such a subject. The truth is not the less true that we do not acknowledge it, and force ourselves to contemplate it. We remember the strong revulsion of feeling with which we first read John Foster's very minute and candid treatment of this subject, in his famous essay, "On the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." It was hard to have one's idols so struck down, and their true character so unsparingly exposed. Even now, on reverting to the essay, we have been unable to read it, in some parts, without a kind of pain which must have led many, we fancy, indignantly to toss it aside. He brings forth, with such a clear yet mild prominence, the peculiarities of Christianity, and confronts them so clearly, yet boldly, with the characteristics of our polite Literature, as to leave no escape from conclusions which we would still fain repudiate. He presses the point of contrast in a manner at once so measured and forcible that it is impossible to resist the essential truth of his argument. We may regret it from our love of Literature, or despise it from our scorn of Christianity, but we will find it hard to repel it.

We do not, indeed, in some respects, coincide with Foster. We think that here, as often, the gloom of his temperament tinges the picture that he draws. He shuts out too much the lights which would relieve, and the pleasant colours which would soften it. Nay, we believe that the severity and exclusiveness of his own religion have led him to do some special injustice to the venerated names of Addison and Johnson. Still, with every abatement we may make of his representations, their substantial truth remains. There is the *fact*, which we cannot get rid of with the most tolerant latitudinarianism, that so much of our Literature is not characteristically Christian, but the reverse. Its genius is not only not consonant with that of the gospel, but often, though without any polemical purpose, quite hostile to it, so that every truly Christian mind must feel that the fascinations of Literature are not without their danger.

Not for one moment, indeed, would we be supposed to be

ignorant of the beautiful uses of all true Literature. There is a morally exalting power, we believe, in all its genuine manifestations, apart from their relations to Christianity. It is the wondrous gift of genius to serve often as a moral teacher, even in its fall and degradation. The pure heart will gather at once delight and discipline from productions which may yet by no means mainly minister to elevated and Christian feelings. There is an inextinguishable element of truth and beauty in all genius, which, from amid whatever corruption, will rise upon the untainted soul, imparting a moral joy and strength of the most precious kind. Foster, we think, has discerned this too feebly and inadequately. He has made too little allowance for the good we may always extract from whatever the hand of genius, has touched with its magic or arrayed in its glory. Even admitting that there is so much alien to the spirit of the gospel in our past Literature, we are not inclined to view so gloomily as he does the consequences of this. That living familiarity with our best writers, both of poetry and prose, which alone can impart a true literary taste, may, we think, be cultivated with less danger to Christian habitudes of thought and feeling than he seems to believe. Still the *fact* is, in the main, as he has represented it. Whatever view we may take of its bearing, it is not, we feel, capable of being disputed. The significant truth remains, claiming our serious attention, that so great a part of our past Literature is un-allied with Christianity.

We scarcely think it can be necessary, at this day, and in the pages of this Review, to offer any explanation of the anxiety with which we are inclined to regard this fact. There are but few of our readers, we suppose, who do not recognise that Christianity *ought* to be associated with Literature. It is only possible, indeed, on the ground of infidelity, on the one hand, or of fanaticism, on the other, to maintain that they can be severed without mutual injury. Here, as in other respects, these extremes are found to meet. From opposite reasons, but to the same purpose, they hold that Literature has nothing to do with religion—the former scorning religion as an unreality, the latter treating Literature as a folly. Supposing we take our stand at either of these extreme points, we may consistently look with indifference on the separation of Literature and Christianity, or even advocate the propriety of the separation. But from no other point can we contemplate this subject indifferently. If we at once believe in Christianity, and in Literature, we cannot logically remain satisfied with their disjunction. It will not stand for a moment, on such a footing, to say, as we have sometimes virtually heard it said, that we have recourse to Literature, not to have our piety quickened, but our taste gratified; that we do not expect,

and do not desire, the devotion of a David in Dryden or Pope, or the spirit of the Gospels in Hume or Gibbon. Every one in his own place. We are content to take Pope and Dryden as they are. Nay, we think that any special infusion of religion into their pages would only have tended to disgust, as has been exemplified in the case of some other writers who have attempted an incongruous mixture of piety and poetry. This is a style of argument which, if now but little heard, and certainly scarce needing refutation here, does yet, we apprehend, silently influence many minds in contemplating the relations of Literature and Christianity. It is long after the neck of a fallacy is broken till it altogether expires. It drags out a lingering existence in a lower class of minds after it has long ceased to live in a higher. And a fallacy such as the one in question, which Johnson, in his day, took under his protection, in his well-known and often refuted remarks on sacred poetry, may be imagined to have some special vitality in it. It is one, however, which could only exist in an atmosphere of gross misconception as to the nature of Christianity. No sooner is it recognised, what indeed was so little recognised during the last century, that Christianity is by no means merely a system of notions, with its *set* phraseology, but a Life animating and pervading the whole mental and active being, infusing a totally new spirit wherever it penetrates—changing from its inmost centre the complexion of individual and social character—than it is seen that it must identify itself with literature wherever it really lives. Casting, as it does, a new glory on nature and humanity, transfiguring both in a more radiant and significant light, how can it fail, where it is really present, to interfuse and blend itself with every phase and aspect of Literature?

It has been often lamentably forgotten that man, however complex and diverse in his nature, with the most varied susceptibilities, each going forth in its own way and seeking nurture after its kind, is not and cannot be, in any of the essential relations of his being, contradictory. What heaps of errors on all questions have accumulated under the practical forgetfulness of this truth! How have we seen the functions of man's intellectual, moral, and religious nature isolated, and even opposed to each other, as if, instead of being a harmonious growth of powers, centering in a mysterious unity of consciousness, he were a mere ill-assorted congeries of accidents—a "mere bundle of dry sticks," as John Sterling somewhere says—with no interior principle of coherence! In our country we have perhaps especially suffered from this absurd mode of contemplating human nature under arbitrary divisions. Religion, Morals, Literature have, with us, been separated and marked off in the most rigorous and detailed

manner. As we pass from our theological to our moral writers, and again to our writers of Belles Lettres, how often do we seem to enter, not only distinct, but altogether opposite spheres of thought and opinion! We contemplate man, not only under different, but frequently conflicting aspects. It is no easy matter sometimes to discern the same human Substantive under the several representations set before us. The coloured glasses of theology, moral sciences, and Literature exhibit often a quite contrary image, and a strange and sceptical confusion of feeling is apt to ensue in the mind of the student. It will not be supposed for a moment that we deny the necessity of classing the various functions of man's being, and considering them, to a certain extent, apart. It is only to the extreme and exclusive manner in which this has been often done,—whereby, as it were, all sense of men's spiritual unity has been lost,—that we object. In whatever *special* capacity we regard man, whether as a religious, moral, or æsthetical being, we ought never to forget that all his qualities are only several characteristics or manifestations of the same spiritual essence, which,—however we may ideally separate them for convenience,—are never actually separated.

It is impossible to over-estimate the evil effects which have flowed from the opposite arbitrary and artificial mode of contemplation. One of the greatest of these, however, is undoubtedly the common and fixed notion that has come to prevail of there being a valid division of *sacred* and *profane* in human nature and human life. In all relations the fatal error has extended itself, that in redeemed Humanity there are yet parts which may be esteemed common or unclean. This is the radical apostasy, seen in its grossest shape in Popery, but from which no form of Protestantism has been as yet wholly exempt. Within the kingdom of God there is and can be no such distinction of sacred and profane. All is sacred within,—all is profane without it. This dualism Christianity recognises in the broadest manner. Upon this as its fundamental condition it rests. But within the sphere of its operation this dualism entirely disappears. Wherever the Gospel enters it renews from the most hidden sources the whole being. It exalts and hallows all with a most sacred anointing. A Christian man, therefore, can never legitimately have any pleasures or pursuits that are not Christian. In all moods and all relations, and not merely in special moods and circumstances, he must be religious. His common thoughts, and every-day sympathies, and not merely his most exalted and solemn aspirations, must go forth from a Christian centre, and partake of a Christian character. Christianity, where it asserts its true nature, is pervadingly operative over the whole life, the whole

sphere of human thought and feeling, and not only over some special section or moments of it.

It must be very obvious from this that Literature can never be legitimately dissociated from religion. It can never be a valid and consistent step to acknowledge that Christianity is good in its place, and Literature good in its place, but that their provinces are quite apart and dissimilar. This reasoning can only prevail in conjunction with the most mechanical and perverted notions of religion—where it is viewed as a mere factitious increment to human nature—an ornamental crown, as it were, to be worn on solemn occasions, instead of, as it really is, a sacred fire kindled within the most secret affections, and irradiating the whole being.

In exact accordance with this conclusion we find that the characteristically irreligious period of our Literature just corresponds with the age of a negative and mechanical Christianity. Then when we see poetry, and philosophy, and history, most thoroughly and unhappily alienated from a Christian spirit, we see Christianity itself most dead. The separation grew out of no inherent repulsion of the one to the other, but out of the decay and perversion of both. In our earlier Literature, awakened and matured under the fresh impulse of the Reformation,—and while that positive and living apprehension of divine truth which it called forth still survived, we see a Christian influence working with an animating and pervading force. It was only when the genuine conception of Christianity as a divine Life, which must penetrate and sanctify every department of human sentiment and affection, began to die away, that we see our Literature assuming a decidedly unchristian character. And men were then content with such a Literature, just because they were content with such a religion. Where the latter did not affect to govern and transform the whole character, but was regarded merely as a sort of appendage to it, (honourable or otherwise as it might be,) it was only natural that it should remain disjoined from Literature. It is only where Christianity fulfils its true mission, of entering into the inward life of humanity, and purifying it along the whole course of its development, that Literature, with every other form of this development, must own its sway and bear its stamp.

The aspects of our recent and existing Literature bear out the truth of these remarks. Since the appearance of Foster's Essay, British Literature has undergone many changes. He himself, in a note to one of the later editions, remarks on these changes, chiefly in regard to style,—“The smooth elegance, the gentle graces, the amusing, easy, and not deep current of sentiment of which Addison is our finest example, have been,” he says, “suc-

ceeded by force, energy, bold development of principles, and every kind of high stimulus,"—a change which, with true critical penetration, he hailed as a great gain, but not unaccompanied with serious evils. For along with the passion for vigour, and point, and originality, he discerned the natural excesses of this passion—"an ample exhibition of contortion, tricks of surprise, paradox, headlong dash, factitious fulmination, and turpid inanity."

But in the moral and religious tone of our Literature there has been a scarcely less surprising change, which we wonder Foster, in special relation to his subject, did not also notice, as it had begun distinctly to manifest itself within the period to which he alludes. The same relation between Literature and Christianity no longer exists as in last century. That relation may be briefly defined to have been one of *indifference*. Literature passed by Christianity—ignored it; and Christianity, in the merely negative form in which it prevailed, permitted itself to be ignored. With scarcely life in it to retain its external forms, it did not think that Literature did it harm or injury in passing it by with a quiet and somewhat scornful dignity. Nay, divines in becoming poets, historians, or philosophers, (and there is hardly a more significant sign of the age than this,) conceived it to be in some sort necessary to lay aside any Christian peculiarities, and adopt the indifferent and paganized tone of their brothers in letters. But Christianity, awakening from its death-like slumber, and in every direction giving evidence of new life, could no longer be treated in this fashion. It must either incorporate itself with Literature, or enter into open conflict with it. And this we find accordingly is what to a great extent has already taken place in our day. The old relation of indifference has not, indeed, quite vanished. There is still in certain quarters to be heard the faint echo of the old notion of religion and letters having nothing to do with each other. But generally, and in all the freshest and most significant forms of our present Literature, the cold, external compromise with Christianity is entirely done away, and the two have found a point either of living union or of downright hostility.

It is gratifying that so much of existing Literature breathes a truly Christian tone. In all its various forms, poetical, historical, and philosophical, we see the clear influence of Christian conceptions, and the fruitful working of a genuine Christian spirit. It is not that in a special dogmatic sense any phase of our Literature is more religious than that of last century. The mere theological element is perhaps not much more prominent than before, and it is not desirable that it should be. But a deep flow of Christian sentiment, a tender and comprehensive Christian sympathy, and a warm and genial spirit of love, which is essentially

Christian, are found pervading and animating a large proportion of our present literary productions.

But concurrently with this Christian development of our Literature, there has been also a very significant manifestation of an opposite kind. The very same process has to a certain extent taken place among us as among our German neighbours, though with differences significant of the relative characteristics of the two nations. The reaction against the old negative form of Christianity has with us as well as with them assumed two distinct modes of progress—one proceeding from the revival of a practical Christian spirit; the other from the revival of a more genuine philosophical spirit. This was inevitable in the course of things. The mechanical modes of conception which prevailed so largely during last century, could not fail to yield on both sides, as soon as the human mind received a new and invigorating impulse. Empiricism rests not only on a practical but a speculative falsehood. It not only quenches the living spirit of Christianity, in its bare and bald grasp, but it lies against the truths of the human soul, and as soon as under any movement of the national mind a genuine and more comprehensive insight is obtained into those truths, it cannot fail to be attacked also on the scientific side. This we know to have been notably the case in Germany. The older Rationalism fell there as much before the attacks of a new and more exalted philosophy, as before the advance of a deeper and more earnest Christian piety. Kant, and Jacobi, and Fries, and Schelling, and Hegel, in their own way, combated the old empirical system, just as vigorously as the representatives of the new development of a positive Christianity in the German Church.

A twofold movement of a similar kind, although, in the nature of the case, far less definitely and clearly marked out, has occurred in this country. While a revived Christian spirit has spread in many quarters, and pervaded influential sections of our Literature, a new philosophical spirit has also arisen—the latter no less opposed than the former to the cold, negative, and sceptical turn of our former Literature, yet not only claiming no affinity with the revived Christian spirit, but entering into direct, subtle, and energetic conflict with it.

We know how common it is to ascribe this new antichristian manifestation entirely to German influence, and to consider it as altogether an alien importation from the fatherland. It might well make one smile to hear the complacency with which in certain quarters, all that is supposed most vicious in our present Literature and Theology is laid to the account of poor Germany. The fact is, we believe, that this mode of ascribing changes of national taste and sentiment so prominently to foreign influence,

is in a great measure a mistaken one. Such changes *must* ever proceed more from inward and spontaneous tendencies, than from any mere external causes. The history of every people is a growth, each new epoch evolving organically out of the decay and corruption of the old, and not a mere succession of accidental impulses and fortuitous movements. And if there is now, therefore, among us a rapid increase of what is called *Germanism*, (and we have no objections to the name as sufficiently although vaguely expressive,) we conceive it to spring much more directly from the natural and inevitable reaction against the old empiricism which so long swayed British thought in every relation, than from any immediate and tangible influence that German literature or philosophy are yet exercising. What seems to be generally meant by Germanism, is no other than the deeper and bolder and more thorough spirit of inquiry which almost everywhere, and in so many various forms, has asserted itself against the tamer and narrower spirit of last century. In Britain as in Germany, this new spirit has invaded and beaten back the old ; and in the one country as well as the other, it has assumed a twofold development—a Christian and an antichristian. It is no doubt true that we have followed in the wake of Germany, and that the antichristian development among us has been stimulated by German influence ; but it is of the utmost importance, we think, to bear in mind that this influence has only been stimulative, because the latent tendency was already so powerful in the British mind. For mere truth's sake we think it important to remember this. The prevalent method of attributing this or that phenomenon in our Literature or Theology to Germany, and so making an end of it, destroys, in our opinion, all historical accuracy, and even all historical sense.

The character of the present antichristian section of our Literature may be generally defined, for want of a more significant term, as pantheistic. It is the extreme reaction against the character of our previous Literature. Whereas the latter, with a somewhat atheistic indifference, nowhere sought a divine meaning in things,—this discerns a divinity everywhere and pre-eminently in man himself, who is the great miracle of miracles—the true Emanuel. Whereas the one was content to rest on the mere surface and mechanism—the outward sensuousness and visibility of things—the other would penetrate to the living unity—the reality underlying all the confused phenomena of existence—the *great heart of the universe*. This, in now familiar phrase, is the “divine idea of the world,” which “lies at the bottom of all appearance ;” and men of letters, who rise to the consciousness of their true functions, and become interpreters of this “divine idea,” are, in the highest sense of the words, prophets

and priests. It is impossible, therefore, to overestimate the importance of the literary function. It is the one perpetual Priesthood, from age to age, teaching all men that God is still present in their lives. It is the true Ministry, ever presenting in new forms of beauty, in richer and more touching sermons, the eternal truth of nature and of life. To use the fine words of one to whom, as having above all given significance to this new literary movement, and as standing somewhat notably at its head, our language has already obviously pointed. "He that can write a true book to persuade England, is not he the bishop and archbishop, the primate of England, and of all England? I many a time say, the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books, these are the real working effective church of a modern country. Nay, not only our preaching, but even our worship, is it not too accomplished by means of printed books? The noble sentiment which a gifted soul has clothed for us in melodious words, which brings melody into our hearts—is not this essentially, if we will understand it, of the nature of worship? He who in any way shews us better than we knew before, that a lily of the field is beautiful, does he not shew it us as an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty—as the handwriting made visible there of the great Maker of the Universe. He has sung for us, made us sing with him a little verse of a sacred Psalm. Essentially so. How much more he who sings, who says, or in any way brings home to our hearts the noble doings, feelings, darings and endurances of a brother man! He has verily touched our hearts as with a live coal *from the altar*. Perhaps there is no worship more authentic. Literature, so far as it is Literature, is an 'apocalypse of Nature,' a revealing of the 'open secret.' It may well enough be named in Fichte's style a 'continuous revelation' of the Godlike in the Terrestrial and Common. The Godlike does ever in very truth endure there; is brought out now in this dialect now in that, with various degrees of clearness: all true gifted Singers and Speakers are consciously or unconsciously doing so. The dark scornful indignation of a Byron, so wayward and perverse, may have touches of it; nay, the withered mockery of a French sceptic—his mockery of the False, a love and worship of the True. How much more the sphere-harmony of a Shakespeare and a Goethe: the cathedral music of a Milton; the humble genuine lark-notes of a Burns,—sky-lark, starting from the humble furrow, far overhead into the blue depths, and singing to us so genuinely there! Fragments of a real 'Church Liturgy' and 'body of Homilies,' strangely disguised from the common eye, are to be found weltering in that huge froth-ocean of Printed speech we loosely call Literature! Books are our Church too."—(*Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship*, pp. 263, 264.)

It is obvious how complete is the reaction here against the spirit of our eighteenth century Literature. It is no less obvious, we doubt not, to most of our readers, that there is an important element of truth in all that is here said about the divine meaning that lies in every thing and in every man, and of the true dignity of Literature as the interpreter of this meaning. God is everywhere and in all things, and in him alone we live and move and have our being. All in us and around us is holy. The stamp of divinity is on all, and man is verily the true *Shekinah*, as Chrysostom said of old. All genuine interpretation of man and nature, therefore—in other words, all genuine forms of Literature, are *religious*. There can never be, as our previous remarks have endeavoured strongly to shew, a disjunction between letters and religion without somewhat fatal injury to both. Where such a disjunction is recognised and defended, Christianity must be dead, and Literature will be dwarfed and feeble and dying.

We acknowledge, therefore, in the warmest manner the earnest efforts of Mr. Carlyle to vindicate the religious character of all true Literature. No one has spoken more noble and touching words on this subject; and it has appeared at times to ourselves strangely repugnant that we should yet be obliged to reckon him very far from a friend to Christianity. So truly Christian-wise does he often speak, that when we class him, as we have done, at the head of the antichristian section of our Literature, our heart almost misgives us. It is not that we care what any of his worshippers and followers may say to this, but a voice within us bids us tremble lest we do him injustice. The calmer and clearer view of the matter, however, will never allow us any other conclusion. We find as we study him, and the more we study him the more plainly we find, that Literature is not only with him religious but *religion*. It is not only a divine teacher, but *the* Divine Teacher, and the only one left for man in these latter days. Any more special religion than that which is written on the face of nature and in the soul of man, Mr. Carlyle evidently disclaims. He will have no apocalypse save that of which Literature is the acknowledged interpreter. Man, if he will only open his eyes to the beauty which environs him, and listen to the "still small voice" which speaks from within his own heart, and allow himself to enter into clear and calm communion with the eternal laws of the universe, becomes religious in the highest sense possible for him. And it is just the glory of Literature that it is her peculiar mission to reveal ever more radiantly this beauty, and awaken ever more powerfully this inner voice, and so place man in ever more clearly conscious and calmly intelligent relation to the great laws of his being, and of all being. In characteristic and unmistakable speech, we are

told that "the Maker's Laws, whether they are promulgated in Sinai Thunder to the ear or imagination, or quite otherwise promulgated, are the Laws of God; transcendent, everlasting, imperatively demanding obedience from all men. This, without any thunder, or with never so much thunder, thou, if there be any soul left in thee, canst know of a truth. The Universe, I say, is made by Law; the great Soul of the World is just and not unjust. Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great shoreless Incomprehensible; in the heart of its tumultuous Appearances, Embroilments and mad Time-Vortexes, is there not silent, eternal, an All-just, an All-beautiful, sole Reality and ultimate controlling Power of the Whole? This is not a figure of speech; this is a fact. The fact of gravitation known to all animals is not surer than this inner Fact which may be known to all men. . . . Rituals, Liturgies, Credos, Sinai Thunder; I know more or less the history of these; the rise, progress, decline and fall of these. Can thunder from all the thirty-two Azimuths repeated daily for centuries of years make God's laws more godlike to me? Brother, no. Perhaps I am grown to be a man now, and do not need the thunder and the terror any longer: perhaps I am above being frightened; perhaps it is not fear but Reverence alone that shall now lead me! Revelations, Inspirations? Yes, and thy own God-created Soul; dost thou not call that a 'revelation?' Who made thee? Where didst thou come from? The Voice of Eternity, if thou be not a blasphemer and poor asphyxied mute, speaks with that tongue of thine! Thou art the latest birth of nature; it is the 'Inspiration of the Almighty' that giveth thee understanding! my brother, my brother."—(*Past and Present*, pp. 307-9.)

If any doubt could have remained as to the real meaning of all such utterances, and as to the real significance of the relation which Mr. Carlyle occupies to Christianity, it must at length have been sufficiently removed by the appearance of his *Life of Sterling*, which we have made the occasion of these remarks. To us, we will confess at once, that this book is a very mournful one—the most mournful we have read for many a day. It is not, perhaps, that after all Mr. Carlyle had previously written, we had any right to expect a different book. We now at least clearly enough see that we had no such right. And yet somehow we had expectations regarding it, which, in almost every respect, have been miserably disappointed. We are conscious of admiring Mr. Carlyle in some respects so genuinely, of honouring so heartily the fine and "rarely bestowed" gift of genius which God has given him; he has withal such a noble insight into Humanity in this nineteenth century, and such a warm and vigorous sympathy with its perplexities, its wrongs, and its miseries, that

we looked (the expectation had somehow laid itself so closely to our heart, that we now wonder at ourselves a little) to this book at last for some light to be thrown on the weltering chaos—some breaking of day o'er the confused darkness in which he had hitherto delighted to dwell. The subject was one to encourage us in this expectation: the story of a life which had gone astray amid this same darkness and perplexity in which so many are now wandering—of one who had sought truth with a pure and earnest aim, and yet only found (if, indeed, he had been so far successful) some faint forecasts of it, when he departed to the eternal Silence. Here, if ever, was an opportunity of building on the broken fragments of such a life, some "sunny dome" of faith and hope for all weary travellers on the same pathway. For any other purpose than this the life was not worth recounting,—certainly not worth again recounting. If Sterling's career was not to teach us in our present imbroglia of faiths and superstitions some lesson of religion; then it had not, that we can see, any lesson at all to teach. It had better, with many others, have remained unwritten; or, at least, enough had been said and written about it. However vain, therefore, we may now see that our expectation was in the matter, we cannot yet think it was altogether unreasonable.

The *significance* which, in almost every quarter had been found to attach to the life of John Sterling, was a religious one. What save this *could* it be? In Literature,—undoubtedly gifted as he was, and full from the beginning of a certain bloom and rich promise, which yet never ripened, and did not seem to be greatly ripening,—he had scarcely achieved for himself a name. He has left behind him nothing that will not soon be forgotten amid the endless article-writing and "blotting of white paper" in our day. This Carlyle himself sees very well and acknowledges. "Sterling's performance and real or seeming importance in this world," he says, "was actually not of a kind to demand an express Biography, even according to the world's usages. His character was not supremely original; neither was his fate in the world wonderful. What he did was inconsiderable enough; and as to what it lay in him to have done, this was but a problem now beyond possibility of settlement. Why had a Biography been inflicted on this man? why had not No-biography, and the privilege of all the weary, been his lot?"

To which emphatic query he strangely enough replies by writing *another* biography of this man, and from what reason? From one just the very opposite of that which, in the feeling of so many, had alone imparted significance and interest to the life of Sterling. Because Archdeacon Hare had viewed the life of his friend mainly in a religious light, and dwelt

upon it perhaps somewhat exclusively in this light—for this reason, and to correct the false effects, as he believes, of the picture thus drawn, Mr. Carlyle has re-written his life. He and some correspondent (who seems, in a very marked sense, to be an *alter ego*—a Carlyle the *second*,) do not hesitate, in fact, to express considerable indignation at the misrepresentations in which they conceive the figure of Sterling to stand in the Memoir of the Archdeacon. He appears to them to be treated in it merely as a clergyman, in which capacity he only acted for eight months, and the relations of which were, in no degree, the most important of his life. “A pale sickly shadow in torn surplice,” writes this correspondent, “is presented to us here, weltering, bewildered amid heaps of what you call ‘Hebrew Old-clothes:’ wrestling with impotent impetuosity to free itself from the baleful imbroglio, as if that had been its one function in life; who, in this miserable figure, would recognise the brilliant, beautiful, and cheerful John Sterling, with his ever-flowing wealth of ideas, fancies, imaginations; with his frank affections, inexhaustible hopes, audacities, activities, and general radiant vivacity of heart and intelligence, which made the presence of him an illumination and inspiration wherever he went? It is too bad. Let a man be honestly forgotten when his life ends; but let him not be misremembered in this way. To be hung up as an ecclesiastical scarecrow, as a target for heterodox and orthodox to practise archery upon, is no fate that can be due to the memory of Sterling. It was not as a ghastly phantasm, choked in Thirty-nine-article controversies, or miserable Semitic, Anti-semitic street-riots, in scepticisms, agonized self-seekings, that this man appeared in life.”—(P. 6.)

Now while it is no special concern of ours to defend Archdeacon Hare's portrait of his friend, we have no hesitation in saying that he appears to us,—with all the evidence now before us,—to have apprehended and rendered the real meaning of Sterling's life, upon the whole, more truly than Mr. Carlyle. In the present biography we no doubt see Sterling in a more varied and complete light,—generally, indeed, in a quite different light; yet all the obvious efforts of Mr. Carlyle to crush the matter out of sight, fail to convince us that the religious phase of Sterling's career was not, *for others at least*, the most significant and noteworthy through which he passed. If it did not possess all the importance which it assumes in Hare's memoir, it was yet *the* most important feature claiming public attention. It was the point of view especially from which those beyond the mere circle of Sterling's companionship felt that his life had any peculiar interest for them. It very naturally, therefore, assumed the prominence it did in the hands of the Archdeacon, although

from the deficiency of his representation in other respects, it now seems to occupy a somewhat too naked and exclusive position. For our own part, however, we feel bound to say that we prefer the portrait of Hare to that of Carlyle. It will not, of course, be supposed for a moment that we intend any comparison between the mere literary merits of the Memoirs. The brief sketch of the Archdeacon has, in this respect, no pretensions to rank with the more copious and finished biography before us. But we feel strongly (notwithstanding the somewhat rude bluster we have quoted above), that it is a more loveable and interesting character rises upon us from the faint and rapid outlines of the one than from the more complete picture of the other. We confess, indeed, to no small amount of disenchantment, in reading Carlyle's Life. Every touch of the heroic we had hitherto associated with Sterling gradually disappeared. The pure, earnest, struggling aspirant after truth merged into the merely frank, brilliant, somewhat impetuous, and spoiled Dilettante. The halo that had surrounded him, to our vision, was gone. Mr. Carlyle would probably say—so much the better. It was just for this purpose he wrote his book. This was just his aim—to snatch the figure of his friend from the absurd halo of religious interest which had been thrown around it. But we feel satisfied, notwithstanding Mr. Carlyle's asseverations, that such an interest, although not in the measure supposed by some, *did* invest Sterling's life.

If we now pass from these general remarks to some special criticism on the work before us, we feel, first of all, called upon to express our delight with it in a mere literary point of view. We agree with our contemporaries generally in esteeming it, in this respect, one of the best of Mr. Carlyle's books. It has not only here and there touches of exquisite art, but its pervading texture is, to our minds, of a more finely wrought and beautiful character than any of his recent compositions. The style, in its general structure, is the same which, from so many quarters, has provoked assault; but it moves, save at brief intervals, in a clearer, quieter, and more placid flow than usual. If not rising to any of those terrific heights of sublimity, of which it is so capable, crushing and overwhelming the reader with its piled-up and lurid grandeur, and stunning him with the thunder of its march; neither does it ever sink, save in rare instances, into the mere grotesque and fantastic—the mere mimicry of thunder, which not infrequently turns our gravity into a smile in the perusal of Mr. Carlyle's writings. There are, indeed, some scattered passages of a very provocative and impetuous kind, and one or two which, in their ragged and inapposite contrasts, may well call forth a smile; but a character of pathetic softness, of mild and graceful tenderness, is the distinguishing one of the volume. It is impos-

sible to doubt how truly Carlyle loved his friend, or what a deep and pensive fountain of love there is in the man altogether. Down below all his rugged sternness and repulsive bitterness, there is a well of genial and most gentle affection, the stream of which makes glad almost every page of this book. As a work of art, too, as a compact piece of biographic story, in which the principal figure occupies his due prominence, while a group starts into life here and there around him, by a few rapid and picturesque touches, it is very nearly perfect. After we had once begun its perusal, we could not lay it aside nor pause over it. But onward we went, now well-nigh touched to tears, and now, it is true, touched with indignation, at some obvious and gross injustice, but owing everywhere the felicitous mastery of the hand that was leading us. A feeling of deep sadness, however, of profound and perplexing sorrow, was *uppermost* with us in its perusal.

In token of the rich literary merit we have ascribed to this volume, we feel bound to present our readers with a few extracts, although most of them, even to those who may not have read the volume, will, we dare say, be familiar from the numerous notices that have appeared of it. They are of that kind, however, which will bear a second reading. Sterling's mother is thus described in the second chapter:—

"Mrs. Sterling, even in her later days, had still traces of the old beauty; then and always she was a woman of delicate, pious, affectionate character; exemplary as a wife, a mother, and a friend. A refined female nature; something tremulous in it, timid, and with a certain vernal freshness still unweakened by long converse with the world. The tall slim figure, always of a kind of quaker neatness; the innocent anxious face, anxious bright hazel eyes; the timid, yet gracefully cordial ways; the natural intelligence, instinctive sense and worth, were very characteristic. Her voice, too, with its something of soft querulousness, easily adapting itself to a light thin-flowing style of mirth, on occasion, was characteristic; she had retained her Ulster intonations, and was withal somewhat copious in speech. A fine tremulously sensitive nature, strong chiefly on the side of the affections, and the graceful insights and activities that depend on these—truly a beautiful, much suffering, much loving house-mother. From her chiefly, as one could discern, John Sterling had derived the delicate *aroma* of his nature—its piety, clearness, sincerity; and from his father the ready practical gifts, the impetuosities, and the audacities, were also (though in strange, new form) visibly inherited. A man was lucky to have such a Mother—to have such Parents as both his were."—(Pp. 17, 18.)

We give as a companion picture the following—a very slight thing indeed, but pleasant and attractive:—Charles Barton "now, in 1829-30, an amiable, cheerful, rather idle young fellow about town;" had been one of Sterling's fellow-students at Cam-

bridge, and, meeting again in London, Sterling became a familiar intimate of his family. The eldest daughter—"a stately, blooming, black-eyed young woman, full of gay softness, of indolent sense and enthusiasm, about Sterling's own age, if not a little older,"—would seem to have especially interested him, as he had undoubtedly found an interest in her eyes. In the meantime there was talk of a Spanish invasion, and of Sterling, now full of enthusiastic radicalism, joining the invaders. "The ship was fast getting ready; on a certain day it was to drop quietly down the Thames; then touch at Deal and take on board Torrijos and his adventurers, who were to be in waiting and on the outlook for them there. Let every man lay in his accoutrements then; let every man make his packages, his arrangements, and farewells. Sterling went to take leave of Miss Barton. 'You are going then to Spain? To rough it amid the glories of war and perilous insurrection; and with that weak health of yours; and we shall never see you more then!' Miss Barton, all her gaiety gone, the dimpling softness became liquid sorrow, and the musical ringing voice one wail of woe, 'burst into tears,'—so I have it on authority;—here was one possibility about to be strangled that made unexpected noise! Sterling's interview ended in the offer of his hand and the acceptance of it."—(Pp. 93, 94.)

It was not till after Sterling had retired from the Church that he made the acquaintance of Carlyle. He had come to London to consult as to the state of his health, which he began to find inadequate for the efficient discharge of his pastoral duties. On this occasion Carlyle first met him at the India House, in company with John Mill.

"The sight of one (he says) whose fine qualities I had often heard of lately, was interesting enough, and, on the whole, proved not disappointing, though it was the translation of dream into fact—that is, of poetry into prose, and showed its unrhymed side withal. A loose careless-looking thin figure, in careless dim costume, sat in a lounging posture, carelessly and copiously talking. I was struck with the kindly, but restless, swift glancing eyes, *which looked as if the spirits were all out coursing like a pack of merry eager beagles, beating every bush.* The brow, rather sloping in form, was not of imposing character, though, again, the head was longish, which is always the best sign of intellect; the physiognomy, in general, indicated animation rather than strength."—(P. 140.)

The acquaintance thus begun ripened speedily into a very close and peculiar friendship; and especially when Sterling finally left Herstmonceux, the seat of his brief clerical labours, and took up his abode at Bayswater, the intimacy between him and Carlyle appears to have grown fast, and deepened on the one side into that profound estimation, and on the other into that

deep and tender love, which ever afterwards characterized it. Carlyle thus describes the employment and character of his friend at this time :—

“ Sterling’s days, during this time as always, were full of occupation, cheerfully interesting to himself and others ; though, the wrecks of theology so encumbering him, little fruit on the positive side could come of these labours. On the negative side they were productive ; and there was also so much of encumbrance requiring removal before fruit could grow, there was plenty of labour needed. He looked happy as well as busy ; roamed extensively among his friends, and loved to have them about him—chiefly old Cambridge comrades, now settling into occupations in the world ;—and was felt by all friends, by myself as by few, to be a welcome illumination in the dim whirl of things. A man of altogether social and human ways ; his address everywhere pleasant and enlivening. A certain smile of thin but genuine laughter, we might say, hung gracefully over all he said and did ;—expressing gracefully, according to the model of this epoch, the stoical pococurantism which is required of the cultivated Englishman. Such laughter in him was not deep, but neither was it false, (as lamentably happens often) ; and the cheerfulness it went to symbolize was hearty and beautiful,—visible in the silent *unsymbolized* state in a still gracefuller fashion.

“ Of wit, so far as rapid, lively intellect produces wit, he had plenty, and did not abuse his endowment that way, being always fundamentally serious in the purport of his speech ; of what we call humour he had some, though little ; nay of real sense for the ludicrous, in any form, he had not much for a man of his vivacity ; and you remarked that his laugh was limited in compass, and of a clear, but not rich quality. To the like effect shone something, a kind of child-like half-embarrassed shimmer of expression, on his fine vivid countenance, curiously mingling with its ardours and audacities. A beautiful child-like soul ! He was naturally a favourite in conversation, especially with all who had any fund for conversing ; frank and direct, yet polite and delicate withal,—though at times he could crackle with his dexterous petulancies, making the air all like needles round you ; and there was no end to his logic when you excited it ; no end unless in some form of silence on your part. Elderly men of reputation I have sometimes known offended by him ; for he took a frank way in the matter of talk ; spoke freely out of him, freely listening to what others spoke, with a kind of ‘ hail fellow well met ’ feeling ; and carelessly measured a man much less by his reputed account in the bank of wit, or in any other bank, than by what the man had to show for himself in the shape of real spiritual cash on the occasion. But withal there was ever a fine element of natural courtesy in Sterling ; his deliberate demeanour to acknowledged superiors was fine and graceful ; his apologies and the like, when in a fit of repentance he felt commanded to apologise, were full of naïveté, and very pretty and ingenuous.”—(Pp. 166-168.)

We have given the few fine touches in which Sterling's mother is brought before us. We wish we could have also presented the more elaborate portrait of his father—the famous thunderer of the *Times* newspaper,—a remarkable man truly, more deserving, some have said, of having his life written than the son. We cannot, however, afford space for this portrait at full length, and prefer sending our readers to the volume to garbling it.

The ill-health which compelled Sterling to abandon his clerical duties continued to cling to him with increasing effect throughout the rest of his years. He had to live, in fact, "as in continual flight for his very existence, darting continually from nook to nook, and there crouching to escape the scythe of death." His life, as he has himself pathetically said, "thus ceased to be a chain, and fell into a heap of broken links." He was so knocked about from place to place in pursuit of health, that it was only fractions of his time he could devote to any work. Still his continued and ever-hopeful activity is among the most notable and cheerful features of his life. After many wanderings in France, Madeira, and Italy, we find him at length, in 1843, settled with his family at Falmouth, busy, notwithstanding the strong dissuasions of Carlyle, with poetry. Disaster on disaster, however, is here destined to overtake him. Within a few hours mother and wife were suddenly snatched away from him. He was left alone with his six children, two of them only infants, and a dark outlook a-head of them and him. He sought the Isle of Wight as his last retreat; and while his residence was there getting ready for him, he paid a brief visit to London. We give Carlyle's recollection of this—the last occasion on which he saw and conversed with his friend—for its general interest, but especially for the hushed and deepened pathos of the closing sentences; how softened, and tender, and touching, is their beauty:—

"We had our fair share of his company on this visit as in all the past ones; but the intercourse I recollect was dim and broken, a disastrous shadow hanging over it, not to be cleared away by effort. Two American gentlemen, acquaintances also of mine, had been recommended to him, by Emerson most likely; one morning Sterling appeared here with a strenuous proposal that we should come to Knightsbridge (his father's house vacated after his mother's death), and dine with him and them. Objections, general dissuasions were not wanting; the empty dark house, such endless trouble, and the like;—but he answered in his quizzing way—'Nature herself prompts you, when a stranger comes, to give him a dinner. There are servants yonder; it is all easy; come; both of you are bound to come.' And accordingly we went. I remember it as one of the saddest dinners; though Sterling talked copiously, and our friends, Theodore Parker one of them, were pleasant and distinguished men. All was so hag-

gard in one's memory, and half-consciously in one's anticipations; sad as if one had been dining in a ruin, in the crypt of a mausoleum. Our conversation was waste and logical, I forget quite on what, not joyful and harmoniously effusive: Sterling's silent sadness was painfully apparent through the bright mask he had bound himself to wear. Withal one could notice now, as on his last visit, a certain sternness of mood, unknown in better days; as if strange gorgon-faces of earnest destiny were more and more rising round him, and the time for sport were past. He looked always hurried, abrupt, even beyond wont; and indeed was, I suppose, overwhelmed in details of business.

"One evening, I remember, he came down hither designing to have a free talk with us. We were all sad enough, and strove rather to avoid speaking of what might make us sadder. Before any true talk could be got into, an interruption occurred, some unwelcome arrival; Sterling abruptly rose; gave me the signal to rise; and we unpolitely walked away, adjourning to his hotel, which, I recollect, was in the Strand, near Hungerford Market; some ancient, comfortable, quaint-looking place off the street; where, in a good, warm, queer old room, the remainder of our colloquy was duly finished. We spoke of Cromwell among other things, which I have now forgotten: on which subject Sterling was trenchant, positive, and on some essential points wrong—as I said I should convince him some day, 'Well, well!' answered he with a shake of the head. *We parted before long; bedtime for invalids being come; he escorted me down certain carpeted back stairs, and would not be forbidden; we took leave under the dim skies;—and, alas! little as I then dreamt of it, this, so far as I can calculate, must have been the last time I ever saw him in the world. Softly as a coming evening the last of the evenings had passed away, and no other would come for me for evermore.*"—(Pp. 323-325.)

We had intended to add to these extracts Mr. Carlyle's closing sketch of his friend,—a life-warm and vigorous portrait, very masterly in every literary point of view, but especially interesting as fully expressing that peculiar conception of Sterling's character, which, above all, distinguishes this biography from the previous one by Archdeacon Hare. Some of the foregoing extracts have already, however, pretty clearly indicated this conception; and our space will only permit us to append a few fragments from the concluding chapter in confirmation:—

"A certain splendour, beautiful, but not the deepest or the loftiest, which I could call a splendour as of burnished metal—fiery valour of heart, swift decisive insight and utterance, then a turn for brilliant elegance, also for ostentation, rashness, &c., &c.,—in short, a flash as of clear-glancing, sharp-cutting steel, lay in the whole nature of the man, in his heart and in his intellect, marking alike the excellence and the limits of them both. . . . To call him deficient in sympathy would seem strange; him whose radiances and resonances went thrilling over all the world, and kept him in brotherly contact with all: but I may say his sympathies dwelt rather with the high and sublime

than with the low or ludicrous; and were in any field rather light, wide, and lively, than deep, abiding, or great." (P. 337.)

"A pious soul we may justly call him; devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things; the highest and sole essential form which religion can assume in man, and without which all forms of religion are a mockery and delusion in man. Doubtless in so clear and filial a heart there must have dwelt the perennial feeling of silent worship. . . . And yet, as I have said before, it may be questioned whether piety, what we call devotion or worship, was the principle deepest in him. In spite of his Coleridge discipleship, and his once headlong operations following thereon, I used to judge that his piety was prompt and pure rather than great and intense; that, on the whole, religious devotion was not the deepest element of him. His reverence was ardent and just, ever ready for the thing or man that deserved revering, or seemed to deserve it; but he was of too joyful, light, and hoping a nature to go to the depths of that feeling, much more to dwell perennially in it. He had no fear in his composition; terror and awe did not blend with his respect of anything. In no scene or epoch could he have been a Church Saint, a fanatic enthusiast, or have worn out his life in passive martyrdom, sitting patient in his grim coal-mine looking at the 'three ells' of heaven high overhead. In sorrow he would not dwell; all sorrow he swiftly subdued and shook away from him. How could you have made an Indian Fakeer of the Greek Apollo, 'whose bright eye lends brightness, and never yet saw a shadow?'—I should say, not religious reverence, rather artistic admiration, was the essential character of him. . . . He was by nature appointed for a Poet—a Poet after his sort, or recogniser and delineator of the Beautiful, and not for a Priest at all. . . . True above all one may call him; a man of perfect veracity in thought, word, and deed. Integrity towards all men—nay, integrity had ripened with him into chivalrous generosity; there was no guile nor baseness anywhere found in him. Transparent as crystal, he could not hide anything sinister, if such there had been to hide. A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known. It was beautiful to read all those interior movements; the little shades of affectations, ostentations; transient spurts of anger which never grew to the length of settled spleen; all so naïve, so childlike, the very faults grew beautiful to you."—(Pp. 339-342.)

It will not be denied that here and elsewhere in the graphic delineation of Mr. Carlyle,—so free and flowing, and yet so nicely and minutely touched,—a very interesting and beautiful character is presented to us. Sterling seems to live before us, and we who never saw him, seem to have known him well,—so bright, and hopeful, and joyful. And there can be no doubt, we infer, that there must have been an element of rare brilliancy and joyousness in him which the sketch of Archdeacon Hare fails to bring out. Yet, as we have said, we cling rather to the portrait drawn by the latter. The Sterling of Hare seems to us, upon the whole,

a nobler and worthier character than the Sterling of Carlyle. And not only so, (and this is a consideration in comparison with which every other is of no consequence,) it conscientiously appears to us, that, while the delineation of the Archdeacon must be held somewhat deficient in complete truthfulness, it is yet, upon the whole, the more truthful. It seizes indeed too prominently the earnest, religious aspects of Sterling's character; but Mr. Carlyle has, we think, still more disproportionately undervalued and neglected these. We have sought satisfaction on this point from a renewed converse with the most significant of Sterling's remains; and our conviction decidedly is, that Sterling was far more distinguished by religious earnestness, and even religious sorrowfulness, than Mr. Carlyle would leave us to suppose. An *artist* he no doubt was, with an eye and a heart for the beautiful everywhere, and with that strong repulsion to all that is merely narrow, or exclusive, or gloomy in religion, so characteristic of the artist; but an heroic truth-seeker too, with the most solemn *moral* convictions, and the most ardent and painful longings. And it is *this* side of his character which Mr. Carlyle has just ignored, that to us is the most interesting, and reappears the most frequently throughout his writings.

We have dwelt upon this point, as the most important one relating to Sterling himself brought before us in this book, and the point from which, as a centre, his two biographers diverge in their whole estimate of his life. Mr. Carlyle, with his views, naturally holds that Sterling's attempt to find rest in the bosom of the Church, was of the very maddest kind. There was and could be no peace for him *there*. The Archdeacon, on the contrary, laments that Sterling was unable to continue in the discharge of the clerical duties which he so hopefully and vigorously began, and believes that, had he been enabled to do so, he would have found security from those speculative doubts and distractions which afterwards beset him. Coleridge's influence is of course reckoned by the Archdeacon entirely favourable. We all know with what affectionate earnestness he has expressed his own obligations to the Christian influence of the great Poet-Philosopher. Rejoicing in the light and strength which he had himself derived from that quarter, he could not but rejoice that his young and gifted friend had sought wisdom at the same shrine. All this Carlyle contemplates in the most opposite manner. To his view, Coleridge and the Church were the *very worst* things that befell poor Sterling. We shall appropriately occupy the remainder of this paper with some consideration of what Mr. Carlyle has been pleased to express on these points in relation to the subject of his memoir.

He has devoted a chapter to Coleridge, presenting a somewhat

elaborate delineation of that wonderful man, not unmarked by the masterly strokes which distinguish the other portraits in the volume ; but on the whole, a sadly blurred and wretched affair. We have been both amazed and pained at the praise we have seen bestowed on this sketch in some quarters. It is to us the one utterly unworthy feature of the volume—a poor unheroic daub. In the “old man eloquent,” as he sat on the brow of Highgate Hill discoursing in that indescribable and interminable manner of his, with his ever-recurring *sum-in-jects* and *om-m-jects*, there was no doubt something that could easily be turned into ridicule. There was no doubt in that ever-flowing river of talk many pools of mere darkness. We have Dr. Chalmers’ honest and emphatic statement to this effect when he went to visit the Philosopher with his friend Irving who sat so reverently at the Philosopher’s feet. But we know also that there was often a divine meaning and beauty in the old man’s speech—rich gleams of a far-off sunshine irradiating the soul of the listener. The talk which, day by day, rivetted such a man as Edward Irving, and delighted and *enlightened* we shall say—let Mr. Carlyle say what he likes—John Sterling, could not have been without glorious flashes and even meridian splendours of meaning under all its cloudy phases. Carlyle indeed admits that there were “glorious islets” ever and anon “rising out of the haze ;” but, generally, according to his representation, it was a very sad and dreary affair this talk. This is decidedly the impression conveyed by his picture. Nay, it appears to us that an ill-concealed air of contemptuous pity breathes throughout it. The aspiring sage of Chelsea had come to the shrine of the expiring sage of Highgate Hill, but it is with no reverence in his heart, and with rather a smile of mockery on his lips. He looks down with some sort of poor compassion on the “logical fata morganas” with which he sees the other “labouring to solace himself.” Listen to this account of the Coleridgean remedy for evils in Church and State :—

“The remedy, though Coleridge himself professed to see it as in sunbeams, could not, except by processes unspeakably difficult, be described to you at all. On the whole, those dead Churches, this dead English Church especially, must be brought to life again. Why not ? It was not dead ; the soul of it in this parched up body was tragically asleep only. Atheistic philosophy was true on its side, and Hume and Voltaire could on their own ground speak irrefragably for themselves against any church ; but lift the Church and them into a higher sphere of argument, *they* died into inanition, the Church revived itself into pristine florid vigour—became once more a living ship of the desert, and invincibly bore you over stock and stone. But how, but how ! By attending to the ‘reason’ of man, said Coleridge,

"Concerning this attempt of Sterling's to find sanctuary in the old Church, and desperately grasp the hem of her garment in such manner, there will at present be many opinions; and mine must be recorded here in flat reproof of it, in mere pitying condemnation of it, as a weak, false, unwise, and unpermitted step. Nay, among the evil lessons of his Time, to poor Sterling I cannot but account this the worst; properly, indeed, as we may say, the apotheosis, the solemn apology and consecration of all the evil lessons which were in it to him."—(Pp. 126, 127.)

Sterling continued a curate only eight months—months, it appears to us, even from the scanty chapter devoted to the subject by Mr. Carlyle, among the most healthful and happy of his life. Ill health was the cause of his discontinuance of his clerical duties. Mr. Carlyle, indeed, pretty plainly insinuates, that there were deeper causes already at work, and that this was merely "the last ounce which broke the camel's back;" but he furnishes not a shadow of evidence for his surmise on this head. And on referring to Sterling's own letter on the subject to Archdeacon Hare, it is impossible not to feel that, by this insinuation, he has done his friend gross injustice. That Sterling, however, was at length quit of the Church, Carlyle rejoices. It was a miserable and contemptible affair this "clerical aberration;" but, thank God, it is past. And hereupon we have the astounding declaration, that "no man of Sterling's veracity, had he clearly consulted his own heart, or had his own heart been capable of clearly responding, and not been dazzled and bewildered by transient fantasies and theosophic moonshine, could have undertaken this function. His heart would have answered, 'No, thou canst not. What is incredible to thee thou shalt not at thy soul's peril attempt to believe!—Else—whither for a refuge or die here. Go to Perdition if thou must—but not with a lie in thy mouth; by the Eternal Maker, no!'" —(P. 139.)

Mr. Carlyle is given to strong sayings—sayings which,—even in the words of John Sterling,—a friend of his, "might be pardoned if he wished to blot out with tears." And *we* feel that Sterling would have thought the above one of these sayings. No man of veracity, it seems, who clearly consults his own heart, and whose heart is capable of clearly responding, can be a clergyman. "You hard-working minister of God, going about your daily business, with a clear though often saddened heart, and with an ordinary strength of intellectual vision, you suppose yourself to be veracious—you think yourself an *honest* man, do you? *Fool!* cries the stern oracle of Chelsea. You are but a poor theosophic dreamer, or a 'conscious impostor.' If only a weak and stupid creature, we may give you some credit for sin-

cerity. But you cannot maintain at once your veracity and your clearness." Such is really the purport of Mr. Carlyle's most offensive language. What then, may we ask, is the highest test of sincerity? Is it a continual big-mouthed prate about it? or is it a silent, earnest working in behalf of the truth which we count dear? Are we to submit to be told, that the man who, day by day, with a noiseless and self-denying perseverance, carries the Gospel of Divine grace into the cottages of the poor, and speaks of it by the bed-sides of the sick and dying, is either a "conscious impostor," or a poor bewildered fanatic; while he who sits in his snug parlour at Chelsea, evermore talking of the "Eternities" and "Immensities," is the true and clear man? Are we to believe that poor Sterling, the laborious curate, was a mere theosophic moon-struck wanderer, while Sterling, the litterateur, had attained to *the chief end of man*? This surely is the merest—direst unverity; and if there is bewilderment at all, there can be little doubt on whose side the bewilderment is.

Shortly after Sterling quitted the Church, he entered upon that career of theological struggle with which his name has been so associated. Whatever significance may have once attached to that struggle, a wider and more intimate acquaintance with the character of Sterling has pretty well removed. It was indeed, we still think, for others, the most significant phase of his career, but it wanted that breadth of interest and meaning which a deeper, more intense, and on the whole greater character could alone have given it. We now *see* what we had all along felt from a perusal of his writings, that the importance of Sterling as a thinker had been somewhat overrated in his previous biography; or at least, that an exaggerated notion of him in this capacity, founded somehow upon that biography, had arisen. So far we believe Carlyle to be entirely in the right, when he affirms, that "in spite of his sleepless intellectual vivacity, Sterling was not properly a thinker at all." He had subtlety, brilliancy, and a certain roundness of intellectual vision which could not yet be called comprehensiveness,—but he wanted depth, penetration, and, above all, calmness and patience. He went at everything—Philosophy, Theology, Poetry, in a certain headlong, dashing manner, which shewed the dexterous *improvisatore*, (a term by which Mr. Carlyle has more than once characterized him,) rather than the thoughtful worker. "Over-haste was his continual fault; over-haste and want of the due strength." His genius flashed and coruscated, playing like sheet-lightning (to adopt Carlyle's comparison) round a subject and irradiating it, rather than "concentrating itself into a bolt and riving the mountain barriers for us." Fitted to excel in

the fields of pure Literature with his quick, genial grasp, and rich glittering style, (though the glitter is often cold as of polished crystals rather than of living sun-light), and the delicacy and ripe finish of his touch, he was yet greatly deficient in that direct and piercing insight, and that calm laboriousness of inquiry which alone constitute the thinker, and could alone have given the significance claimed for it by some, to the religious crisis which he underwent. That such a *crisis* was deeply experienced by him, however, can admit of no doubt. Tremulously he owned the spiritual agitations of his time. He felt the conflict on all sides of him, and gave himself heartily to it. His undoubtedly valorous spirit bore ever after the dints of a strife which had been no holiday one with him. We would not, for a moment, (as Mr. Carlyle would have us to do,) underrate the potency of the struggle through which he passed. Only, *his* was not the strength to wrestle patiently through it and reach the light of heaven beyond. He could not dwell in the gloom till the true light shone, but at every cost must have light, even if radiated from the cold intellectual frost-work of a Strauss, or the more softened and beautiful, but scarcely less cold, snow-fancies of a Goethe. Archdeacon Hare has said that "there are minds whose lot it is to grapple with the hardest problems of their age, and who cannot rest until they have solved them—men who seem to regard it as their appointed task to descend to the gates of Hades and bring back Cerberus in chains; and of these men Sterling was one." Yes; but only in so far as he owned the speculative impulse, not as possessed of the speculative power. He did indeed descend to the gates of Hades, but *his* was not the strength to bring back Cerberus in chains.

Mr. Carlyle, as the reader will have inferred from our previous statements, has dealt in the most scanty and imperfect fashion with this period of Sterling's life. There is indeed in all his talk of his friend, about this time, and of his favourite authors, a tone of insolent pity and injustice that has filled us with feelings of less regard for Mr. Carlyle than we thought we could have ever entertained. "I remember," he says, "he talked often about Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and *others of that stamp*; and looked disappointed, though full of good nature, at my obstinate indifference to them and their affairs. His knowledge of German literature, very slight at this time, limited itself altogether to writers on Church-matters, Evidences, Counter-evidences, Theologies, and rumours of theologies—by the Tholucks, Schleiermachers, Neanders, and I know not whom. Of 'the true sovereign souls' of that literature, the Goethes, Richters, Schillers, Lessings, he had as good as no knowledge."—(P. 165.)

What strange, hap-bazard, and monstrous talk is this? The

Goethes and Lessings exalted to honour, and the Schleiermachers and Neanders trampled under foot! What next? Can Mr. Carlyle fancy he honours his own function as a teacher by such talk? By all means let us do justice to Lessing and Goethe. They *were* "true sovereign souls" in their way. But must we therefore tread Schleiermacher and Neander in the mire? Who that knows anything of these men, or of their works, does not know that they also, and in a far more eminent sense, were "true sovereign souls"—men who fought a harder fight and won a nobler victory? What does John Sterling say of Schleiermacher even after this time?—"I still think of him as, on the whole, the greatest spiritual teacher I have ever fallen in with."—(P. 97, *Hare's Life*.) But we beg pardon of our readers for such a line of apology in regard to such men.

As we get from Mr. Carlyle no insight into this struggling period of Sterling's life, so we get from him no satisfactory account of its issue. We are indeed told that, by-and-bye, "Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and the war of articles and rubrics were left in the far distance;" and that "Literature again began decisively to dawn on him as the goal he ought to aim at." "It was years, however, before he got the inky tints of that Coleridgean adventure completely bleached from his mind." But finally he *did* get emancipated. Of Strauss even, nothing more was heard. "Strauss had interested him only as a sign of the times, in which sense alone do we find, for a year or two back, any notice of the Church or its affairs by Sterling; and at last even this as good as ceases." "Adieu, O Church; thy road is that way, mine is this; in God's name, adieu!" "What we are going *to*," says he once, "is abundantly obscure, but what all men are going *from* is very plain." (P. 286.)

This seems to be the sum of truth, which, according to Carlyle, John Sterling reached,—full of what comfort may be gathered from it by any of our readers. One touching and melancholy corroboration of his statement Mr. Carlyle has furnished in a letter, not just the last one, but nearly so, that he received from Sterling. We give it as about the most deeply pathetic letter we ever read. We cannot even now again read it without a perplexed and swimming feeling as of tears that will not yet flow.

"To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.

"*Hillside, Ventnor, August 10, 1844.*

"MY DEAR CARLYLE,—For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words; merely, however, for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to you and me, I cannot begin to write; having nothing

for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when *there*, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so bad as it seems to the standers by.

"Your wife knows my mind towards her and will believe it without asseverations.—Yours to the last,

"JOHN STERLING."

Sad enough, truly, and dark enough—The beautiful incident in Mr. Hare's memoir comes to shed a gleam of light on this thick darkness; and we rejoice with trembling to think of it. "As it grew dark he appeared to be seeking for something, and on her (his sister) asking what he wanted, said 'only the old Bible which I used so often at Herstmonceux, in the cottages.'" Why has Mr. Carlyle not recorded this fact?—*if it be a fact*, which we cannot doubt. Was he ashamed that it should be so said of his friend? Must we blame him for wilful suppression here as we fear elsewhere,—for wilful blindness in overlooking some of the real facts of Sterling's spiritual history which it did not suit him to disclose or at least to dwell upon? With a noble affectionateness Sterling speaks of the good of Carlyle's influence over him. We feel profoundly that we cannot respond to these words of a dying brother.

What precisely Sterling's ultimate views were, it is impossible to say. If uncertainty rested on them before, a deeper uncertainty may be said to rest on them now. That he had not, however, altogether abandoned Christianity, seems undoubted both from his closing interview with his sister, and his own express statement in a letter of farewell to Archdeacon Hare. "Christianity is a great comfort and blessing to me," he says, "although I am quite unable to believe all its original documents." What his *conclusions* were, with our view of his character, is not a matter of special importance to us. While, in the mere fact of the struggle through which he passed, typical of his age, he was yet, as we have endeavoured to explain, not fitted to enter into all the depth of that struggle, and work his way through it into clearness and truth. He was altogether of too light and restless and facile a nature—like his friend Francis Newman, (with his likeness to whom, in some respects, we have been much struck), to mirror in any adequate sense the spiritual progress of our time, and to furnish it with the right solution of its spiritual perplexities.

As for Mr. Carlyle himself,—it is obvious we have no more anything to look for in this way from him, if we ever had. His attitude is now and henceforth plainly and emphatically enough

an "Adieu, O Church." Whatever spiritual consolation may be possible from Goethe is welcome to the age. Other the biographer of Sterling has not to give. Literature has again in him, through a curious process of religious baptism, culminated in a mere species of philosophic Paganism. We cannot for the life of us make more of Mr. Carlyle's *chief end of man* than this. We have pretty well got rid—thanks to him—of the sceptical Epicureanism of last century; but only, so far as he is concerned, to traverse the more lofty and specious but not less dangerous verge of a stoical Pantheism. There is, we feel assured, a more excellent Way than either. There is a Light of Divine Truth, however dimmed, yet burning in the midst of us. There is a Sun of Christian warmth and vitality still, under whatever obscurities, shining in our poor world, irradiating many a heart, and illuminating many a mind. All has not become mere "bleared tallow light," mere "draggled, dirty farthing candle." We honestly believe with Coleridge in the inextinguishable power of Christianity, and that there is life in the old Churches yet,—destined to a glorious revival,—let Mr. Carlyle mock as he may. We firmly rejoice with Neander, that Christianity having once entered into the life of Humanity shall go forth, from every temporary lull of its strength, to new conquests over it, and enter into freer and more perfect harmony with it,—till its vitalizing spirit circulates in every vein of the great growth and progress of our race, and effloresces into a richer blossoming of *literary* as of all other excellence.

- ART. IV.—1. *Reports of the Board of Agriculture.* London, 1796-1815.
2. *Transactions—Proceedings—and Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London.* London, 1808-1851.
 3. *Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland.* Edinburgh, 1850, 1851.
 4. *Report on the Geology of Cornwall, Devon, and West Somerset.* By SIR HENRY DE LA BECHE, F.R.S., &c. &c., Director of the Ordnance Geological Survey. London, 1839.
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 11. *Notes on North America—Agricultural, Economical, and Social.* By the Same. London, 1851.
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THAT fascinating writer, the Author of the "Old Red Sandstone," has, in a recent work, compared the search of geologists for fossil fishes in the lower Silurian strata, to the labours of the patient angler, who, having cast his line day by day, into some large inland water, can scarcely detect a nibble after the lapse of months, and at the end of years cannot boast of captures exceeding a score. This analogy may even be carried further. It is notorious, that among the brethren of the gentle craft, no fish are so large as those which are not brought to land, and that of

none is the weight so accurately determined. So it is in geology. We are better acquainted with the history of the strata most remote from our own times, than with the history of the period which immediately preceded the epoch of our race. We know more of what has happened in the depths of the ocean, than of events which have taken place upon the surface of the land. We have traced a long series of organic life through the many thousands of feet which constitute the mass of the Silurian strata; we can follow its migrations, and point out the direction of the currents which transported its germs; we even undertake to trace the shore of the Silurian ocean, and to indicate the position of subaerial volcanoes which scattered their ashes into the sea to form the peperinos of Snowdon. We know the feeding grounds of every shoal of fish which swam through the seas of the Old Red; we can describe the process by which the coral reefs of the carboniferous and Silurian limestones were formed; and can follow them through all their risings and sinkings. But the Geological Society has held its meetings for nearly half a century in buildings whose foundations are laid in a bed of gravel teeming with the remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and other extinct mammals. With them are associated land and fresh water molluscs, all of species now living, and with one or two exceptions, identical with species now inhabiting the banks and waters of the existing Thames; and yet it is still an open question, in the discussions of that affectionate but rather pugnacious brotherhood, whether those deposits were formed before or after the emergence of Britain from beneath the glacial sea; whether the extinct pachyderms were, during any part of their range in time, coeval with man; whether they died out, one by one, or were cut off by a series of local catastrophes, which mark a particular epoch in the history of the world. Nay more, it is not even settled as yet whether there was a glacial epoch or not; whether, after the temperate latitudes of Europe and America had been occupied by a fauna and flora, indicating a high temperature, a refrigeration took place down to that of the arctic circle; whether our present climates are tending towards their zero, or whether they have passed it, and indicate a rising of the cosmical thermometer. Even among those geologists who admit the extensive agency of ice at the close of the tertiary era, there is the utmost diversity of opinion, whether the deposits once called diluvium, and now known to many geologists by the indefinite name of "drifts," were formed by terrestrial glaciers or by shore ice, or by ice drifted from arctic lands, under climates not very different from the present; just as icebergs from Greenland and Labrador now float occasionally to the latitude of the Azores. On the other hand, there are those who abjure ice

altogether, and with whom the transporting power is made to consist of waves of translation, travelling with the speed of a railway train, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and set in motion by the sudden upheaval of parts of the bed of the sea, which spread over other parts of it streams of moist detritus, by which the rocks over which they passed were grooved and polished and scratched.

It is not with respect to speculative questions alone that the neglect of the geology of the surface constitutes the opprobrium of the science, and shakes the confidence of the uninitiated in the soundness of geological inductions respecting the other extreme of the series. It has operated detrimentally on its very important practical applications to the theory and practice of Agriculture. A more accurate knowledge of the superficial deposits is essential to an accurate knowledge of the nature and distribution of soils and subsoils, which, in the majority of cases, are dependent on those neglected deposits; and it would furnish an answer to the objection with which landowners often upbraid geologists, when they are sceptical as to the value of geological investigations.

It is now rather more than half a century since the cultivators of geology, abandoning mere arm-chair speculations as to the manner in which planets have been formed, applied themselves to the task of observing the structure of the earth as it exists, the materials of which its crust is composed, and the order in which these are arranged. Those who have marked the progress of the science during that period, cannot fail to have observed the numerous successful results which attended its practical application in the outset of its career, and the small number which have been achieved since it advanced beyond its robust childhood. In an Article in this Journal on the Memoirs of William Smith,* we enumerated some of these triumphs of applied geology. We are unable to call to mind more than two subsequent attempts to direct the study to similar objects of practical utility. One of these was the inquiry by the Commission with Sir Henry De la Beche at its head, respecting the best building stone to be used for the New Palace at Westminster—and even with that Smith was associated; the other was the discovery of the black-band ironstone by Mr. Mushet, to the great benefit of some landowners and iron masters in Scotland. What has been the cause of the exuberant harvest yielded by applied geology at one period and its poverty at another? Is the soil exhausted, or has its cultivation been abandoned? An answer may be found to these questions in the fact, that the early vota-

* See *North British Review*, No. VII.

ries of geology were practical men, and gave their researches an economic application—Werner to mining—Smith to mining, general engineering, and agriculture. Their successors have been philosophers and naturalists, whose favourite lines of research have been questions in geological dynamics, and in the ancient natural history of the earth. When practical men shall again become geologists, we may hope to see geology once more applied to practical purposes, as well as advanced in a more comprehensive point of view. The Government School of Mines promises to rear a race of future superintendents of mining operations who will make this use of the science which they acquire. For the instruction of the still more important agricultural class, no such public provision has yet been made, though the annual value of the agricultural produce of Great Britain is ten times that of its mines; and till the agricultural class shall have somewhat more largely imbibed the streams of science, we cannot expect much progress to be made in agricultural geology.

With Agriculture were connected the first efforts of Geology as a science of observation. In treating of the agriculture of any district, it is necessary to describe the areas which are occupied by different kinds of soil, rendering necessary the adoption of different systems of husbandry. In districts (of which Britain contains several) where the superficial deposits are either generally absent or only slightly developed, the variations of soil correspond more or less with the outcrops of the strata. The areas which these occupy were known long before it had been ascertained that they were the results of stratification and denudation. Hence we find, that so early as 1734, the outcrops of the strata of Kent—one of the districts least covered with the superficial deposits—had been described by Parke, in a treatise on the agriculture of that county, in such a manner as to render easy the subsequent construction of a geological county map. Hence we find Marshall, in describing the practice of agriculture in Norfolk in 1782, entering into disquisitions essentially geological; and hence it is that to the Board of Agriculture belongs the honour of having produced the first geological map of any part of England. Its first series of reports contains, on the testimony of Conybeare, very adequate geological maps of the North Riding of Yorkshire, of Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire, with a less accurate map of Devonshire. The report on Kent in 1796, and Maton's tour through the south-western counties, both contain geological maps of the districts described; and between that date and 1813, the same Board had given useful maps of Surrey, Berks, Bedford, Gloucester, Wilts, Lincoln, Durham, and Cheshire, besides publishing a second report on Derbyshire, by Farey, exclusively devoted to its mineralogy. Farey was a pupil of Smith; and several of the second series of the Board's

reports were drawn up by those to whom Smith's discoveries had been orally communicated. In 1790, he had commenced his investigations of the succession of strata. Ten years later he published a work on the same subject; and in the meantime manuscript copies of his Tabular View of the Strata and their Organic Contents were in circulation both in Britain and on the Continent. It was not till 1815, after many delays, that his map of England and Wales made its appearance; but the manuscript had been, in great part, prepared before those local maps of the Board of Agriculture, which are certainly the earliest *published* geological maps of any part of these islands.

The progress made in the science of geology by Smith's discoveries of the laws of stratification, and of the distribution of their organic remains, has perhaps tended to retard, for a time, its application to agriculture, by giving an undue importance to the theory of the substratal origin of soils, and by leading geologists away from practical investigations.

It was natural, too, that "Strata Smith" should be led, in his agricultural investigations, to take an exaggerated view of the connexion between the soil and the strata to which he owed his celebrity; and that having devoted a large portion of his attention to the study of oolitic districts, in which soils prevail which have been derived exclusively from the subjacent rock, he should have been led to draw conclusions too general from local phenomena. The construction, moreover, of geological maps, even of those on the largest scale yet constructed, renders necessary the adoption of a geological fiction. In order to represent the outcrops of the strata, it is necessary that all the superficial deposits should be supposed to be removed; and that the rock below them, which is nearest to the surface, should be assumed as the surface. It becomes necessary also to sink the mineral distinctions of the strata, and to include under one colour, a group of strata connected by the presence of a common group of fossils, however numerous may be the alternating silicious, argillaceous, and calcareous strata of which the group consists. To an assumption that soils are exclusively derived, not only from the strata immediately below them, but from those strata as represented on geological maps, the transition is so easy, that it would have been marvellous if it had not been made. From ignoring the geology of the surface on geological maps, we proceeded to ignore it in nature, and to treat of agricultural geology in the spirit of the strolling players who performed the tragedy of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet unavoidably omitted. The cultivated soil rarely exceeds a foot in depth, and is frequently much shallower. There are few operations of agriculture in which the subsoil is of much importance at a greater depth than seven feet. The instances are rare in which mineral manures are

raised from beneath an overburthen of more than twenty feet. The superficial deposits which are excluded from geological maps cover extensive areas, to depths varying from less than one foot to several hundreds of feet; and yet it has been long the fashion, among those who undertake to teach geology in its application to agriculture, to tell the farmers that the nature of the soil being given on one part of a geological formation, it is known for the whole; and that it is possible, by the mere inspection of a geological map, to announce the course of husbandry which will be found to prevail on the several districts represented on it. The intelligent farmer knows, however, that this is either not true, or a very rude approximation to the truth: and that within very small areas, on the same farm, and even in the same field, many varieties of *soil* occur of very different values, without any corresponding variation in the mineral character of the *rock* on which they rest. Is it surprising, then, that in a Farmers' Club the question should lately have been mooted, whether a knowledge of geology is of any advantage to the farmer, and that it should have been decided in the negative?

And yet the geology of agriculture is of the utmost value both to the owners and managers, and also to the cultivators of the soil. It aims at the establishment of a definite classification and nomenclature of soils, as a substitute for the local jargon, which deforms the best treatises on local agriculture, written by practical men. It aims at imparting a knowledge of the laws of the distribution of different sorts of soils. It aspires to the development of such a knowledge of the depth and composition of soils and subsoils, as will lead to the solution of the vexed questions, of the proper depth and distance of drains, and how superfluous moisture may best be removed, or water obtained when deficient. It aspires also to a knowledge of the distribution and composition of mineral manures, which afford the means of improving poor soils, and to the establishment of a general and precise nomenclature for them, as well as for soils, so that men in different districts shall understand what each is talking of when they use the terms clay and marl. It should be able to determine the respective influence on the soil exercised respectively by the rock formations and the superficial deposits; to discriminate between soils composed exclusively of the debris of the rocks on which they rest, and those in which the materials of several formations have been blended by aqueous transport. It should be able to afford assistance in the search for the best and cheapest materials for building, draining, and road making, objects of no small importance to the farmer; teaching him under what circumstances they may be sought with success beneath his own farm where their existence has not been suspected, and under what circumstances they may be obtained, in these

railway days, from a distance, of better quality, and at a cheaper rate, than that at which they can be procured nearer home. Lastly, it points out the indirect influence of geological structure on the value of land, by the industrial employments, of a non-agricultural character, to which the presence of certain strata gives rise, and the numerous consumers of agricultural produce which they cause to congregate in certain localities.

The investigations of agricultural geology should embrace, therefore, two distinct classes of facts—the composition and distribution of the *strata* of our geological maps, and the distribution and composition of the *superficial deposits* which are as yet unmapped. In the application of geology to agriculture, attention has hitherto been confined almost exclusively to the former. Attempts, however, have recently been made to return into the right path. Professor Johnston intimated, some years ago, that the time had arrived when agriculture required geological maps of her own—maps which should include the drifts as well as the rock formations. This hint was acted upon by the construction, in 1844, 1845, and 1846, of maps in which the variations of soil were laid down on the Ordnance sheets, of a large part of Norfolk, and a small part of Cardiganshire; and subsequently, by the publication of Proposals for a Private Geological Survey, specially directed to Agricultural objects. A new class of geological maps was proposed, in which the variations of soil and subsoil should be shewn, on the private maps of estates, with greater minuteness of detail than is attainable on the scale of any public maps, except the Tithe maps of England and Wales, and the Ordnance maps of Ireland, and of a few counties in the north of England and Scotland, which have been constructed on the scale of six inches to the mile.

The maps of the surface geology of Norfolk, and of part of Cardiganshire, were undertaken for the purpose of determining the extent to which the variations of soil are dependent on the strata of ordinary geological maps, and on the superficial deposits. It was found in each case, that, excluding the alluvial class, a great variety of soils—soils worth a rent of more than thirty shillings, and less than two shillings the acre,—were irregularly distributed over areas in which there were no variations of the mineral character of the strata; and in which, had they existed, ordinary geological maps would not have shewn them.

The first of these maps was constructed as the basis of a paper on the Geology of Norfolk in relation to its Agriculture, published in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Having attracted the notice of Sir Henry De la Beche, who so ably presides over the Government geological survey of Great Britain, that distinguished individual became anxious to

combine the mapping of the geology of the surface with that of the substrata carrying on at the public expense. This new branch of geological surveying was accordingly commenced in South Wales; but after a few hundreds of square miles had been mapped, yielding the same results which had been obtained in Norfolk, and shewing a great variety of soils dependent on contours, where the map of the strata exhibited nothing but the colour indicating lower Silurian slates, it was first suspended, and then finally abandoned, in consequence of the reluctance of the Government to supply the necessary funds.

Professor Johnston himself has subsequently constructed two maps of New Brunswick, the one geological, the other agricultural, in illustration of the agricultural capabilities of the province, published under the auspices of the local legislature. More recently, Mr. Mylne has brought out a contour map of the London District, on which the surface variations are, to a certain extent, denoted, together with the mineral characters of the different beds of clay, sand, and pebbles belonging to the eocene tertiary formation,

It must be obvious, that independently of the economic value of maps of the surface geology, they would be the means of collecting, recording, and generalizing a vast mass of facts, of the utmost importance, in the investigation of questions in theoretical geology, affecting the history of the period known by the vague denominations of pleistocene and post-tertiary. We would define this to be the period intervening between the close of the Norwich, or Mammalian Crag, and the disappearance of the great mammals, whose remains are so extensively entombed in the wide-spread ancient alluvia of the Thames, and of most other rivers of Europe and America. This epoch is highly interesting from its proximity to our own times, and because it involves the history of a terrestrial surface during a protracted period; whereas in the older strata we see little but marine deposits, with such scanty and obscure traces of the existence of neighbouring land, as leave a wide field open to conjecture respecting its condition.

The true method, then, of ascertaining the respective influence which the rock formations and the superficial deposits exercise on the character of the soil, is to map them; laying down the latter with as much minuteness of detail as possible, together with the mineral characters of the strata on which they rest, and which are grouped on ordinary geological maps under one colour, as representing a common assemblage of organic remains. The true method of investigating the nature of the operations by which the superficial deposits were formed, consists, likewise, in mapping them. Not only should the areas covered by drifts be laid down generally, but the varying depth

and composition of those deposits should be shewn. By no other method than by such a minute examination can we learn what portion of them was formed beneath the sea, and what on the surface of dry land; whether disconnected masses of them are separate drifts—be the meaning of “drifts” what it may—or fragmentary portions of a once continuous sheet; whether, after their desiccation and denudation, they were exposed to any subsequent aqueous operations; and if so, of what kind, whether marine or atmospheric—whether produced by forces of the same kind and intensity as those now in operation, or by forces of the same kind, but different in degree. By such a course of investigation we should advance from the known to the unknown. At present we make the passage by a bound. We examine carefully operations now in progress, we measure the effects of existing forces, and we labour to bring every part of the ancient strata into strict conformity with the results obtained; vaulting dexterously over the interval between the tertiary and the modern epoch, and over any anomalies which that interval presents. Two opposite errors have retarded our knowledge of this period,—overweening confidence on the part of some, that we are thoroughly acquainted with it, and a lazy despondency on the part of others, which suggests that the study of it is beset with difficulties so insuperable that it is hopeless to grapple with them. The one class think the problem solved when they have ascertained, on organic evidence, that during the later portion of the tertiary epoch there was a migration southwards of a northern fauna. The other class consider that the deposits of this era have been so broken up, and subjected to so many changes, that it is impossible to unite them into a continuous series. They would treat them like a geological puzzle, with the pieces of which they are well enough satisfied to amuse themselves, but which they will not take the trouble of putting together. We believe that those who will not shrink from this labour will find them as capable of being fitted into one another as the disjointed fragments of a dissected map. We speak from experience when we say, that it is impossible to lay down the detached portions of clay, sand, and gravel in any extensive district, without finding the process reduce to order what previously appeared a mass of confusion. It is equally impossible to perform the same operations in several widely distant districts, without discovering an identity of character—the thread of a common clue—pervading the whole, and without being convinced, that if the same mode of investigation were extended to the whole island, the most sceptical would be convinced that the separate drifts of some geologists are the results of a connected series of operations during an epoch of considerable duration.

In order to form some estimate of the importance, both economical and theoretical, of the superficial deposits, let us briefly trace their distribution over the northern hemisphere in general, and over the British Islands in particular; and let it be remembered, that when in the course of this survey we use the term erratic tertiaries it is to be understood as synonymous with the old term diluvium, and with the more modern term northern drift of some geologists and the "drifts" of others. In the north of Europe, from the White Sea to the German Ocean, beds of clay, sand, and gravel, accompanied by large boulders, which can be traced from their parent rocks in Lapland and Scandinavia, are spread over an area more than two thousand miles long, with a breadth varying between four hundred and eight hundred miles. They cover the whole of Belgium, Holland, and the north of Prussia, and occupy large tracts in Poland and eastern Russia. In Germany they approach, but do not actually reach, the fiftieth parallel of latitude. The boundary line of these erratics in Russia, as laid down by Sir Roderick Murchison, is very irregular. Its most southern point is between the sources of the Don and the Dnieper, where it extends to about N. Lat. 50°. It then ranges in a NE. direction to about E. Long. 57°, N. Lat. 61°, and then NW. to about E. Long. 48°, N. Lat. 64°. If any part of the British islands have been exempt from the operations of the erratic block period they are the steep escarpments of some ranges of hills and the lofty summits of others—the greater portion of the counties of Devon and Cornwall, the extreme south of Ireland, and the district south of the Thames—though even in these there are deposits of superficial gravel extensively distributed. In Britain, marine shells, generally in fragments, have been found in so many localities as to leave no doubt that a large portion of these deposits must have accumulated beneath the sea; and the species are such as to refer the beds in which they occur to that portion of the tertiary era which, in the nomenclature of Lyell, is denominated pleistocene, ninety-five per cent. of the molluscs belonging to species now living. There is evidence furnished by the forest of Cromer and Happisburgh, rooted in the mammalian crag, and buried beneath the whole mass of the erratic tertiaries, that this crag of the pliocene era had been converted into dry land, and had continued in that state for some time before it was submerged beneath the waters of the erratic sea. There is also evidence that the surface was inhabited by the mammoth, (*elephas primigenius*,) two species of rhinoceros, and other large pachyderms, of species now extinct, associated with others which cannot be distinguished by their solid parts from species still living.

On the Continent of Europe marine remains have been found but sparingly in these deposits, and that chiefly in Russia and

Scandinavia. Wherever found they are of the same tertiary age as those of Britain; and when we remember how long it was before marine shells were discovered in the erratic deposits of these islands, and the numerous localities in which they have of late years been brought to light, it is not unreasonable to expect similar results from a more careful examination of the erratic clay and sand of Germany and Poland.

Whether, with Agassiz, we regard the transport of blocks from the regions of the Alps, across the Lake of Geneva to the flanks of the Jura, as evidence of the former enormous extent of the existing glaciers which have retreated under a milder climate, within their present oscillating limits, or whether, with Sir R. Murchison, we consider that the change took place when the Alps lay beneath the sea, there is evidence that the dispersion of these erratics belongs to a very recent portion of the tertiary era.

In North America the erratic phenomena are developed on a magnificent scale, and extend further south than their most southern European limit. On the Atlantic border the continuous stratum of drift includes Long Island and Northern Pennsylvania. On the west it reaches the Ohio, but its gravel extends along the immediate valleys of the Delaware, Susquehanna, and Mississippi, to much more southern points. The equatorial regions are free from marine deposits containing large transported boulders, and the latitudes in the southern hemisphere, corresponding to those which in the northern hemisphere are covered with erratic deposits, lie chiefly beneath the sea; but Mr. Darwin has described a boulder deposit in Patagonia of similar characters to that of Europe and North America.

There is a remarkable coincidence in the heights to which the erratic phenomena in Europe and America extend. Such deposits are found on the Valdai Hills, the highest ground in European Russia, a thousand feet above the sea. In Wales marine shells have been found at an elevation of nearly 1392 feet, in sand and gravel, accompanied by granitic and other pebbles, derived from the north and west, and some of them from lower levels. Fifteen hundred feet appears to be about the limit of erratic blocks on the central ridge of England.

In Lancashire, Cheshire, Shropshire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire, marine remains are extensively distributed at heights varying from the sea level and below it to six and seven hundred feet above it. In Canada seven hundred feet—in the neighbourhood of Montreal—is the greatest height at which they have been observed, but northern blocks of considerable size have been seen in New York and Northern Pennsylvania a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above their parent rocks. Scratched and grooved and polished surfaces of rock occur at all altitudes from the beds of the valleys, and over the whole broad plain of

the lake district to the summits of the highest mountains of New England and New York. Professor Hitchcock has even observed them three thousand and four thousand feet above the sea.

The rocks of Britain form an epitome of those of the world. By mapping the areas occupied by the outcrops of the strata of England and Wales, as they emerge from beneath one another, and by observing their fossil contents, an order of stratification was determined, which holds good for the remotest regions yet explored by the geologist. It has proved that the same groups of fossils hold the same relative position to one another in the vertical series, in the Appalachian chain, the Ural, the Himalaya, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, which they hold in the mountains of Wales or Westmoreland, the oolitic Cotswolds, or the chalk ranges of the Wolds and the Chilterns. In like manner, the erratic deposits of Britain exhibit a miniature representation of those of the north of Europe and America, and such a knowledge of them as is only to be obtained by the same patient and laborious research which has been bestowed on the rock formations, could not fail to lead to a general solution of the most important practical and theoretical problems connected with the geology of the surface. The erratic phenomena of Russia and America are but a repetition, on a more extensive scale, of those which had been previously described, and can be more conveniently studied, in Britain.

To the erratic deposits of Britain we would, therefore, now direct the reader's attention, tracing them also over Ireland, but more particularly over South Britain. In the course of our survey we shall point out the most remarkable peculiarities by which they are characterized, we shall notice the progress of opinions respecting them, and indicate the views to which, as according best with the greatest number of facts, we have been led by much personal observation of these deposits in England, Wales, and Ireland; lastly, we shall cast a rapid glance over the distribution of soils in England, as laid down by agricultural authorities, pointing out how their descriptions, meagre as they are, corroborate our views respecting the great variety of soils which are found in every formation, while they are independent of mineral variations in the rocks themselves.

Commencing in the extreme north, we find, in geological descriptions of the Ultima Thule of Caithness, notices of boulder clay and northern erratics. On the coast of Inverness, Mr. Miller describes large tracts of rounded hills and scratched and polished rocks, as evidence that the country was once wrapped in a winding-sheet of ice. The erratic deposits mantle other parts of the Scottish coast, and extend into the valleys of the interior, covering such polished surfaces, and often imparting comparative fertility to barren districts, which must have been

more barren but for them. They contain, locally, marine pleistocene shells, which are generally distributed irregularly through them in a fragmentary state, but are occasionally disposed in regular beds, indicating tranquil deposit, where the animals had lived. These regular beds generally cover the till or boulder-clay, but have occasionally been found in the midst of it. In most districts overspread with the erratic tertiaries, the present physical features appear to have been generally established before those deposits were formed. The direction of the principal chains of hills has greatly influenced their distribution, though it is not wholly subordinate to it. The main lines of drift are parallel to the ranges of hills, but have crossed them at some points, always the lowest passes which they present. A central ridge—the great Penine chain—ranges from the Tyne to the Trent. The comparatively low ground between this chain, the Cotswolds on the east, and the Welsh mountains and the Malverns on the west, is covered with deep accumulations of clay, sand, and gravel, associated with pleistocene marine shells, large boulders, and smaller fragments of granitic and other rocks, derived from the Scottish Border, from the Lake region of the north of England, and from the Isle of Man and Ireland.

Again, on the eastern side of the Penine chain, are several other lines of drift, having a direction chiefly from north and east. One of these covers the eastern slopes of the chalk from the district of Holderness in Yorkshire, through Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, interrupted, however, by the alluvial tracts of the Humber, the Wash, and the Yare, to the northern skirts of the valley of the Thames near Hampstead. In these deposits boulders of granite and other crystalline rocks occur, which must have been derived from the east of Scotland and from Scandinavia, mixed with much fragmentary matter from the subjacent and neighbouring chalk and oolites. The minor features of hill and valley have, in this district, influenced the distribution of the transported matter; for, from the increase of oolitic fragments westward up the valley of the Waveney and Little Ouse, it is evident that they came in that direction from the oolitic ridges on the west; and, on the other hand, in valleys closed at one end, the foreign matter has not penetrated in force beyond their middle regions, the detritus of their upper portions being chiefly derived from the bounding rocks. There is farther evidence of detritus borne from the west, blending with that derived from the north-east, in the blocks of Cumbrian granite lodged on the Eastern Moorlands and Wolds of Yorkshire, which have crossed the Penine chain at one point.

Between the western escarpment of the chalk and the slopes of the great oolitic range there is another line of drift, in which the materials are chiefly local, and derived from the chalk and

oolites, but a few northern pebbles have been found in it. There is a third line of drift from the north, covering the lias and new red sandstone, on the west of the great oolitic escarpment. Its northern portions contain some of those Cumbrian erratics which have crossed the Penine chain; its southern portions in the counties of Rutland, Leicester, and Warwick exhibit other detritus, having a western origin. Those counties are covered to a great depth with gravel, often constituting decided hills, and containing fragments of almost every rock in England, among which those of the oolites prevail. Next in abundance are fragments of a peculiar quartz rock, derived from the Lickey range, near Bromsgrove. The history of these quartzose pebbles is curious. Their parent rock was an altered Silurian sandstone, of the Lower Lickey and of the Wrekin. Fragments of it, rolled by ordinary marine action, to smooth pebbles, had been imbedded in a conglomerate of the new red sandstone, forming the Upper Lickey. This conglomerate having been broken up by the operations of the erratic period, and mixed with angular and partially worn fragments of the local rocks, forms a gravel which is extensively spread over the Midland counties, particularly about Cannock Chase in Staffordshire, and Coleshill, east of Birmingham. It has also accumulated in large quantities at the base of the great oolitic escarpment near Shipston-on-Stour, in Warwickshire, and near Moreton in the Marsh, in Gloucestershire. The foreign pebbles in this gravel consist of gneiss, which must have come either from Norway or Scotland; of flinty slate, white quartz, and porphyry, which may have come either from the mountains of Wales or from Charnwood Forest. Dr. Buckland found, near Moreton in the Marsh, fragments of red chalk and of a peculiar hard and white chalk, both of which must have been derived from Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. In the gravel of the Midland counties we have thus fragments drifted from the north and east, mixed with others drifted from the north and west. The mixed materials have crossed the oolitic range at a few of its lowest points, and have spread over the table lands of the middle and upper oolites, bordering the valley of the Thames in the neighbourhood of Oxford. They have also been carried down the valleys of the Evenlode and Cherwell into that of the Thames, within which they have been traced, mixed, as they have advanced, with the debris of each succeeding formation, to the gravel-pits of Hyde Park. The larger portion of the gravel of the immediate neighbourhood of London consists of flints derived from the chalk.

The erratic tertiaries throughout the district above described consist of two deposits—the till or boulder clay of the lower erratics, and the gravel and sand of the upper erratics. The boulder clay deviates most from the normal condition of the

tertiary strata. Its peculiarities consist in the intermixture of foreign and local detritus, in a base of clay, which varies in colour from that of the neighbouring rocks from which it has been derived,—in the great size of some of the imbedded fragments—their irregular distribution—their general angular unrolled condition—the polish and scratching confined, in some specimens, to one side, in others found more or less on several, and those chiefly the broadest faces—the presence of marine shells—their general broken and disturbed condition—the absence of molluscan borings on the calcareous detritus imbedded in it and on the calcareous rocks beneath it—the absence of marine incrustations on the non-calcareous rocks and detritus—the general absence, though there are exceptions, of beds of shells, with the two valves united, following laminæ of stratification, and indicating deposit on the spots where the animals had lived. To these must be added the polished, scratched, and grooved surface of the rocks beneath it, or their shattered state, resembling the effects of an ancient weathering before the boulder clay was deposited; both conditions being frequently found within a few yards of each other in the same section. Weathered masses of slate in some districts, and of fragmentary chalk in others, have been lifted up and deposited in the midst of this clay unabraded and unmixed with other detritus, and without disturbance of the vertical position of the joints and planes of cleavage. Such masses are also occasionally enveloped in the gravel and sand of the upper erratics, in and upon which large blocks derived from a distance are scattered. The upper erratics possess these two features in common with the lower. In other respects they conform more to the type of the ordinary tertiary strata—in their alternating beds, the more rolled condition of their smaller detritus, and their oblique lamination, or false bedding, indicating the pushing action of water.

Marine pleistocene shells have been found both in the upper and lower erratics in numerous localities from Preston, in Lancashire, to a few miles south of Worcester, on one side of the Welsh mountains; to St. David's Head, on the other; and up to the very edge of the Penine chain. They have also been found, in both upper and lower erratics, but chiefly the latter, in the deposits on the east of the chalk range bordering the German Ocean, in Yorkshire, and Norfolk. They have not yet been detected in the gravel of the Midland counties.

The boulder clay of the lower erratics occurs, on the coast, at and below the sea-level, gradually creeping, in the interior, up to heights which may be estimated at about eight hundred feet. At greater elevations, the peculiar causes which produced it appear to have ceased, and to have been succeeded by those modifications of marine action which produced the gravel and

sand of the upper erratics. At greater heights, which may be about two thousand feet, both classes of phenomena disappear; and we have peaks of bare rocks surrounded by masses of their own ruins, in the form of angular blocks. Blocks of the same kind, having their surface more or less scored, are arranged at intervals in terraces between these naked peaks and the upper limits of the upper erratics.

The transport of erratic blocks having a distant origin over great irregularities of surface—one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the erratic tertiaries—is well exemplified in the Lake region of the north of England, where the marked characters of some of the rocks render their detritus easy of identification, while the limited and well-defined area from which they have been derived precludes mistake as to the direction in which they have been transported. The easily recognised granite and syenite of Shap Fells and Carrock Fell have been transported chiefly along the lines of depression between the Penine chain and the mountains from which the blocks have been derived, though they have crossed the former at one point. In their course along the low grounds they have in some cases followed the present lines of drainage, but independently of the present levels; more frequently, however, crossing them. They have travelled northwards down the Vale of Eden to Carlisle, where they are mixed with boulders which have come southwards across the Solway Firth. They have gone westward, along the depression at the northern extremity of the Penine chain, caused by the Tynedale fault, to the mouth of the Tyne, though that river and its tributaries have not their sources in the Cumbrian Mountains. The north and south range of the Penine chain has presented, in general, an obstacle to their passage eastward, and has caused them to be drifted in immense quantities southwards, by Lancaster and the narrow tract between the mountains and the sea, into the plain of the new red sandstone, over which they have spread into the Valley of the Severn at Worcester and the Valley of the Trent near Stafford, crossing in their passage the lines of the Lune, Ribble, Weaver, Mersey, and Dee. Those blocks which have been borne, not in the direction of the valleys, but across them, have first crossed the ridge of Orton and the Vale of Eden, and this valley must have existed not only before their dispersion, but before the formation of the new red sandstone, because horizontal strata of that rock occupy its bottom. The point at which they have crossed the Penine chain is the pass of Stainmoor, the lowest portion of that ridge opening directly to the west, and facing the Cumbrian Mountains. From this summit, which is 1500 feet above the sea, as from a new centre, they have pursued their course in various directions, descending the eastern slopes of the Pen-

ine chain into the Valley of the Tees, which they have followed to the coast at Redcar and into the Vale of York, which they have traversed southwards to the Humber. The oolitic ridge of the Eastern Moorlands, and the chalk ridge of the Wolds, have opposed, on a minor scale, obstacles to their passage eastward similar to those presented at the outset of their course by the Penine Chain. These have been surmounted, in a similar manner, at the lowest points of those ranges. Blocks of Shap Fells granite, which have thus reached the German Ocean at high levels, and lie on the oolite at Scarborough and the chalk at Flamborough Head, attest, like those in the vales of Tees and York at lower levels, an interlacing of lines of drift from the north and west, with others from the north and east, similar to that which has been described in the case of the gravel of the Midland counties.

In Wales the northern and western erratics and marine shells are confined to the skirts of the chain. They have not been transported into the valleys of the interior. In them, however, there are considerable accumulations of local detritus, with scratched and polished fragments, and rock surfaces similar to those associated with the boulder clay of the flanks of the chain, which is undoubtedly of marine origin, from the presence of marine shells.

In whatever manner these detrital masses of the interior may have been formed, they bear evident marks of having been arranged under water, and of transport outwards. There are also on the skirts of the chain, at the mouths of the great valleys, situations from which the boulder clay appears to have been removed, and replaced by detritus carried outwards. It is important that these facts should be borne in mind, because a period of subsidence, under a sea having the power of transporting detritus derived from great distances, would be the period of the accumulation of the erratic deposits, and of their transport inwards, while the subsequent period of elevation would be that of denudation, and of outward transport.

The eastern coast of Ireland is fringed with deposits similar to those of Wales, containing detritus which proves transport from the north; but nothing which can be identified as having an eastern origin. Among the fragments indicating transport from the north, are those of the peculiar hard chalk of the county of Antrim, which has been traced in the erratic deposits from its source in the north, to Wexford in the south. It has also been found in the boulder clay of the extreme point of Carnarvonshire, and in South Wales near St. David's Head. The whole of Ireland is covered, more or less, with deposits of detritus, borne from north to south, and presenting the same mode of distribution, and the same general characters, which have been

described in England. Pleistocene marine shells have been found in many parts of these Irish tertiaries; the most remote from the sea being in the heart of the county of Cavan. The most southern points of Kerry exhibit those grooves and scratches, which some geologists, who do not consider this part of Ireland to have been submerged during the pleistocene era, refer, nevertheless, to the action of ice, either terrestrial or marine.

Such are the erratic tertiaries of Britain, long known by the name of diluvium, and more recently by that of northern drift. By comparing them with the condensed description of the erratic deposits of North America, given by Professor H. Rogers, in one of the works which we have placed at the head of this Article, an almost perfect identity will be perceived, as regards the state of the rocky surface beneath them; the distribution of the bouldered materials; the condition of the land as to level at the time of their dispersion; and the epoch and duration of the causes which produced it.

The progress of opinion respecting these wide-spread and comparatively modern deposits, is worth tracing, as affording evidence that no department of geology has been made the sport of so much crude speculation, and hasty generalisation; and that in none are more difficult and interesting questions remaining unsolved, which demand for their solution long and patient investigation.

Hutton taught that these detrital deposits were the results of atmospheric erosion on a subaerial surface; and that their transport to situations beyond the influence of existing streams, had been effected by the shifting of river beds, and the bursting of lakes. Sir James Hall was the first to observe the furrows on the surface of the rocks beneath them, which he attributed to the action of currents of extraordinary energy, the direction of which he inferred from the direction of the furrows. Smith was the first to point out the distinction between the loose covering of gravel, sand, clay, and boulders so named, and the regular fossiliferous strata. The latter had been long regarded as proofs of the Noachian deluge; and when the discoveries of Smith, which proved that they represented a number of successive sea-bottoms, and a number of successive organic creations, gave a death-blow to these views, it was not surprising that the deposits so extensively distributed as those of the erratic period, and attributed, with much apparent probability, to extraordinary marine action, should be regarded as monuments of an event recorded in Scripture, and of which the memory remains in the traditions of all nations. This form of the diluvial hypothesis acquired popularity from the "*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*" of Buckland, with whom

the term diluvium originated; and received the sanction of Cuvier. Its popularity, however, was of short duration. As the tertiary strata became better known, it was discovered that between the most recent with which Cuvier was acquainted, and that deposit which he attributed to a transient irruption of the sea, a long series of strata intervened, now known as the tertiaries of the miocene and pliocene epochs, representing a considerable lapse of time, and testifying, by their organic contents, both of molluscs and mammals, a gradual passage from the eocene to the existing fauna and flora. It became evident, also, that the tertiary deposits of this age, both marine and fluviatile, with all gravel beds in all parts of the world, had been erroneously included in the so called diluvium.

In the face of these facts, the most strenuous supporters of the diluvial origin of the superficial deposits, rapidly abandoned it. By some they were considered to belong, not to one, but to many epochs, and to have been shot off the flanks of mountain chains, at successive periods of elevation; those of different epochs having become so blended as to render their discrimination impossible. By others, attempts were made to return to the Huttonian doctrine, respecting the subaerial origin of these deposits, together with the sounder views of that school, which explained the phenomena of the stratified rocks, their association with unstratified and crystalline masses, their consolidation and elevation, to the combined operations of the aqueous and igneous forces now in operation.

About this time marine shells, nearly all of existing species, began to be discovered in the superficial deposits; first in North Wales, at an elevation of nearly 1392 feet above the sea, and subsequently, in the various parts of England and Ireland, which have been already indicated. The diluvialists had often been asked, why, if the diluvium had been formed by an irruption of the ocean, it contained no marine remains, and why its fossils should be exclusively those of the land? They had been reminded, too, that in a deposit, which they supposed to have been formed within the human period, no human remains or works of art had ever been discovered; that the bones of land animals contained in it were chiefly those of extinct species, and that in the Scriptural account of the deluge, there is nothing to warrant the belief that it was of that violent character, or produced such a change on the surface of the earth, as their hypothesis required.

The discovery of marine remains, belonging to a very recent epoch, in the erratic deposits produced, therefore, a modified diluvial hypothesis, among those who were aware of the peculiar characters by which they are distinguished. The diluvium was

supposed to have resulted from marine action, of a violent and transient kind, upon a terrestrial surface, but prior to the existence of the human race. About the same time evidence was collected, that in the British islands and many other parts of the world, a considerable elevation of the land had taken place, not only since the neighbouring seas were inhabited by molluscs of existing species, but since they were inhabited by the same groups of existing molluscs as those now established in the vicinity. With these raised beaches which belong to an epoch still more recent than the erratic, the opponents of the modified, as well as of the original diluvial hypothesis, confounded those erratic deposits which contain marine remains. They all now became raised beaches, and instead of a universal ocean without shore—*pontus undique undique mare*—we had now a universal shore without any deep water deposits, and without sea bottoms possessing the characters generally appealed to as proofs of ordinary marine action of long duration. Both parties were in some measure right, and in some measure wrong. The diluvialists were right in maintaining the peculiar characters which distinguish the erratic tertiaries from raised beaches and the tertiary beds of other epochs, and in pointing out the evidence of a previous terrestrial surface over which they had been spread; but they were wrong in the nature of the agencies to which they ascribed those peculiarities. Their opponents were wrong in denying those peculiarities, in dwelling exclusively on the characters which the erratic deposits possess in common with other tertiary strata, and in shutting their eyes to the evidence of the pliocene terrestrial surface which they covered.

To the diluvial succeeded the glacial hypothesis of Agassiz, founded on the study of the glaciers of the Alps, their powers as transporters of detritus, their effects in grinding and polishing the rocks over which they pass, and the evidence which they have left of former extension beyond their present limits. Playfair appears to have been the first, as long ago as 1816, to ascribe the transport of the erratic blocks on the Jura, to the agency of glaciers, which once stretched across the Lake of Geneva and the plains of Switzerland. Venetz, who had collected evidence of the oscillations of the Swiss glaciers in historic times, was the first publicly to maintain the same doctrine in Switzerland. Warmly supported by De Charpentier, this doctrine was extended by Agassiz, as an explanation of the erratic phenomena to other regions in which it is less applicable—Britain, the north of Europe and America; and since his residence in America, he still applies it to the wide-spread erratic deposits of that country. On his hypothesis the whole northern hemisphere, if not the whole world, was covered by a vast cere-

cloth of ice, a universal glacier, moving by the force of expansion over all kinds of surfaces, and even up steep acclivities. The extinct mammals were supposed to have been frozen to death, and the melting of the ice to have produced enormous debacles which modified and dispersed the moraines or accumulated debris of the glaciers.

The attention directed to the subject by the views of this great naturalist, led to a controversy respecting the cause of glacier motion, which is generally considered to have been proved by the investigations of Professor James Forbes to be of the nature of a viscous fluid, or a semi-fluid mass, requiring at least the same fall in the surface over which it moves as water would have required. Dr. Buckland was among the first to espouse the glacial hypothesis of Agassiz, and to recognise as moraines, and the friction of terrestrial ice, phenomena in Wales and Scotland, which he had long ascribed to the action of violent currents of water. Sir Charles Lyell also accepted it as a satisfactory explanation of deposits in Scotland in which he had previously seen only the effects of ordinary marine action. The presence, however, of marine shells, in so large a portion of the so-called moraines of Britain, excluded terrestrial glaciers as an agent of more than limited application there. The opponents of the glacial views of Agassiz, and among them Mr. Darwin, who, while engaged with the exploring expedition in the South Pacific, had enjoyed many opportunities of observing the action of floating icebergs, insisted on marine ice as being equally capable with terrestrial glaciers of polishing and scoring the surface of rocks. That shattered condition of the rocks, which we have elsewhere spoken of as an accompaniment of the polishing, and which had long before been pointed out and urged as proof of an ancient weathering and a terrestrial surface, he ascribed to the battering of ice against a rocky coast, and though, while re-examining phenomena in Wales, previously described by others, he attributed them chiefly to glacio-marine action, he recognised the deeper grooves on bare surfaces in the valleys radiating from Snowdon, as the effects of terrestrial glaciers, which he supposed to have been one of the principal agents in sweeping the marine deposits out of those valleys, leaving only disconnected patches of them in protected situations.

In the meantime the arctic character of the erratic pleistocene shells—the identity of the species found in deposits of that sea in Sweden, with those of North America, and their difference as a group from those now inhabiting the Scandinavian seas—indications of the former wide extension of a boreal ocean, had been established by Mr. Smith of Jordan-Hill, Sir Charles Lyell, and others. Professor Edward Forbes had also pointed

out the first appearance of a few arctic forms, in our latitudes, during the miocene epoch, their increase in the pliocene, and their maximum development during the pleistocene. The evidence afforded by the mammalian remains of the true erratic period, is to the same effect. Reindeer, marmots, gluttons, and bears in prodigious quantities, with other animals which at present only live in snowy regions, then extended themselves over the whole of Western Europe, in countries where it would be impossible for them now to exist, or where the present conditions of climate so uncongenial to their habits and constitutions, would only permit them to exist in very small numbers. The presence of the species of elephant and rhinoceros which accompany them, is by no means an argument against the existence of a much colder climate in the temperate latitudes at that period, since they belonged to species no longer existing, and the preservation of their entire carcasses, in the frozen cliffs bordering the Arctic Sea, covered with a thick coat of hair and wool, proves them to have possessed an organisation capable of sustaining the rigours of a northern climate. The character, moreover, of their dentition has been shewn by Professor Owen to have been such as would enable them to subsist on the vegetation which such a climate must have produced.

Though there exists so much evidence, physical and palæontological, that a climate colder than our present one prevailed in these latitudes, during the pleistocene era, there are still some geologists who discard ice altogether, or allow it to perform a very subordinate part.

According to them, waves of translation produced the erratic deposits. Mr. Hopkins of Cambridge, reasoning from the experimental deductions of Mr. Scott Russell on the properties of waves, has shewn that there is no difficulty in accounting for a current moving at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, if paroxysmal elevation of the bed of the ocean, amounting to one or two hundred feet be granted,—that a current of twenty miles an hour would move a block of 320 tons, and that a very moderate increase of velocity would be capable of effecting the transport—beneath the sea—of the largest blocks which have any where been found in the erratic deposits. By such waves of translation, produced by a rise of the floor of the arctic ocean, while the regions of Europe now covered with the erratics lay beneath the sea, Sir R. Murchison explains the transport of the great mass of the erratic matter, and supposes the blocks derived from Norway and Sweden to have been floated on ice, but he does not assert for these waves of translation power to waft such blocks to the situations where they are now found, if the land were then above the level of the sea. On the other hand,

Professor H. Rogers of Pennsylvania, dissatisfied with the explanation of the grooved and polished surfaces having been produced by the agency of grounding icebergs, and arguing against the permanent submergence of the American continent from the general absence of marine shells, except in certain localities, and at comparatively low levels, has appealed to the enormous erosive power which a thick and ponderous sheet of angular fragments of rock would possess if driven forward, at a high velocity, under the waters of a deep and general inundation, excited and kept in motion by an energetic upheaval and undulation of the earth's crust, during an era of earthquake motion. Such agency he conceives would be adequate to produce all the results which the erratic deposits present, to rip off the outcrops of the harder strata, to grind down and strew wide their fragments, to polish and groove the surface, and, gathering energy from resistance, to sweep over the highest mountains.

Having once advocated similar views, we have observed, during a more extended study of the erratic deposits, so many indications of successive deposit, as appear incompatible with such an origin, and to render necessary a resort to some other explanation than that of violent and transient action, or even a long series of such paroxysmal action, to account for the peculiar character of the erratic tertiaries, even now that waves of translation, moving huge blocks beneath the sea, have been proved to be in accordance with the laws of dynamics. To waves of translation, even thus limited, and to the motion of semifluid masses of mud down an inclined plane, as suggested by Mr. Mallet, this important objection occurs, that such movements of the ocean bed as they suppose, if admitted as geological agents, must have happened repeatedly during the formation of the stratified rocks; whereas the facts which we are called upon to explain are confined to a peculiar epoch.

Those who invoke most largely the aid of marine ice for the formation of the erratic tertiaries, appear to confine their views too much to the action of icebergs floating from northern regions into our latitudes at the same average annual rate as at present, and under existing conditions of climate, and to think only of the *elevation* of a sea-bed thus strewn with erratic blocks. This is a part, but only one part of the history, and applicable to the upper rather than the lower erratics. The action of shore ice on *sinking* land, the effects of an arctic climate in modifying ordinary atmospheric and marine action, the nature of a littoral deposit of an arctic sea, and the point in geological time at which the transport of erratic blocks commenced, have not received the attention which they deserve. The two opposite characters present in the erratic tertiaries, those by which they differ from the

other tertiary strata, and those by which they resemble them, as well as the peculiarities by which the upper and lower erratics are distinguished from each other, appear to be best explained by the theory which connects the gradual advance of an arctic climate southwards, during the subsidence of pliocene land, with its retreat northwards during a subsequent period of elevation,—the subsidence and re-elevation commencing in each case from the north. The submergence of pliocene land is not a mere hypothesis. It is proved by the forest of the Norfolk coast, rooted on the mammalian crag, and covered by the erratic tertiaries. It is proved on the western side of the island by the pleistocene deposits of the vicinity of Cefn Cave in Denbighshire, which have entered it through a fissure in the rock, and cover the mammalian remains deposited in hollows in the irregular floor, where they are mixed with river pebbles and fragments of wood thrown in when the Elwy flowed at a different level.

The narratives of the polar voyages furnish incidentally, and solely with reference to the navigation, many instructive details respecting the modifications of marine and atmospheric action, produced by an arctic climate, with which we may advantageously compare the peculiarities exhibited by the erratic tertiaries. We learn from those narratives that an extreme paucity of shells is one characteristic of the seas of such high latitudes as Melville Island and the northern coast line of the American continent: and our examination of the erratic deposits shews shells to be most abundant in those beds which belong to their commencement and their close. The intermediate position is marked by such an absence of them, over great areas, and through a great depth of strata, that it has been used, as we have said, by Professor Rogers as an argument against any but transient marine action. We would ascribe it in part to the greater rigour of the climate during the middle period, or period of greatest depression. We learn also from the polar voyages, that the ice is fixed to the coast during the greater part of the year; and that during the brief summer its motions are extremely irregular, and influenced more by winds than by tides. We are told how it suddenly drifts with the wind into the offing, and as suddenly returns, in the course of a few hours, grinding against the coast, or stranding upon shoals, and thus furnishing machinery for that peculiar polishing and scratching of rocks and detritus, which characterize the erratic tertiaries. We learn, too, that these capricious motions of the ice are subordinate to a strong under-current flowing steadily from the north. We find what might have been expected in seas loaded with ice, and consequently free from breakers, that mud, which in ordinary cases is a deep water deposit, is in the seas of high northern latitudes, charac-

teristic of the vicinity of land, and of situations in which sand and shingle would accumulate under milder climates. Of the soundings in the voyages of Parry and Ross, in which the nature of the bottom is stated, we find that from seventy to eighty per cent. are on mud or mud and stones, the exceptional cases being in the comparatively open seas of Davis's and Behring's Straits.

With regard to the atmospheric action of an arctic climate on the land, we read numerous descriptions of surfaces covered for miles to the depth of a foot and more with angular fragments detached from the rock on which they lie—of blocks constantly rolling from the face of cliffs, and accumulating in a talus at their base,—and of large upright masses, rising like pillars and stacks of chimneys from frost-shaken rocks resembling loose walls, and surrounded by heaps of their own ruins.

The land thus strewed with angular fragments is covered with snow from October to May. On the commencement of the thaw the partially-melted snow freezes into a cake of ice. In some situations, and in cold summers, this is the utmost extent of the thawing process. As the snow continues to melt, the beds of ravines, dry at other times, become suddenly filled with furious torrents, of shorter or longer duration, as the land in the vicinity is high or low. High land, from the greater accumulation of snow, supplies an incessant flow of water during the whole of the short summer; while, on low land, the streams run themselves dry in less than six weeks, and the surface of the ground becomes parched and cracked with drought. Can machinery be devised better calculated than this for the production of the peculiar characters of the till or boulder-clay?

We have mud depositing near the shore, angular detritus produced in abundance on the land and ice, in which it would be imbedded during the early part of the thaw. It might slide thus, set in ice, down slopes, and be floated over level surfaces, making its passage to the sea by successive stages, presenting different surfaces at different times to the polishing and scratching action of small fragments frozen into the ice; and, finally, it might be hurled into the sea, still set in ice, so as to preserve the scratches unobliterated by being rolled in the bed of the torrent. The greater portion of the marine ice melts during the summer. There are situations, however, where, during a succession of cold seasons, it remains fixed to the coast for several years. Whether thus fixed, or grinding against the coast during its fickle summer motions, it must receive a vast quantity of detritus. It would receive it in various states, some polished and scratched in the manner above described, some more or less rolled in the torrents which hurried it into the sea, some abraded by the wash of the sea over the ice. Heaps of the angular debris of such

rocks as the softer slates, the chalk, and the oolites, would be borne from different parts of the coast, and drifting about in the melting ice, would be dropped, as we find them in the boulder-clay, in some cases side by side, in large unmixed masses, in others, in detached fragments, dispersed through the mud.

Regarding the boulder-clay as a littoral deposit, the sinking of the land, during its formation, will explain the greater altitudes at which it occurs in the interior than in the coast. As the subsidence continued, the previous coast line, broken by islands and promontories, would be converted into an open sea, in which boulders and heaps of detritus from remote quarters would still continue to be occasionally dropped. The most recent portions of the upper erratics would therefore differ from the lower, in part from being formed in a more open sea, and in part from the mitigated rigour of the climate at the close of the glacial period. When the amount of depression reached to about two thousand feet, only the summits of our higher mountains would remain above the sea as small scattered islands, which, on the commencement of the movement of elevation, would be left as masses of frost-shaken rock, surrounded by heaps of their own angular ruins, the very conditions which our mountain peaks now exhibit. As the elevation continued, large portions of the sand and gravel of the upper erratics would be removed from higher to lower levels, forming terraces of rolled materials, in the situations where we find them, bordering the great lines of drainage at various heights. Large areas of the lower erratics would be exposed by the denuding process, and would be partially covered by outlying patches of the upper sand and gravel; while along the great lines of drainage, the two would be almost entirely removed, and the subjacent rocks exposed. Out of these combined operations would arise all that irregularity of distribution which appears to be one of the prevailing characteristics of the erratic deposits. Our higher mountains would be clothed with glaciers both during the subsidence and elevation. Those of the latter period, as suggested by Mr. Darwin, may have assisted in clearing the great valleys of the marine deposits, and may have left those deep grooves on the rocky surface, which conform to the course of the valleys.

The contorted state of Cromer Cliffs have long presented difficulties to which the narratives of the polar voyagers appear to offer a satisfactory solution. The conditions to be explained are remarkable, and preclude the idea of their having resulted from a force acting from below. The contorted strata consist of laminated beds of the upper erratics occupying hollows in the boulder-clay. Beneath them are strata of crag and chalk, in their original horizontal position. There are also

many serious objections to the contortions having been caused by the ploughing action of grounding icebergs. Sir Edward Parry found, however, a stratum of compact blue ice fixed ten feet below the water for several miles along the coast of Melville Island, the remains, as he supposed, of floes driven on shore by the heavy pressure of large ice fields, and remaining fixed in the viscous mud. To ice thus fixed and covered with marine deposits, afterwards laid dry by elevation, he attributed the phenomenon of underground ice in cold countries. Laminated beds of the upper erratics, accumulated over such masses, would subside, as the ice melted, on the return of a milder climate, into the cavity which it had previously occupied, and the walls of clay bounding the cavity being squeezed together, under the pressure of three or four hundred feet of strata, acting laterally in the vicinity of the cavities or weak places, like the creep in coal mines, would produce, with the aid of irregularities in the upper and under surface of the ice, every variety of contorted strata which the cliffs of the Norfolk coast exhibit.

If the gradual submergence of the land proceeded from north to south, the erratic deposits would be the deepest in the northern parts of the island, and at some southern point, where the climatal conditions precluded the formation of boulder-clay as a littoral deposit, the upper erratics would overlap or extend beyond the lower. Here, again, the theory is the expression of facts, for the boulder-clay does not extend beyond the northern confines of the valley of the Thames; but the chalk and eocene tertiaries, south of that river, are covered with thin beds of a peculiar subangular gravel, which may be considered as a modification of the upper erratics of the northern district, though some geologists, in the absence of marine remains to define the age of this gravel, refer it to an older portion of the tertiary era.

The history of the pleistocene epoch does not terminate with the elevation of the erratic tertiaries; neither are their accumulation and denudation the only operations which have modified the influence of the rock formations on the soil. In every district to which our observations have extended, tabular hills, up to an elevation of somewhat less than one thousand feet, are covered with a thin film of soil, of different composition from the bed on which it rests, whether that bed belong to the erratic, tertiary, or to older strata exposed by denudation. On clays it is more sandy, on sands more clayey than the subjacent bed. It deepens, from less than six inches, on summits and at the heads of valleys, to four or five feet and more near the coast. It is composed, in some cases, of finely divided matter, forming a deep loam. It contains, in others, alternating seams and collections of fragments derived from different neighbouring forma-

tions which imply aqueous transport. In others it is wholly replaced by angular or very slightly worn debris. In some cases it abounds with large angular fragments, which must have required for their transport forces of greater intensity than ordinary atmospheric action. It is not a mere talus, for it is spread over table lands, as well as at the base of cliffs. It is the principal cause of those variations of soil within small areas, and without corresponding changes in the mineral character of the rock on which they rest, which are found, whenever reduced to order by mapping them, to be dependent on contours. The geologist who first drew attention to this deposit called it the "warp of the drift," or "erratic warp," from a belief that it was formed by the last wash of the erratic sea on the emerging land, and from its resemblance, in low situations, to the deposit left by muddy waters in the process of warping land. Phenomena, however, were discovered by more extended observation, which indicated the lapse of a considerable interval of time between the desiccation of the bed of the erratic sea and the formation of this warp; and during the interval the country appears to have been repopled by many of the large pachyderms which had flourished there before the submergence of the erratic block period. Estuary and freshwater beds, formed on the denuding surface of the erratic deposits, and containing exclusively living species of shells, associated with bones and teeth of the elephant, rhinoceros, horse, and a species of *bos*, are covered in West Norfolk by this deposit, which fills pipes, furrows, and cavities excavated in the freshwater beds. It extends, of variable depth, to the summit level of the district, filling similar excavations, in whatever beds it is in contact with, whether they belong to the erratic or to older formations. Similar deposits cover the mammalian gravel of the ancient wide-spread alluvium of the Thames, and are found in the district south of it, holding the same relative position to the subangular flint gravel of that district, which they hold to the undoubted upper erratics north of the Thames. It has recently been described in some parts of the southern district by Mr. Austin, under the name of "head," as a sub-aerial accumulation, the result of atmospheric agency of a peculiar kind. If we understand his paper rightly, this was the melting of snow. It has also been described by Sir R. Murchison, in a paper recently read before the Geological Society, but not yet published, as it exists in other portions of the same district, under the name of "angular flint breccia of the southern counties," and attributed to anomalous marine action—the bursting over the land of waves analogous to those of earthquakes. His descriptions apply to the upper part of the bone bed of Dr. Mantel, at Brighton, which is based on an ancient beach con-

taining marine remains, with rolled pebbles of granite, and other crystalline rocks. Similar pebbles have been found beneath the mammalian deposits of the valley of the Thames. This alone would be an indication that they accumulated after the desiccation and denudation of the bed of the glacial sea; for whatever proofs the red and mammalian crag may afford of the commencement of an arctic fauna, the true erratic phenomena of the transport of granitic fragments do not begin till after that period. There is, however, independent evidence, first pointed out by Dr. Buckland, that the valley of the Thames, unlike those of Norfolk and Wales, was excavated after the transport of the gravel of the Midland counties, which we regard as belonging to the latter portion of the erratic period.

The attention of geologists is now strongly fixed on these questions, and we may hope that the superficial deposits will receive more careful investigation than has yet been bestowed on them. With regard to that deposit, which one eminent geologist attributes to anomalous atmospheric action, another to anomalous marine action, and which others assert to have resulted from the decomposition *in situ* of the rock on which it rests by ordinary atmospheric action, all we contend for is, that it is an aqueous deposit of some kind or other on which the distribution of soils in a great measure depends. We do not attempt to define the nature of the agencies which produced it, beyond this, that if marine, they differed from ordinary marine action—if atmospheric, they differed from ordinary atmospheric action; that they produced phenomena different from those which, in the lower erratics, we have traced to the action of shore ice, and different from those which, in the upper erratics, we have traced to the action of ice floating in open seas.

The practical questions in the Geology of Agriculture, connected with the pleistocene deposits, are independent of questions in theoretical geology respecting their origin. In whatever manner they may have been formed, the extensive areas which they cover, the great elevation to which they extend, their frequently great depth, and the mixture which they contain of matter derived from a great variety of rocks, are unquestionable facts, which render them of the utmost importance in an agricultural point of view. The state of our knowledge respecting the distribution of soils is disgraceful to an age when so much is doing in the application of science to agriculture. Having lately endeavoured to compile, from agricultural authorities, a map of the soils of England, for comparison with maps of the strata, we were compelled to abandon the attempt from want of materials. The only resources are the maps, on a very small scale, attached to the Reports of the Board of Agriculture,

and they resemble fractions, most of which require reduction to a common denominator, while some are incommensurable, from want of a uniform nomenclature. Foxbench, rammel, woodland, clum, clunch, cledge, keale, pinnock, hassock, stone shatter, malm rock, hazel, black hover, and bears' muck, with red land, black land, and white land, are some of the wild flowers which we have culled from the fields of agricultural nomenclature. Each of the last three terms is applied to the soils of more than one geological formation, and the white land of one county is often geologically the black land of another. We found Arthur Young, the Secretary to the Board, complaining, as well as other reporters, of the loose and indefinite manner in which the common terms, sand, loam, and clay are used in different districts, and different parts of the same district, everything stronger than the average quality of a sandy district being called clay, though it may scarcely, with reference to composition, deserve the name of sandy loam. Whether the agricultural districts described accord with geological areas, or are independent of them, we are invariably told of the numerous and intricate variations contained in every area assigned to any given description of soil. Districts of clay, sand, and loam are laid down, with the reservation, that though those are the prevailing characters in each, the cases of exception are nearly as numerous as those of the rule; and in most counties a "district of various soils" is formed, comprising not unfrequently the larger portion, in which the variations are said to be so numerous and intricate, as to defy classification.

The oolites and the chalk are the strongholds of those who derive soils exclusively from the rock below by ordinary atmospheric decomposition, *in situ*, and who found on that assumption another, that the composition of the soil and the rock are identical. If, however, we trace these strata through the maps and reports of the Board of Agriculture, or the more recent essays in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, it will be found that, though soils on the chalk ought by hypothesis to be white and calcareous, non-calcareous sands, loams, and clays alone are described, and those of any colour but white, from Flamborough Head till the counties of Cambridge, Beds, and Herts are reached. Even there these chalky soils are stated to be confined to steep escarpments and lofty summits, so that they occupy but a small portion of the area allotted to chalk on geological maps. In Buckinghamshire, the variations of soil on the chalk are described as so numerous that scarcely a single parish can be characterized as consisting of one description. It is the same in the western counties, and on the North and South Downs of Kent and Sussex. Even in Hampshire and Wiltshire,

ART. V.—*An Introduction to the New Testament ; containing an Examination of the most important Questions relating to the Authority, Interpretation, and Integrity of the Canonical Books, with reference to the latest Inquiries.* By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, LL.D., D.D. 3 vols. London, 1848-51.

THE mode in which God has given the oracles of the New Testament to the world is a striking proof that "His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts." Had man been left to form his own conjectures as to the manner in which divine truth should be communicated, his wondering mind must have perplexed and betrayed itself in the multiplicity of its abandoned hypotheses, and in its anxious and endless balancing of probabilities. What plan shall be most in unison with God's dignity and man's collective tastes and desires? Shall the sky be cleft, and the voice of love clothe itself in the terrible majesty of the seven thunders? Or if the scenes at Sinai are not to be repeated—if God is not to "speak with us, lest we die," shall His substitute and messenger array himself in the starry plumage of those bright and burning Essences which encircle the throne? Or if, from want of community of nature, the presence of an unembodied spirit should alarm us, and his trembling audience could gather no sympathy from his countenance—if, for such a reason, a human ambassador should be employed, with what supernatural lustre shall he be enveloped, and with what unearthly prerogative shall he be vested? If God's own Son is to leave His bosom and descend to our distant earth, shall not heaven pour forth all its hosts robed in immortal youth and beauty, and shall not the sky trim all its lamps in honour of that night in which such "a man-child is born" into the world? And if, upon His removal, others should act as his heralds, must not their language be such as had never been yoked to human thoughts, or been soiled by egress from human lips? If, for the permanent instruction of the world, the essential truths of their message are to be written, shall there not be among these earnest and responsible authors huge labour and long consultation in order to secure uniformity, so that at length, every truth being discussed, and every word being weighed which is to be introduced into the proposed volume, there shall be no discrepancy, nor even the semblance of variation? If, in a treatise so elaborated, there be any allusions to nature, surely they must be in the terms of scientific precision, lest philosophers should be scandalized; and there must be no hard sayings and rasping imputations in it, lest persons of delicate and virtuous susceptibility should be shocked and

affronted? And, in fine, might it not be concluded that there must be some external virtue about such a book which shall instantaneously prove its origin—some electric influence that might gleam on the eye that mocked it, and flash upon the hand that touched it with rude and indecent assault? Now, were we to judge from the kind of opposition so often made to the Bible, and from the curious and contradictory charges so frequently arrayed against it, we should not hesitate to affirm, that it has been tried, not on its own intrinsic merits, but by those proud and vague preconceptions which we have briefly sketched. Those opposed to revelation do not in these days take Scripture as it is, and humbly examine its credentials; but presuming that a book from heaven must be composed and published in such a form as their anticipations would suggest, they reject the Bible, as being out of all unison with their theism and ethics—with their notions of what God is, and how God should proceed in the disclosure of Himself and his counsels.

But the method of divine revelation is beyond the limit of human analogies, as well as out of the sphere of ordinary calculation, and it is not to be judged of by our ideas of propriety and expediency. Our knowledge of God is not sufficiently profound and ample to enable us to determine how he shall act. All our expectations only mock us. We find ourselves at fault in every conjecture with regard to plan, style, and arrangement. Thus, the New Testament is a book of remarkable simplicity of structure. It is a collection of seven-and-twenty separate and independent tracts. These tracts circulated singly for a long period, and in various countries, ere by the pious wisdom and foresight of the Church, they were gathered together and bound up into a volume. The Apostles at an early epoch separated to their several fields of foreign labour, and when a few of them did happen to meet again, it was not to concert measures for literary publication, but to discuss questions of discipline, organization, and missionary enterprise. With one exception—in itself an imitation of ancient prophetic oracle—the style of the New Testament is reduced to the two simplest and commonest forms of human speech—*telling a story and writing a letter*. The gospels and epistles make up the book. The four gospels are but brief biographies, quiet, earnest, unaffected sketches,* and twenty-one books are letters—the fruit of easy and familiar correspondence—and sent to various churches from the pressure of peculiar circumstances. About the book there is no literary ambition, no exaggeration,

* The "Acts of the Apostles" is properly a second part of Luke's Gospel. The title, however, is rather inappropriate. Few of the Apostles are mentioned in it—and others who were not Apostles, such as Philip, Silas, and Barnabas occupy a prominent place.

nothing meretricious in form or pretension. The telling of an honest tale about the man Jesus, and the writing of a letter of counsels and suggestions, are works which admit of no embellishment or ornamental appendages, for clearness and impressiveness are their prime beauty and first distinction. The radiance that now illumines our path to immortality, comes like its brightest emblem, through a colourless atmosphere. And the book possesses no abnormal means of self-defence against vulgar insolence and sceptical caricature. Voltaire's motto* was indeed daring and profane—a blasphemous reference to Him who is the Alpha and the Omega of the New Testament, and yet that watchword was not traced in letters of hell-fire on his impious forehead. This collection of biographies and epistles relies for its defence and circulation on the power of its evidence, and the adaptation of its truths. It deals with men as possessed of reason and immortality, while it arrays before them its "great cloud of witnesses." In all those respects, man's expectations as to the history, character, contents, and power of the Book, are utterly contrary to the reality—apparent folly is found to be consummate wisdom—seeming weakness is strength. Truly "the weak things of the world" astonish us by their power. Strange it is that the life of Him, who descended from his father's bosom to ransom a guilty world—who spake as never man spake, for he thought as never man thought, and loved as never man loved—who is presented to us as the model-man, the incarnation of perfect virtue—strange it is that his life should be written four times and by such a quaternion—first, by a petty officer of Roman inland revenue, then by a literary friend and follower of the man who had the hardihood to deny all knowledge of his master—again by a physician of pagan extraction, who was not even an eye-witness, and lastly by a Galilean fisherman. And the majority of the letters were composed, not by a member of the original apostolical college, but by a scholar trained in all the subtleties of Rabbinical lore, whose first position toward the new cause was that of a restless and malignant persecutor—himself a "Hebrew of the Hebrews," and yet especially magnifying his office as the "Apostle of the Gentiles." Those letters often written in a dungeon, and sent in all directions, to Corinth, Ephesus, Philippi, and Rome, were in course of time interchanged and copied from the perishing autographs, and gradually gathered into one volume.† What more unpretending than all this? What more unlikely as the varied organs of a divine revelation—as if its Author had purposed to

* ECRASEZ L'INFAME.

† Often named by the collective title *ἀποστόλων*;—though the title was sometimes especially applied to the Pauline letters.

mock the expectation, and baffle the ingenuity of such as presume to "think Him altogether such an one as themselves."

Still more, the language employed in the New Testament is a peculiar and inferior dialect. It is not a pure tongue; it has not the pictorial euphony of Isaiah, nor is it the lucid and musical diction of Xenophon. It is a broken speech—Hebrew in essence and Greek in dress, Hebrew in spirit and Greek merely in body, drapery, and costume. That Greek has not the grace and elegance of classic times, for it was learned by those who used it in Palestine, not from books, but from conversation. In a language at which Plato would have sneered for its barbarous structure, and which Demosthenes could not have interpreted in its Hebrew idiom and allusions, were these books of the New Testament composed. Besides, the people with whom the volume originated were reckoned a poor and fanatical race by their enlightened neighbours. The wisdom of the world had not dawned upon them, neither the sciences of Egypt nor the philosophy of Greece had visited them; but Babylon had oppressed them, geographers had scarcely noticed their narrow strip of territory, and Rome had now laid her iron hand upon their dispirited and divided cantons. Ere these books were collected together, their capital, with its magnificent fane, was overthrown, and thousands upon thousands of the tribes butchered or enslaved. And are men of such a language, such a race, and such a country, to be the pioneers of universal civilisation and spiritual worship? What contempt is poured on Grecian eloquence and Roman majesty!

Now if we group together these peculiar literary elements, the style and language, the age and country of the sacred penmen, their personal obscurity, and, with one exception, their previous want of mental culture, the utter absence of premeditation and concert, their employment of the homeliest methods of composition, and their apparent unconsciousness that they were writing for all men and for all time—if we study those strange characteristics, we cannot but feel that the whole enterprise, so foreign to the circle of man's familiar operation, and so distant from the range of his likeliest conjectures and forethought, must surely be ascribed to Him who is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."

For those books did not pine and perish in the shades of their native obscurity. With every drawback in origin, structure, language, and authorship, they have now won their way to unparalleled ascendancy. No volume ever commanded such a profusion of readers, or was translated into so many languages. Such is the universality of its spirit, that no book loses less by transla-

tion—none has been so frequently copied in manuscript, and none so often printed. King and noble, peasant and pauper are delighted students of its pages. Philosophers have humbly gleaned from it, and legislation has been thankfully indebted to it. Its stories charm the child, its hopes inspirit the aged, and its promises soothe the bed of death. The maiden is wedded under its sanction, and the grave is closed under its comforting assurances. Its lessons are the essence of religion, the seminal truths of Theology, the first principles of Morals, and the guiding axioms of Political Economy. Martyrs have often bled and been burnt for attachment to it. It is the theme of universal appeal. In the entire range of literature, no book is so frequently quoted or referred to. The majority of all the books ever published have been in connexion with it. The Fathers commented upon it, and the subtle divines of the middle ages refined upon its doctrines. It sustained Origen's scholarship and Chrysostom's rhetoric; it whetted the penetration of Abelard, and exercised the keen ingenuity of Aquinas. It gave life to the revival of letters, and Dante and Petrarch revelled in its imagery. It augmented the erudition of Erasmus, and roused and blessed the intrepidity of Luther. Its temples are the finest specimens of architecture, and the brightest triumphs of music are associated with its poetry. The text of no ancient author has summoned into operation such an amount of labour and learning, and it has furnished occasion for the most masterly examples of criticism and comment, grammatical investigation, and logical analysis. It has inspired the English muse with her loftiest strains. Its beams gladdened Milton in his darkness, and cheered the song of Cowper in his sadness. It was the star which guided Columbus to the discovery of a new world. It furnished the panoply of that Puritan valour which shivered tyranny in days gone by. It is the magna charta of the world's regeneration and liberties. Such benefactors as Francke, Neff, Schwartz, and Howard, the departed Chalmers, and the living Shaftesbury, are cast in the mould of the Bible. The records of false religion, from the Koran to the Book of Mormon, have owned its superiority, and surreptitiously purloined its jewels. Among the Christian classics it loaded the treasures of Owen, charged the fulness of Hooker, barbed the point of Baxter, gave colours to the palette and sweep to the pencil of Bunyan, enriched the fragrant fancy of Taylor, sustained the loftiness of Howe, and strung the plummet of Edwards. In short, this collection of artless lives and letters has changed the face of the world, and ennobled myriads of its population. Finally, and to shew the contrast, while millions bid it wel-

come—the mere idea of its circulation causes the Pope to tremble on his throne, and brings fearful curses from his quivering lips.

And here, were it our present purpose, we might raise an argument from all these momentous considerations in favour of the divine origin and authenticity of the New Testament. These characteristics are cogent proofs of infinite wisdom and condescension. Taking the book as it is presented to us, its genuineness is clearly stamped upon it. It is precisely such a book in style, language, and structure, as you might expect in such circumstances—eight honest and ardent men, either giving a plain narrative, or writing letters of sympathy and warning. Had these Gospels been artistic compositions, and the language in which they are written more rhythmical and elegant, and had these letters been polished dissertations, the strength of the Christian evidences would have been weakened in proportion. But the New Testament is such a volume as the mind relishes, for every one likes the tale of a wondrous life, and prizes highly the letters of eminent worth. And therefore the Gospels are given it, and there is spread out before it this rich and genuine Cardiphonia.

Our immediate object, however, is with the literature of the New Testament. The conservation of the text was the earliest work of the Church—its duty was to have copies of the inspired volume for study and exposition. Hesychius, Lucian, and Origen, were principally employed in this department. The defence of these oracles was also a prominent labour; for the Jew contradicted and blasphemed, and the heathen cavilled and persecuted. Christianity having at length triumphed over its antagonists, exposition then became the absorbing work, and it has bequeathed to us the luxuriant homilies of Chrysostom, the erudite exegeses of Jerome, and the massive and didactic treatises of Augustine. The mediaeval schoolmen were bewitched with the spell of Aristotle, and their theology assumed the form of keen and subtle dialectics. They felt not as they should the soothing influence of the blood of Calvary, and certainly their teeth were set on edge with its gall and vinegar. It was only at the Reformation that the sound and learned interpretation of Scripture delivered itself from ascetic bondage. The Reformers felt that the Bible must be studied in its own tongues, apart from scholastic ingenuities and ecclesiastical tradition, so they commenced in earnest vigour to master the sacred languages, and published various forms of help for the study of Scripture. These publications chiefly referred to hermeneutical investigation, comprising a discussion of the nature of New Testament Greek, the style of the various books, and the general help which the critic gets from philology, geography, and Oriental antiquities.

"Introduction," in the technical sense of the term, was a later fruit of Biblical research, and the appropriate name has now supplanted the ancient *Clavis*, *Critica Sacra*, *Thesaurus*, and *Apparatus Biblicus*. This study has been to a great extent confined to Germany, and is associated with the names of Michaelis, Bertholdt, Jahn, Eichhorn, Haenlein, Hug, De Wette, Guerike, and Schott.

Introduction, *Isagoge*, or *Einleitung*, is a special form of Hermeneutics, as its name implies. It *leads in* the student to the special characteristics of each sacred book, noting its age, authorship, style, genuineness, integrity, and contents, the place of its publication, and the circle of readers for whom it was intended, with any peculiar textual, chronological, or exegetical difficulties that may occur in the treatise. Such a work demands ripe scholarship and extended research. Our own country has done little in this province of labour, from the days of Walton to those of Harwood, Marsh, and Hartwell Horne. The voluminous work of the last named author has so far accomplished its object, in awakening a taste for such studies. In fact, as a native production, it has stood alone. Its contents, however, are rather bulky and promiscuous: it aimed at too much, and the excerpts, of which it is to a great extent made up, are not always selected from the best and most accurate sources. But the book has now fallen to some extent behind the science. It might be relieved of a great load of superfluous matter; but it must remain a monument of zeal and diligence, and the number of editions a book of such a price has gone through, proves that it did meet the wants of the age. If Mr. Horne's discrimination had been equal to his research; if his book had been less a miscellany, and more the independent result of personal study; if, instead of having heaped into his garner an incongruous mass of cockles and wheat, and thistles and barley, he had contented himself with a few ripe sheaves and tempting first fruits, his volumes would have been yet more welcome, and would have met with a still wider and more cordial reception.

The author of the work which has given birth to these prefatory remarks was well qualified for his task by his previous pursuits. His two volumes on "Criticism" and "Hermeneutics" were an excellent preparation for successful labour in this special department. His present work bears abundant marks of careful elaboration, even to excessive minuteness. Some opinions of very trifling moment are formally and solemnly refuted. The fly is broken upon the wheel. We think that this is the main fault of the performance. While, of course, weighty objections, weighty in themselves, on account of their authors, or the adverse effect they have suddenly produced, must be decisively dealt with

and disposed of, there is no use in gathering together the frivolous and vexatious whims of captious and eccentric learning, and solemnly proceeding to set them aside. They would soon subside of themselves into merited oblivion, the little dust raised by the wings of the moth is soon quieted again. Not a few of the erudite vagaries of this minor sort have their only chance of remembrance or immortality from the place they occupy in the pages of Dr. Davidson's "Introduction." But we are bound to give the work our highest commendation, as an honour to our country, and a munificent contribution to the cause of sacred literature. We commend it for its fulness, erudition, and honesty, its vast research and persevering labour, its immense amount of accurate and useful information, and its chivalrous defence of the Gospels and Epistles against every form of assault which the mythical ingenuity and morbid subjectivity of Teutonic criticism can invent.

The origin of the four gospels and their relation to one another have been matters of keen disputation. Did the evangelists borrow from a common source, or did they make use of one another? If they took their materials from a common source, was it a written document, or merely a collection of floating traditions? Or if they borrowed from one another, which is the first gospel? Has Mark taken from Matthew and Luke, or Luke from Matthew and Mark? There are remarkable verbal coincidences in the gospels—how shall we account for them? These three gospels (for the Gospel of John comes not into comparison) have many points of resemblance, and when we compare, in some places, Matthew with Mark, Mark with Luke, and Matthew with Luke, the parallel passages, in any of the two collated gospels, are numerous and striking. The hypothesis of a written document, out of which the three evangelists served themselves as they pleased, is utterly preposterous. However ingeniously Eichhorn, Marsh, and Gratz, may find the original of the three synoptical gospels in a *Protevangelium*, written and retouched from time to time, and altered by the taste and constitutional sympathies of each of the three biographers who selected their materials from it; the whole hypothesis is unwieldy and cumbersome—no such document was ever heard of in ancient times—and the very idea of its existence appears to involve a high improbability. Why, if it ever existed, did it not take the first rank, and render the treatises extracted from it unnecessary? The parent gospel must surely have been as highly venerated as any of its offspring. But till it sprang from the fertile brain of Eichhorn, no one ever heard of it. Nor is it by any means clear that the three synoptical evangelists made use of one another. Such a thing might, indeed, account for some similari-

ties, but how then shall we explain the numerous discrepancies in structure and arrangement, or what reason shall we assign for so many gospels? The truth is, that the whole inquiry is to a great extent superfluous. The phenomena of resemblance among the three gospels are neither so uniform nor so striking as to necessitate the formation of such theories. Let three honest and intelligent men write the life of a friend and teacher, let it be their object to present a faithful literary portrait, and let it be considered necessary to such fidelity that a special account of his more remarkable sayings be given, and that the scenes and results of his most striking actions be described. Now, where might we expect similarity in three such biographies? Plainly when they record the sayings of their common Master, and when they describe the peculiarity of his most famous deeds. The case stands precisely so with the gospels. Real and direct similarity is found principally in their records of Christ's lessons and conversations. How could it be otherwise? If the three reports of their Master's teaching be faithful, need it surprise us that verbal similarity or identity is everywhere observed? Would not each strive to give the very words, or at least the general phraseology? Fidelity, therefore, required similarity in such simple and unadorned narratives; and if many of the addresses of Jesus were in the shape of replies to previous questions—were in short brief conversations—then we should expect equal similarity in the recital of the words, as well of inquirers as of disputants; for such verbal coincidence is almost identical with truthfulness. In reporting the words of Christ and the words of others, the very idea of giving such *words* must create constant similarity. Now, in the Gospel of Matthew, the great majority of the instances of its agreement with Mark and Luke, occur in such recital of others' words, or the words of Christ, and so in respect to the other gospels. In the sections of simple narrative, where each evangelist was free to use his own diction, verbal similarity rarely occurs, except in the ordinary formulas which express common and daily acts, such as departures, journeys, embarkation, and temporary residence. Besides, the narrative part in these gospels is small in proportion to the other contents—about a fourth in Matthew, a half in Mark, and scarcely more than a third in Luke. If, then, three-fourths of Matthew, one-half of Mark, and two-thirds of Luke be filled with honest reports of the sayings of the great Teacher and of those with whom he came into contact, must there not be great and parallel similarity in their three statements? From the very nature of the case, then, we might expect no little verbal agreement, even more similarity than has actually occurred, for we meet with perfectly exact identity in

a mere fraction of the gospels compared to the whole contents.* Why then should men have striven so restlessly to account by mere hypothesis for what must have been an anticipated and a necessary phenomenon?

It is plain that prior to the composition and publication of the canonical gospels, the early Christians must have possessed a pretty full and correct idea of the Lord's life and ministry. His career must have been a frequent and joyous theme of conversation and study. The discourses of the apostles must have often dwelt on the marvellous events of the life of the God-Man, reciting what he said and describing what he did, in order to prove his Messiahship, and by this means establish the faith, quicken the joys, and foster the hopes of the early converts. And the gospels must have embodied these memorabilia which were so familiar to the first Christians. Not that we can fully espouse the theory of De Wette, Olshausen, and others, who, without hesitation, trace to such a source the correspondences of the first three gospels. These coincidences need, as we have seen, no such explanation. Besides, not a few members of these first Christian communities seem to have reduced to a written form their reminiscences of apostolic instruction. "Many," says Luke, "have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us." These numerous authors seem to have comprised in their respective treatises what each one had caught and treasured up from the sketches given by the apostles, and from the general conversations of the believing brethren. That these sketches were brief, fragmentary, and without formal authority, is evident from their speedy disappearance. If they were correct brochures, then much of what they contained will be found in the canonical gospels. With these exceptions, therefore, that the three evangelists may have seen the earlier compilations of the "many," and that they must have embodied in their biographies much that was matter of common and current belief among the primitive churches, these histories of Jesus are separate and independent publications. Their testimony is that of witnesses to the same facts, without previous consultation; occasional sameness of language with occasional discrepancy of arrangement, giving to their evidence the unmistakable stamp of intelligence and honesty, as that of men who could not be deceived themselves in circumstances so propitious to the formation of a right and mature judgment, and who were too pure and generous to be guilty of deceiving others.

And this quadriform biography of Jesus is full of wise and

* Norton's *Genuineness of the Gospels*, Vol. I.

benignant adaptations. Each of the four writers has his own special end in view in the construction of his narrative. Each exhibits the significance of Christ's life according to a preconceived plan, and in order to enjoy a full and symmetrical view, all of them must be consulted. Fulness of conception is thus obtained. For example, in Matthew's Gospel a new star leads Chaldean star-gazers to the infant Jesus, and their own science instructs those heathen worshippers of the new-born King. But it would be strange if no spiritual minds in Judea could detect the Messiah in the Son of Mary, and so Luke shews, how an angel, one of the Beings who appear so often in their early history, revealed the truth to the shepherds, and how Simeon and Anna welcomed the babe on his presentation in the Temple. Jew and Gentile alike are thus shewn to have an interest in him, and this completeness of view is found by a combination of the gospels.

The object of Matthew clearly is to prove that the Son of Mary is the promised Messiah, a species of proof specially intended and fitted to operate on Jewish mind. Chronological arrangement is not necessary to such an end. The first Gospel is constructed to shew that ancient prophecy is fulfilled in Christ. His sayings and actions are therefore skilfully grouped together, and each group is followed up by a reference to the Old Testament in the ever recurring formula, "that it might be fulfilled." The method of Christ's teaching and the substance of it; the splendour of his miracles and their peculiar nature; his eventful life, with its sorrows and sympathies, and his character in its combination of meekness and heroism, of grace and majesty—these are so presented in the pages of the first evangelist as to convince every unprejudiced reader of the Old Testament that its Messianic predictions are realized in Him who was born at Bethlehem in "the fulness of the time." This is a purpose perfectly intelligible and consistently executed. And there is no wonder that the first gospel should be designed to bear primarily on Jewish minds, as the founder of the new faith, with his early and immediate heralds, belonged to the Jewish people, and they possessed a common ground of appeal and argument in their own national oracles. This Gospel, in its structure and purpose, bears thus a distant resemblance to Xenophon's *Memorabilia*.

But a question naturally arises, if Matthew wrote for Jews, did he not write in the Jewish tongue? This subject has been long and warmly debated, some affirming that the original gospel was composed in Hebrew or Aramaean, and that either the author wrote a second copy in Greek, or that our present Gospel is an anonymous translation. Our own view is that the cano-

nical Greek Matthew is the one original Gospel. Having carefully studied the evidence presented for an original Aramaean Gospel, we are compelled to say that the proof adduced appears to us to be essentially defective. Dr. Davidson devotes many pages to a statement and defence of the opposite view. He has indeed altered his opinion, having in his first published work advocated a Greek original.* We blame him not, we taunt him not, as others seem to have done, for changing his mind—we applaud his transparent candour and honesty, but we feel unconvinced by his arguments. His first thoughts on this subject are better than his second thoughts.

And first, the theory of a sole Aramaic original brings along with it consequences from which we instinctively shrink. We are not trying the question by dogmatic views—we are not refuting evidence by the negative power of polemics, but surely we are at liberty to point out conclusions which are not accidental, but essential and undeniable results. Dr. Davidson says,—“In the present version we have Matthew’s genuine production. It may be questioned, indeed, whether it be in all respects *an exact* representation of the original—probably additions were made by the translator.” Again he says, he admits “that the translator was under infallible guidance,” but qualifies the statement by adding, that it was only “*virtual inspiration*” which was possessed by him. Now, these appear to us to be somewhat inconsistent conclusions. If the translator was under infallible guidance, then surely we have *actual* and not *virtual* inspiration; and it cannot be questioned that in such a case we must have an exact representation of the Aramaean copy. If, under that infallible guidance, he made additions to the original, he was virtually an evangelist as well as a translator. A good translator needs honesty and not inspiration; and how in this case can we distinguish the supplement from the original matter? But further, how know we that an anonymous and unauthorized translator had guidance of any kind, save his own taste and sense of fidelity? The idea of his infallible guidance is only a desperate expedient in the crisis, to give the version some air of authority, and to save us from the natural conviction, that a version made, no man can tell where, when, or by whom, cannot possess inspired credibility. The anonymous historical books of the Old Testament, such as Kings and Chronicles, stand on a wholly different foundation. If the supposed Aramaean original had been preserved, the Greek version of Matthew would have been only on a par with the English or French translations of the same book; and does it gain

* Lectures on Biblical Criticism, pp. 352.

any higher authority because the feigned original has been lost? Could the existence of an inspired and original Aramaean gospel be proved, we must take the theory, with all its consequences. We do not say that such results negative the theory; but surely a theory that undeniably leads to such consequences, involving really the question whether this be Matthew's actual gospel or not, must be looked on with distrust and suspicion. It is not because the so-called version is anonymous that we would doubt its inspiration, for there are several anonymous treatises in Scripture; nor do we reject it because it is a translation simply, for the Chaldee chapters of Ezra and Daniel would have been canonical though they had been given us in Hebrew—but because it is a version for whose fidelity there are no vouchers—no one testifying that he had compared the Aramaean with the Greek gospel, and no one being able to tell anything of its origin or publication. The Fathers forget not to tell us how the gospels of Mark and Luke, not being the composition of apostles, came into the Canon, but they are silent as to any apostolical sanction or patronage of a Greek translation of Matthew. Were we then forced to believe that an Aramaean gospel ever existed, we would be obliged to have recourse to the hypothesis of a double publication by the evangelist himself.*

Granting freely that Matthew wrote for Jews, there yet seems to be no valid reason to conclude that he was obliged for this purpose to write in Syro-Chaldaic. Even had he composed his gospel solely for Palestinian Jews, he was not obliged to use their Shemitic language. It has indeed been a debated point—what language was spoken in Palestine in Christ's time, and perhaps between the extremes of Pfannkuchet and Diodati,†—between the extreme of asserting that Aramaic was the only tongue, and the opposite extreme of maintaining that Greek had banished this ancient and national speech, the truth seems to be, that while Aramaic was the vernacular, and cherished as the mother tongue, Greek was extensively spoken, and all but universally understood. It was a tongue common to the Palestinian and Hellenistic Jews. It is said (Acts xxii. 2) of the mob in Jerusalem, when the Apostle Paul was about to address them, "when they heard that he spake to them in the Hebrew tongue, they kept the more silence." They were prepared to hear a

* This is the theory of Whitby, Bengel, Guericke, Townson, Horne, Olshausen, Bloomfield, Schott, and Kitto.

† Ueber die Palästinische Landessprache in dem Zeitalter Christi.—In Eichhorn's Allgem. Bibliothek der Bibl. Literatur, viii. 472.—Pfannkuche in this Essay was indebted principally to a tract of De Rossi—*Della lingua propria di Christo*—Parma 1772.

‡ De Christo Græce Loquente—Neapoli 1767. Reprinted in London 1843.

Greek oration, for they knew Paul to be a Hellenist, and they were able to understand it, but the Apostle's use of the national dialect created a deeper sensation, nay, its very employment on the occasion was an argument in itself, and "they kept the more silence." They could understand Greek, but they preferred the tongue of their ancestors; as the Scottish Highlander living among a Saxon population and freely using the English language, feels his heart warm to the sound of the Gaelic. There appears, therefore, no reason why Matthew should employ Aramaean for Palestinian Jews, and there is every reason why he should not employ it, but use Greek, a tongue of a wider diffusion, if he thought of the Jews of the dispersion, his countrymen scattered through the Empire. There was a church in Rome principally composed of Jews, and Paul wrote to them not in Latin, but in Greek, while the gospel of Mark, intended to influence the Roman mind, was also written in the tongue to which Hellenic influence and literature had given predominance and extension. Matthew, being in the civil employment of Rome, could not have been ignorant of Greek—the general medium of intercourse with the higher ranks in the Italian metropolis. On the other hand, all the inhabitants of Palestine did not know Aramaean, for Justin Martyr, though a native of Neapolis, seems to have been ignorant of it. The usual arguments taken from passages in Josephus, conduct to the same results, to wit, that while Aramaean was the national speech, Greek was also of extensive diffusion.

Again, if there did exist an original Aramaean copy of this gospel, how came it to be lost—and lost at so early a period? Why did it never gain a place in the canon? What feeling of dislike could the early church entertain against it? Inspired writings, that is, writings given for the immediate occasion, and not designed for perpetuity may fall aside, but no canonical book has perished. That a gospel did exist under the name of Matthew in the Aramaean tongue is evident from the concurrent testimony of antiquity, of Papias, Irenæus, Pantaenus, Origen, Eusebius, Epiphanius, and Jerome. Now had these men said that they had seen this gospel, and found it, on comparison with the Greek version, to have been the original and inspired document, we must at once have received their testimony. But Papias, the first witness, has been stigmatized by Eusebius as a simpleton,* and therefore in matters of criticism his judgment cannot be relied on. The man who could assert such sayings about a sensual and fantastic millennium, as are ascribed to Papias, was scarcely competent to prove a literary curiosity. The Ebionites or Nazarenes may have easily imposed on his credulity. Pos-

* *σφιδρα σμίντος τὸν νοῦν*—Euseb. Hist. Eccles. iii. 39.

sibly, as the late Professor Hug* suggests, Irenæus took his report from Papias—a man whom he has mentioned with peculiar esteem. Origen was a practised biblical scholar; but he only states the tradition or generally received report, that Matthew wrote in Hebrew. Eusebius also as a faithful annalist, records the current notion, but in one of his commentaries he describes Matthew as deserting the rendering of the Septuagint, and translating for himself out of the original Hebrew. The meaning of his statement plainly is, that Matthew translated the words of the Hebrew into that Greek phrase in his gospel which Eusebius quotes. The testimony of Jerome is somewhat peculiar and scarcely consistent with itself. In one place he says, that “he did not know who translated the Chaldaic Gospel of Matthew into Greek;” but that he was permitted by the Nazarenes of Berea to take a copy. Then he says of this book which is also called the “Gospel according to the Hebrews,” that he himself had lately translated it into Greek and Latin. It is manifest that Jerome had great doubts on the subject. He adds, “the majority call this the authentic Matthew.” The case, therefore, stands thus,—Jerome possessed the Greek copy of our canonical Matthew, and had no doubt of its inspired authority; but he had heard that many believed that this book was originally written in Aramaean, while he himself had seen the so-called original, and had even translated it into Greek. What kind of Aramaic gospel must that have been which needed a second translation into Greek? If it had been the genuine original copy, then surely there needed no second translation, if our present Greek Matthew be an exact rendering. The inference is, that a gospel so different from our Greek Matthew, no matter whether it was named “according to Matthew,” or “according to the Hebrews,” must have been a spurious and clumsy composition. That it was very different from our Greek Matthew, is not only indicated by Jerome’s translation of it, but also by the quotations taken from it, and preserved in the Fathers. The only Aramaic gospel known in those centuries was this Ebionite or Nazarene† forgery, abounding in silly legends and jejune sentimentality, and so far apart from the canonical Matthew that Jerome amused himself by translating it. It appears to us that this was the only Aramaean gospel ever extant—the only one referred to among those ancient writers, and that the treatise was the work of those Jewish sects. They claimed a special interest in Matthew’s gospel as

* Einleitung, ii. § 8. 4th Edition, 1847.

† The Nazarenes originally were a better class than the Ebionites; the former were orthodox Christians, but zealous “for the law,”—the latter were strictly socinian in creed.

being particularly addressed to themselves, and they seem not only to have translated it into their vernacular tongue, but to have filled the version, if version it might be called, with spurious and puerile interpolations, some gathered from tradition and some created to suit and protect their doctrinal apostasy. These early Jewish factions with proverbial pride, seem to have thought that a gospel adapted to them, should have been composed in Jewish speech, and they quickly acted out their idea. The notion that if one wrote for Jews, he must write in their own language, was a general impression in other countries than Judea, and so the opinion gained currency that as Matthew wrote for Hebrews, therefore he wrote in the Hebrew tongue. The fact originated the fiction, and the fiction assumed probability, nay, in the eyes of many became certainty, when an Aramaic Gospel was brought into actual circulation. This the only Aramaean Gospel that seems ever to have been known, was a treatise unworthy of its title, bearing such a relation to the canonical Matthew as Marcion's impudent and heretical publication bore to the canonical Luke. So that our opinion is the more confirmed against the theory so firmly held and so learnedly argued by Professor Davidson. Our belief is; that our present Greek Matthew is the one original and genuine treatise of the Evangelist, and that the Aramaic duplicate was only a confused and translated imitation. It is not any dogmatic view of inspiration that has led us to this result, but a calm and candid investigation, whose simple results are briefly given in these preceding paragraphs. We know that we have reason to make such a disclaimer of mere deference to doctrinal theories of inspiration, because those who adopt a different view affirm that the believers in an original Greek Gospel are swayed by polemical prepossessions, and not by the fruits of genuine historical proof.

The Gospel of Mark appears, from the many brief explanations of Jewish phraseology and customs which occur in it, to have been written for foreigners. The old view, and one that has still some currency, viz., that Mark is the abridger or epitomator of Matthew, is palpably without shadow of foundation. Mark's treatise is shorter as a whole, but relatively longer than Matthew's. It does not contain so much matter, but its descriptions of incidents and scenes are proportionately longer and fuller than those of the first Evangelist. For example, the execution of the Baptist, with the account of the scene which led to the tragedy, occupies space in Mark nearly double of that allotted to it in Matthew. In Mark also is recorded more of the works than discourses of Jesus. The Roman mind, for which this Gospel seems to have been designed, was impressed more by deeds than opinions. It had not the Greek sense of beauty; but it could

appreciate a life crowded with acts of goodness,—a career of busy enterprise, and a death of heroism and devotion. This second Gospel has, besides, all the vivid touches and natural sketches of an eye-witness. It embodies not only the descriptions of the Apostle Peter, whose “interpreter” * Mark was, but it would seem that the Evangelist was no personal stranger to many of the recorded incidents. The introduction into the narrative of the “young man” who saw the capture of Jesus, and fled in dismay, lest his own person should be seized, has in itself no assignable end or aim, has neither an essential nor subordinate connexion with the history; and the only probable explanation is, that the panic-stricken spectator was no other than the Evangelist himself.

The Gospel of Luke, basing itself on the authority of Paul, and being at the same time devoid of nationality, was intended to operate in a wide and catholic sphere. With its classical introduction and easy style, its fulness of delineation and symmetry of form, it comes nearer than its predecessors to our notions of a regular biography. It contains several sections and some beautiful parables not to be found in its two predecessors, and this matter, peculiar to itself, has an evident bearing on the relations of the new economy to the Gentile world. Theophilus, to whom the book is dedicated, and for whose instruction it was composed, seems to have been a resident in Italy; for in the “Acts” brief geographical explanations are appended to places mentioned in Judea and the East, but all the towns referred to in Italy are simply written, without any illustrative comment.

Quite different in tone and structure is the fourth Gospel, the production of the beloved disciple. It presupposes the existence of the previous three Gospels, for it has several allusions that cannot be distinctly understood without them. In the three synoptical Gospels Jesus appears, as in ordinary circumstances, a man whose divine glory flashed occasionally through its human disguise; but in the fourth Gospel he is exhibited as on the Mount of Transfiguration, “his countenance as the sun, and his raiment as the light,” himself the “brightness of the Father’s glory, and the express image of his person.” The thoughts of John cluster round the person of the Redeemer,—the eternal and almighty Word, the only-begotten Son. The object of his composition is thus stated by himself:—“These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through his name.” This object is pursued with undeviating uniformity.† It is never lost sight of

* The term *ἑρμηνεύς* or “interpreter,” as indicating the relation in which Mark stood to Peter, seems to signify that he committed to writing the substance of the Apostle’s oral discourses.—*Fritzsche, Proleg. in Marcum.*

† Section after section occurs in which the Sonship or the Messiahship of Jesus is

in any section. The glory of the Only-begotten shines in every paragraph. The union of Jesus with the Father, their mutual relations, their indwelling with believers, and the promise of the Spirit, are prominent topics in this rich and radiant treatise. What fulness of meaning! You feel as if you were gazing into the unmeasured depth of the blue sky. It is lowering this Gospel to give it a narrow polemical design, as some critics have done, for it states the truth in such a manner as to come into conflict with every form of error on the person and work of the Messiah. Its subjective aspect is also very remarkable. It is the Gospel of the new life, the "hidden manna" of the spiritual existence. Looking at the blessings of the death of Christ as they exist in themselves and apart from us, we may call them pardon and holiness, but feeling them within us, as John did, we at once term them "life,"—his favourite vocable. That the Evangelist supposes his readers possessed of the three previous gospels is plain from many circumstances, such as the allusion in chapter iii. 24, &c. Much is therefore omitted which occurs in them, and the greater portion of the matter of this last and loveliest biography is supplemental. The composition of such a gospel was surely an appropriate work for him who had lain in his master's bosom and breathed his spirit, and who had, in consequence of a marked similarity of mental and spiritual constitution and susceptibility with his Lord, enjoyed the fruits of a pure and exalted friendship. Yet these characteristics of the fourth gospel—its ardour, pathos, elevation, and subjectivity, are the very reasons for which such men as Baur, Strauss, and Lützelberger, deny its authority and apostolical origin. The wasp collects its poison from the same flowers out of which the bee extracts its honey. On such a point we would far prefer the judgment of a rustic congregation in Scotland, to the united wit and wisdom of those continental destructionists. We have often heard plain men and women rise above their education and rusticity in speaking of the gospel of John, their tones mellowed, their hearts kindled, and their precious thoughts were conveyed in language of surprising elegance and power. Are not these which so speak Galileans? Yes; their "speech bewrayeth" them. They "are drunk with new wine"—the sneering critic might exclaim;—No, but the promise of Joel has rested on them. Sympathy with the Gospel of John is not the result of learned acumen. Books cannot give it—erudition cannot implant it—classical culture cannot command it—and theological training cannot be

introduced, as the belief of his friends or followers, or as his own avowal. Such is the testimony of the Baptist, of Philip, of Nathanael, the woman of Samaria, Simon Peter, and the blind man, &c.

identified with it. It is not born of earth; "babes" have it, while, alas! "the wise and prudent" are strangers to it. Dr. Davidson's remarks on the authenticity of the fourth gospel are beyond value for their clearness and power, and we may remark generally that the correspondent portions of his "Introduction," such as his defence of the commencing sections of Matthew, and the last chapter of John, are among the most interesting portions of the first volume.

That so large a portion of the New Testament should consist of epistolary correspondence is a striking phenomenon; still it was natural and necessary in the circumstances. The early churches often needed counsel, warning, and instruction. They had no written oracles to appeal to, and therefore the Apostles, as the living depositaries of inspired truth, were obliged to communicate with them in the form of "doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness." These letters are, therefore, the fervent outpouring of pastoral zeal and attachment. They are not abstract impersonal treatises—mere systems of theology. Like other letters they have their peculiar charm. They are written without reserve and in unaffected simplicity. Sentiments come warm from the heart without the shaping, pruning, and punctilious arrangement of a formal discourse. There is such a fresh and familiar transcription of feeling, so frequent an introduction of colloquial idioms, and so much of conversational frankness and vivacity, that the reader associates the image of the writer with every paragraph, and his ear seems to catch and recognise the very tones of living address. These impressions must have been often deepened by the thought that the letter came from "such an one as" Paul, always a sufferer, and often a prisoner. If he could not speak he wrote; if he could not see them in person, he despatched to them those silent messengers of love.

We have alluded to Paul as the principal letter-writer in the New Testament. When that change which passed over him with the shock of a spiritual earthquake, had subsided into resolute attachment to the new religion, what ardour and heroism were seen to be united in him—what a rare combination of intellect and heart, of enthusiasm and perseverance! Still with him there was no stoical abnegation of humanity—while he lived for the world he lived in the world. He shrunk from the scourge, and declared himself a citizen of Rome, and the shuddering expectation of a Roman dungeon suggested the warmth and comfort of a "cloak." The culture of the schools was in him "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Words are often unable to convey his thoughts; they reel and stagger beneath the weight and power of his conceptions. And whether we turn to

his alarmed appeal to the people of Lycaonia, where he was taken for the god of eloquence, to his Oration before the critics and judges of the Areopagus, or to his pleading at the bar of Felix and Agrippa—or whether we survey his letter to the Church in Rome in its fulness, profundity, and compacted system—or his Epistle to Corinth, so varied and magnificent in argument, so earnest and so persuasive in remonstrance and vindication—or the missive sent to Galatia, so vivid and startling in its surprise, indignation, and sorrow—or that to Ephesus, so opulent in thought, and exalted in sentiment, as if to compensate for the costly books of magic which had been given to the flames—or that to Philippi, so warm and exuberant in its congratulations to the first European city where the Gospel had been proclaimed—or that to Colosse, exposing the insidious assaults of a specious philosophy, which corrupted the purity and marred the simplicity of the Gospel—or his twin communications to Thessalonica, calm, affectionate, and consolatory—or those to Timothy and Titus, replete with the sage and cordial advices of paternal kindness, and long and varied experience—or the brief note to Philemon concerning a dishonest and fugitive slave, who had been unexpectedly brought to “the knowledge of the truth,”—or, the epistolary tractate addressed to the Hebrews, with its powerful demonstration of the superior glory and the unchanging permanence and spirituality of the New Dispensation—to whichever of these compositions we turn, we are struck with the same lofty genius and fervid eloquence, the same elevated and self-denying temperament, the same throbbings of a noble and yearning heart, the same masses of thought, luminous and many-tinted, like the cloud which glows under the reflected splendours of the setting sun, the same vigorous mental grasp which, amidst numerous digressions, is ever tracing truths up to first principles—all these the results of a master mind into which nature and grace had poured in royal profusion their rarest and richest endowments.

Similar in character are the other and catholic epistles of the New Testament—the epistle of James, so severe, lofty, and individualizing in its tone, so like the personal teaching of Jesus, as seen in the Sermon on the Mount—the two epistles of Peter, the very image of himself in warm impulse and aspiration, and so full of Jewish allusion and associations, quite in keeping with the spirit of Him who was “the Apostle of the Circumcision,”—the three Epistles of John, so redolent of love, “the bond of perfectness,” and ever recurring to the necessity of a holy life as the true accompaniment and realisation of an orthodox creed; and lastly, the brief chapter of Jude, a volcanic denunciation of Antinomian licentiousness and fruitless formalism. Many ques-

tions with regard to these writings fall to be discussed in a book of "Introduction,"—questions essential to the proof of their genuineness and the interpretation of their contents. Among such questions are the following,—the time, place, origin, and circumstances of their composition, the purpose their author had in view, and the character, history, and condition of the people to whom they were addressed. These topics are well and profoundly discussed in the second and third volumes of Dr. Davidson's work. We might instance as excellent specimens of critical argument, the proof that the Epistle to the Ephesians was not an encyclical letter, as Usher and others have supposed—the laboured reply to Schleiermacher's assault on the pastoral epistles, and the triumphant vindication, first, of the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and secondly, of the canonicity and genuineness of the Apocalypse. We think, at the same time, that Dr. Davidson, like Olshausen, speaks too doubtfully of the Second Epistle of Peter, even though it was placed of old among the *ἀντιλεγόμενα*, and we cannot feel the force of the reasoning by which he denies to Jude the rank and prerogative of an apostle. As to the first point, we hold with Hug, Guerike, and Thiersch, that the evidence is clearly on the side of a Petrine origin, and as to the second, we own that we cannot find conclusive argument in minor and hypothetical statements against the apostleship of Jude, "brother of James." The last question has no doubt several difficulties from which it is not easily disentangled.

We might now have adduced a few specimens to verify and illustrate our remarks. In simplicity of narrative what can vie with the account of our Lord's birth, life, death, and resurrection? As, when we gaze into a mirror we are not conscious of the reflecting surface that intervenes, so we feel in reading the gospels as if neither words nor language came between us and the scenes described. The personality of the evangelists themselves is concealed from our view in the shades of that glory which covers their pages. They never attempt to eulogize the Christ—no sentiment of admiration escapes them. They paint without labour a perfection which never had abode on earth but once, and that perfection is not dimly sketched in some abstract and shadowy ideal, but is embodied in the actual man of Nazareth. They exhibit the perfect man, living, acting, speaking, loving, sorrowing, praying, suffering, and dying. What gleams of beauty, what strokes of nature, what touches of pathos in those parables! And these miracles are told without an exclamation of surprise, so familiar were the annalists with them. Sometimes they call them "wonders" or "signs," but

the wonder-worker names them simply "works,"*—to him they were without effort. And in the Epistles what specimens have we not of almost every form of composition,—description, narrative, argument, oratory—bold invective and sudden apostrophe—antithesis and climax—the brief words of anger—the sad regrets of disappointed hope—the soft breathings of affection—the vehement outburst of self-vindication—the long and effective argument, often ending in an anthem—logic swelling into lyrics—the terse deliverance of ethical maxims, and the cordial greeting and kind remembrance of former friends. No wonder that Longinus adds Paul of Tarsus to a list of names, "which were the crown of all eloquence and Grecian genius." There are some passages in the Epistles to the Corinthians which have all the vehement and thrilling penetration of Demosthenes, and other sections in the same books, which, in elevation, imagery, and music, have no parallel, even in the Platonic dialogues.

We will not venture, in our limited space, upon the debated ground of the Apocalypse; not that we have not our own opinion pretty well fixed in opposition to extreme "praeterist," "futurist," and "continuist" interpreters. At all events, the great truth of this prose-poem is, that Christianity shall triumph over every antagonist, and gain, in spite of all opposition, an ultimate, glorious, and lasting victory. It is, in short, a pictorial sermon upon a very old text,—the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent. This truth is presented in the changing lights and aspects of a gorgeous panorama, and clothed in the drapery of the old Hebrew oracles. The imagery of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, is reproduced in new combinations, to symbolize and picture out the history, malignity, overthrow, and downfall of the enemies of the truth. Amidst the numerous expositions of this solemn and stirring prophecy, how few of them rest on a scientific basis, or take a comprehensive, consistent, and self-adjusting view of the vision as an organic whole. How many interpreters merely throw the shadow of their own times on the bright scenes and hieroglyphs of the mystic scroll. We cannot, however, refrain from saying, that much interesting matter will be found on this subject in Dr. Davidson's third volume, 120 pages of which are occupied with Apocalyptic discussions. The reader will find also no little information in the works of Luecke and Hengstenberg on this portion of Scripture. We only add, that Dr. Davidson's theory of the contents and structure of the Apocalypse, is more vulnerable on some points than he seems to imagine, and that he might perhaps have pro-

* John xiv. 11.

nounced upon other hypotheses with less dogmatic and resolute depreciation.

Our sketch of the Literature of the New Testament has necessarily omitted many points, which, in other circumstances, might have been discussed. Works like those of Dr. Davidson open up a wide field for inspection and review. It would have occupied too much space to have entered into the question of the dates of the different books, and at what probable periods they were collected so as to form the Canon. Nor could we glance at the resemblances or contrasts with one another which the various treatises occasionally present—the similarity of Jude to Second Peter being so marked, and the supposed antithesis of James to Paul being so notorious, and yet so easily harmonized. We think it might be made exceedingly probable, that so far from James having had the Pauline doctrine of justification by faith alone in his mind, he wrote his epistle at a date considerably earlier than that of the Epistle to Rome, or to the Churches in Galatia.

Every thing about Scripture as well as in it commends it to our intelligence and faith. Our hope and prayer is, that we may always have among us enlightenment without sceptical levity, learning without erudite perversion, and thorough research without its self-created difficulties and consequent aberrations. The Literature of the New Testament will then be subservient to its theology—the bright setting of the brighter jewel. If the life of Him depicted in these gospels were felt in vigorous pulsation among our Churches, and if they walked under the influence of the faith enforced—the truth illustrated, and the immortality portrayed in these Epistles, then would be the world's jubilee—"days of heaven upon earth."

- ART. VI.—1. *Arctic Searching Expedition : a Journal of a Boat Voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea, in search of the Discovery Ships under command of Sir John Franklin. With an Appendix on the Physical Geography of North America.* By SIR JOHN RICHARDSON, C.B., F.R.S., Inspector of Naval Hospitals and Fleets. 2 vols., with Plates and Charts, pp. 840. London, 1851.
2. *Voyage of the Prince Albert in search of Sir John Franklin ; a Narrative of Every-day Life in the Arctic Seas.* By W. PARKER SNOW. London, 1851. Pp. 416.
3. *A Narrative of Arctic Discovery, from the earliest period to the present time, with the details of the measures adopted by Her Majesty's Government for the relief of the Expedition under Sir John Franklin.* By JOHN J. SHILLINGLAW. London, 1850. 8vo. Pp. 348.
4. *Sir John Franklin and the Arctic Regions, &c.* By P. L. SIMMONDS. London, 1851. Pp. 376.
5. *An Arctic Voyage to Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound in search of Friends with Sir John Franklin.* By ROBERT ANSTEUThER GOODSIR, late President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. London, 1850. Pp. 152.
6. *A Series of Ten Coloured Views taken during the Arctic Expedition of Her Majesty's ships Enterprise and Investigator, under the command of CAPT. SIR JAMES C. ROSS, Kt., F.R.S., in search of Capt. Sir John Franklin, Kt., K.C.H., drawn by LIEUT. W. H. BROWNE, R.N., late of H.M.S. Enterprise, with a Summary of the Arctic Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.* London, 1850.
7. *Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions, from the year 1818 to the present time.* By SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart., F.R.S., An. æt. 82. London, 1846. Pp. 530.
8. *Observations on a Work entitled "Voyages, &c., within the Arctic Regions : by SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart., ætat. 82." Being a Refutation of the Numerous Misrepresentations contained in that volume.* By SIR JOHN ROSS, C.B., &c., Capt., R.N. 1846.
9. *The Franklin Expedition ; or Considerations on Measures for the Discovery and Relief of our Absent Adventurers in the Arctic Regions.* By the REV. W. SCORESBY, D.D., F.R.S., London and Edinburgh, &c., &c. London, 1850. Pp. 98.
10. *Log-Book of the Felix Discovery Vessel, commanded by REAR-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN ROSS, C.B., in MSS.*
11. *Report of the Committee of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, to inquire into, and report on, the recent Arctic Expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin.* London, 1851. Fol. Pp. 200.

12. *Additional Papers relative to the Arctic Expedition, under the orders of Capt. Austin and Mr. William Penny.* London, 1851. Pp. 370.
13. *Arctic Expedition; a Lecture delivered at the London Institution, Feb. 6, 1850.* By CHARLES RICHARD WELD, Assistant Secretary to the Royal Society. London, 1850. Pp. 48.
14. *Arctic Miscellanies, a Souvenir of the late Polar Search.* By the Officers and Seamen of the Expedition. 1 vol., with numerous Illustrations. London, 1851. Pp. 348.

Six years and seven months have elapsed since Sir John Franklin and his devoted band quitted their native shore to explore the almost forbidden regions of the Arctic Zone, and if an ever watchful Providence has preserved them from its dangers, the days of another long year must be numbered before they can be embraced by their friends and welcomed by their country. But whether they return, or not return—whether they remain in their prison of ice, from which there is no escape, or have perished amid the storms and rigours of a polar winter—whether they have reached a more genial climate where the remnant of life can be spent without pain, or are doomed to drag out a weary existence under the united pressure of hunger and cold—ever looking for deliverance and never finding it—whatever be their condition, their adventures, chronicled, as they may yet be, by themselves, or painted by others in the lights and shadows of fancy, will ever be a subject of romantic interest, and their fate a source of unmingled joy or of deep lamentation.

Nor will it be in England alone that this interest will be felt, and this sympathy awakened. Nations whom political differences have estranged, and parties who, on every other subject are at variance, have, with united hearts, striven to discover the adventurous exiles, and as hope languished and despair succeeded, the general anxiety for their safety and return increased in the same proportion. He who sacrifices his life for his country, has but his countrymen to mourn his loss. He who makes the sacrifice for science and philanthropy is lamented throughout a wider sphere. The tears of the Old World and the New are shed over his tomb, and universal humanity bewails the departed sage. The fate of the Arctic traveller has therefore excited an interest co-extensive with civilisation. Though the territory of ice and snow would have belonged to England, the problem of a north-west passage would have been solved for humanity; and though the glory of the deed would have illustrated but a British name, the mysteries of the polar regions would have been unveiled for the instruction of the world.

Influenced, doubtless by these views, the Government of Eng-

land have nobly discharged their duty in fitting out Expeditions by sea and by land, in search of Sir John Franklin. Private wealth has been liberally embarked in the same enterprise; and the sovereigns of Europe and the States of America have generously contributed their aid. Along every accessible meridian the polar regions have been approached, and though but slight traces of the wanderers have rewarded the labours of the past, we yet look forward, in the brightness of hope, to their discovery and their return. But whatever be the result of these noble efforts, the history of the Searching Expeditions will form one of the most affecting chapters in the annals of our race, and will stand in bright contrast with the chapter of war and of conquest. The poet will appropriate its romantic details, and the epic which emblazons the deeds of the pilgrim traveller lost and found, will be read with tears of joy when the tragedy of bloodshed has ceased to excite and to interest us. The white sail, which carries the bread and wine of the State to the shipwrecked crew, will be followed by the blessing of the good and the wise, while the red flag of the war-ship, on its way to destroy, will be pursued by the curses of every country but its own.

Before we proceed to give our readers an account of the different Expeditions which have been sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, we must remind them of the steps which had been previously taken, during the present century, to explore the regions which surround the pole. After the voyage of Capt. Phipps, who, in 1773, approached within $9^{\circ} 12'$ of the North Pole,* the question of a north-west passage had ceased to interest the public, and it was not till the year 1817 that Capt. Scoresby, jun., (now the Rev. Dr. Scoresby), in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, again attracted to it the attention which it deserved. This excellent and accomplished individual, to whom science owes many obligations, had observed, while navigating the Greenland seas in 1817, that about 18,000 square miles of the ice that covered them had disappeared within the two preceding years. The ice which had thus broken loose from the Greenland coast, floated round Iceland, filling the bays and creeks of the island, and drifting southward in icebergs and large floes till they reached the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland, and even found their way into the Atlantic. This letter was communicated by Sir Joseph Banks to his friends; and Sir John Barrow, whose name has been so honourably associated with Arctic discovery, took such an interest in the suggestion of Captain Scoresby, that he induced the Government to fit out an

* In 1806 Capt. Scoresby, sen., reached the latitude of $81^{\circ} 30'$ within $8^{\circ} 30'$ of the Pole.

Expedition for the purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay, and inquiring into the probability of a north-west passage. The ships appropriated to this service were the *Isabella*, of 385 tons, commanded by Captain Ross, to whose care the Expedition was entrusted, and the *Alexander*, of 252 tons, commanded by Lieutenant W. E. Parry. The ships left the Thames on the 18th April 1818, and proceeding between the ice and the western shore of Greenland, they reached Waygat Straits, where they were detained, along with forty whalers, till the loosened ice set them free on the 20th of June. On the 17th of July the two ships were nearly crushed to atoms by the ice-floes which closed in upon them; and during a gale of wind which sprung up in the first week in August, they fell foul of each other, breaking their ice-anchors and cables, and crushing a boat in pieces; and when the fall of the masts was every minute expected, the sudden separation of the two ice-fields relieved them from their perilous position. On the 8th of August, when the gale had abated, Captain Ross observed an island, apparently uninhabited, though marked with small heaps of stones, which the Esquimaux raise over the dead. The inhabitants, however, appeared on the following day in their dog-drawn sledges, and the description of these "Arctic Highlanders" forms an interesting chapter in Captain Ross's volume.

In rounding the northern summit of Baffin's Bay, and sailing along the upper part of its western coast, Captain Ross passed Smith's Sound, Jones's Sound, and Lancaster Sound, which were discovered by Baffin, and through the last of which Captain Parry subsequently found a passage to the great Northern Ocean. Captain Ross gave the names of his ships, *Isabella* and *Alexander*, to the two capes which form the entrance to Smith's Sound, and he considered "the bottom of the Sound to be about eighteen leagues distant, but its entrance was completely blocked up with ice." In passing Jones's Sound, on the shore of which Baffin had sent his boat, Captain Ross only remarks that it "answers the description given by Baffin, who discovered it." When the Expedition reached Lancaster Sound on the 30th August, "much interest," as Captain Ross states, "was excited on board by the appearance of this strait; the general opinion however was, that it was only an inlet. Captain Sabine, who produced Baffin's account, was of opinion that we were off Lancaster Sound, and that there were no hopes of a passage until we should arrive at Cumberland Strait;" to use his own words, there was "no indication of a passage—no appearance of a canoe—no drift-wood, and no swell from the north-west." Captain Ross likewise states, that the land was seen at the bottom of the inlet by *the officers of the watch*, and

that he himself distinctly saw a high ridge of mountains, which he named after Mr. Croker, the Secretary to the Admiralty.

Although Captain Ross thus passed Lancaster Sound with the conviction that it was a mere inlet of the sea, yet it appears that Lieutenant Parry and others had entertained a different opinion, and that, from the nature of the swell, they "felt a hope that it might be caused by this inlet being a passage into a sea to the westward of it." This difference of opinion respecting the nature of Lancaster Sound gave rise to an angry discussion, in which Captain Ross was unjustly charged with an unreasonable desire to return to his family, at a time when he might have achieved the great object of his Expedition. Those who know this gallant officer, or who are acquainted with the noble and disinterested part which he has performed in the subsequent history of Arctic research, will have some difficulty in believing that a love of home had allured him from his duty, and that he had allowed his imagination to upheave a range of mountains as an excuse for his return. But whatever was the judgment of his rivals or his enemies, the Admiralty approved of his conduct by giving him promotion immediately on his return; "while no other officer was promoted, not even Parry, who commanded the second ship, and who was not only suffered to remain a Lieutenant, but was sent out the following year with two ships under his command on a similar expedition, still as Lieutenant."*

That Captain Ross formed an erroneous judgment on the subject of Lancaster Sound, and that the mountains which he believed he saw had no existence, is now placed beyond a doubt; but since that time similar mistakes have given rise to similar controversies; and while these mistakes, committed by navigators of the highest name, will defend the reputation of Captain Ross from the ungenerous allegations of his enemies, they will protect future commanders against the treatment he has experienced. Every traveller, whether by land or sea, is aware of the extreme difficulty of distinguishing mountains from clouds in particular conditions of the atmosphere, and we believe that there is not an officer in Her Majesty's Navy who has not experienced the same illusion. When Lieutenant Wilkes, the distinguished commander of the United States Exploring Expedition, was surveying what he calls the *Antarctic Continent*, he repeatedly approached the icy barrier which defends it, and he and all his officers distinctly saw the mountains which composed it. Nay, "*to remove all possibility of doubt, and to prove conclusively that there was no deception in the case, views of the*

* We quote the words of Sir John Barrow, (p. 53.) who would seem at this time to have had no influence at the Admiralty, though his friend Lord Melville was then at its head.

same land were taken from the vessels in three different positions, with the bearings of its peaks and promontories, by whose intersections their position is nearly as well established as the peaks of any of the islands we surveyed from the sea.* After this distinct description of the Antarctic Continent, our readers will scarcely believe that Sir James Ross actually sailed over the mountains on the western side of this Antarctic Continent, just as Captain Parry sailed over the Croker range in Lancaster Sound.†

In the same year in which Capt. Ross circumnavigated Baffin's Bay, a voyage of discovery towards the North Pole was performed by Capt. Buchan and Lieut. Franklin in the *Dorothea* and *Trent*. They were instructed to make the best of their way into the Spitzbergen seas, to endeavour to pass to the northward between Spitzbergen and Greenland, and use their best endeavours to reach the North Pole. Although this Expedition was

* Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition from 1838-1842, vol. ii. pp. 282-3. See our notice of this work, vol. viii. 215, 216.

† We cannot close this discussion without noticing, in terms of reprobation, the second chapter of Sir John Barrow's latest work, in which, throughout thirty-eight pages, he maintains an incessant attack upon Sir John Ross and the narrative of his first voyage. Even in the pages of a Review, where the critic claims the widest license, we have never read such a tissue of unjust and ungenerous criticism. Twenty-eight years had elapsed since the angry discussion on Lancaster Sound had ceased; and though the Board of Admiralty, of which Mr. Barrow was one of the secretaries, acquitted Captain Ross of every charge, we should not have greatly blamed any expression of triumph on the part of his opponent, when Captain Parry had proved that Captain Ross had been mistaken. But it is painful to perceive that such bitterness of feeling should have continued for so long a period, and should have been publicly expressed against a man who had, during that interval, acquired such high distinction as an Arctic discoverer, and in the very field from which his antagonist had gleaned his reputation. Unable, apparently, to induce Captain Sabine to give a direct contradiction to Captain Ross's account of their conversation in Lancaster Sound, in which he gives Captain Sabine's words under inverted commas, Sir John Barrow refers to it in the following note:—"Without giving a direct contradiction to Commander Ross's statement regarding Captain Sabine's opinion of Lancaster Sound, it was thought better to leave that to Captain Sabine himself, to deal with it as he might think proper." It is not likely, after twenty-eight years' silence, that Captain Sabine should follow the advice. Captain Ross had called Lancaster Sound a dangerous inlet, which it might be one year and not another; and in contradicting this opinion of its danger, Sir John Barrow thus alludes to that noble and heart-rending episode in Captain Ross's life, when, after four and a half years' imprisonment, he and his crew, without food and clothing, were rescued by the *Isabella*:—"Nay, Ross himself had the courage—can it be called—'moral courage'! to revisit some years afterwards this horrible spot in a miserable kind of ship, (the *Victory*,) fitted out at the expense of a private individual, (Sir Felix Booth,) for some purpose or other, which ship, however, he left frozen up at the bottom of Regent's Inlet, and with great fatigue and difficulty succeeded in getting back to Lancaster Sound, and had the good luck to be picked up in this 'dangerous inlet' by a whaler—the very identical *Isabella* which he once commanded."—*Voyage, &c.*, pp. 46, 47. In thus recording our opinion of this chapter, we grieve to add that the writer of it was an amiable individual in the eighty-second year of his age, and his victim about to enter upon his seventieth year.

not attended with success, many interesting facts were discovered connected with the physical geography and natural history of these northern regions. On the temperate shores of Spitzbergen they observed multitudes of animals of various kinds. The little auks (*alca alle*) appeared in flocks of nearly a mile in length, and so close together, that thirty often fell by a single shot. Capt. Buchan computed that the number of these birds which were on the wing at one time could not be less than four millions. In Magdalena Bay, the place of rendezvous, the most magnificent avalanches were witnessed; and also four glaciers, the smallest of which is 200 feet above the sea, and occupies the slope of a mountain. It is called the Hanging Iceberg, and looks as if the slightest impulse would precipitate it into the sea. A gun fired in the vicinity of this iceberg never fails to bring down one of these masses. On one occasion, when a gun was fired at the distance of half a mile, an immense fragment fell into the sea, when a wave rolled to the shore with such velocity as to wash a boat with its crew upon the beach to a distance of ninety-six feet. On another occasion, Mr. Beechy and Lieut. Franklin observed a portion of a berg tumble into the sea from a height of 200 feet, and produce such a wave as obliged the *Dorothea*, then careening at the distance of four miles, to aright by the release of its tackles. The weight of this iceberg, which stood sixty feet out of the water, and consequently 480 feet under it, was computed at 421,660 tons. While coasting along the eastern shore of Greenland, a violent gale compelled the *Dorothea* and the *Trent* to escape shipwreck by dashing into the "unbroken line of furious breakers, in which immense pieces of ice were heaving and subsiding with the waves, and dashing together with a violence which nothing apparently but a solid body could withstand, occasioning such a noise that the orders were scarcely heard by the crew." "The terrific grandeur of the effect produced by the collision of the ice and the tempestuous ocean" was indescribable. "Each person instinctively secured his own hold, and, with his eyes fixed upon the mast, awaited in breathless anxiety the moment of concussion. It soon arrived—the brig cutting her way through the light ice came in violent contact with the main body. In an instant we all lost our footing, the masts bent with the impetus of the crashing timbers from below, and bespoke a pressure calculated to awaken our serious apprehension. . . . The motion of the brig was so great, that the ship's bell, which in the severest gale of wind had never struck of itself, now tolled so continuously that it was ordered to be muffled." On the abatement of the gale, the ships got into open sea and arrived in the Thames on the 22d October, 1818.

The next Arctic Expedition under Lieut. Parry and Lieut.

Liddon, in the *Hecla* and *Griper*, the one a boat of 375 tons, and the other a gun brig of 180, left the Thames on the 8th of May 1819, provisioned for two years. In this successful voyage Capt. Parry discovered that Lancaster Sound communicated with the western ocean. Passing on through what he calls Barrow's Strait, his progress westward was stopped by detached floes of ice, and he was therefore induced to stand southward and examine an inlet about thirty miles across, which he named the Prince Regent's inlet, and which he traced southward to the distance of 120 miles, giving the name of Cape Kater to its extreme point on the east. Returning to Prince Leopold's Island, where he had been stopped in his progress to the west, he found an open sea, and discovered on the north a noble looking strait more than eight miles wide, to which he gave the name of Wellington Channel, an opening through which important discoveries still remain to be made. Pursuing a westward course, Capt. Parry discovered Cornwallis, Griffith, Lowther, Bathurst, and Byam Martin Islands, on the last of which the remains of Esquimaux habitations were found. On the 4th of September he crossed the meridian of 110° W. long. in the lat. of $74^{\circ} 44' 20''$, which entitled the crew to the reward of £5000, which the Board of Longitude, by an Act since repealed, had offered to the navigator who should penetrate so far to the westward.

After discovering Melville Island, the *Hecla* and *Griper* were hauled into Winter Harbour, on the south side of the island, where the bold and successful navigators remained for eight or nine months without the light of the sun, and under all the hardships of a climate where the thermometer had sunk to 55° below zero. Our limits will not permit us to describe the admirable arrangements by which Captain Parry provided amusement and occupations for his crew during their long imprisonment. It is enough to say that they were attended with the most complete success, and reflected the highest credit upon his taste and judgment. When the ice began to disappear, the Expedition pursued a westward course till it reached the meridian of $113^{\circ} 48' 29''$, after coming within sight of Banks' land, the farthest point to the west which has yet been discovered; but the state of the ice prohibited its farther advance, and about the middle of August it set sail for England, and reached Peterhead on the 30th October 1820.

Passing over the voyage of Captain Clavering and Captain Sabine, who were sent out in *H.M.S. Griper*, to measure the length of the pendulum in northern latitudes, we come to the second voyage of Captain Parry, in the years 1821, 1822, and 1823. The Expedition, consisting of the *Fury* and the *Hecla*, Capt. Lyon, sailed on the 8th May 1821, and on the 2d July

reached Resolution Island, at the entrance of Hudson's Straits. At the Savage Islands the ships were visited by many families of Esquimaux, remarkable for their filth and their immoralities; and after reaching Southampton Island, Captain Parry proceeded along the Frozen Strait to examine Repulse Bay, in which there was scarcely a piece of ice to be seen. Continuing to survey the coast till the young ice began to form, he was obliged to take up his winter quarters in a small island off the mouth of Lyon's Inlet, where the Expedition remained till the 8th July, when they were obliged to saw a passage through the ice. Finding it impossible to advance against one unbroken floe of ice, Captain Parry resolved to make a land journey, and by this means he was enabled to reach the *Strait of the Fury and Hecla*. The summer being thus fruitlessly spent, he was again driven into winter quarters, which he obtained at Igloodik, after cutting a canal 4343 feet long, through ice upwards of a foot in thickness. From this prison he was released on the 8th August, and finding that no benefit would be derived from the labours of another year, he turned his ships homeward, and arrived at Lerwick on the 10th October 1823.

With the view of finding a passage into the Polar Sea from the bottom of Prince Regent's Inlet, Captain Parry set out on his third voyage on the 19th May 1824, in the *Hecla* and in the *Fury*, commanded by Captain Hoppner. Having been detained in crossing Baffin's Bay, they were obliged to go into winter quarters at Port Bowen on the east side of Prince Regent's Inlet. Warping out of Port Bowen on 20th July they proceeded southward as far as long. $91^{\circ} 50'$ and lat. $72^{\circ} 42'$, where the *Fury* was forced on shore, and so much damaged that it was necessary to abandon her with her stores. Her officers and men having been transferred to the *Hecla*, the Expedition returned home, and reached Sheerness on the 20th October 1825.

Omitting Captain Lyon's unsuccessful endeavour to reach Repulse Bay in 1821, and Captain Parry's fourth voyage in which he reached the 83d degree of latitude, after making a fruitless attempt to reach the North Pole in boats, we come to another class of expeditions to reach the Polar Sea by land. These attempts were made in three successive journeys. The first in the years 1819, 20, 21, and 22, by Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson, who travelled through North America to the Polar Sea and along the coast from Copper Mine River to Point Turnagain; the second by the same parties in the years 1825, 1826, and 1827, to the Mackenzie River, and from thence westward to the Return Cliff, and eastward to the Copper Mine River; the third in 1833, 34, 35, by Captain Back, who travelled through

North America, and sailed down a river, now Back's River,* never before navigated, to its estuary in the Polar Sea.

The first of these journeys was one of the most interesting and eventful that was ever performed by British travellers. Besides Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson, the party consisted of Mr. (now Sir) George Back, Mr. Robert Hood, and John Hepburn, an English seaman. The dangers to which they were exposed, and the sufferings which they endured from cold and hunger, and other incidents even more exciting than these, give the most intense interest to Captain Franklin's narrative. After completing their voyage along the coast of the Polar Sea on the 26th of August, during which they had traversed 650 geographical miles, Captain Franklin resolved to proceed by Hood's River as far as it was navigable, and then to cross the barren grounds to Fort Enterprise. Their provisions were greatly reduced: Ten bags of pemmican had become mouldy and the beef uneatable, and on the 28th July they had provisions only for eight days. On the 3d of September a violent snow-storm obliged them to encamp, and at this juncture the last piece of pemmican and a little arrow-root were distributed for supper. The storm continued to rage for several days, and having nothing to eat, and no means of making a fire, they remained whole days in bed. With the thermometer at 20°, without fire, and with garments stiffened by frost, our travellers weak with fasting, were wholly unfit to proceed over ground covered with ice and snow. On making the attempt Franklin was seized with a fainting fit from exhaustion, and sudden exposure to the wind; but upon eating a morsel of soup he recovered. The *rock-tripe*, the *tripe de roche*, a lichen which grows upon the rocks, kept the party from starvation, though it only allays the pangs of hunger, and was nauseous to all and noxious to some. For some days they subsisted on singed hide and tripe de roche, and previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes and whatever scraps of leather they possessed, in order to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigues of the day. The carcasses of five small deer revived their drooping spirits after eight days' famine; but as this supply afforded them only two substantial meals, Captain Back, the most active and vigorous of the party, was sent forward to Fort Enterprise along with some of the hunters to give notice of the approach of the rest. Two of the party now unable to proceed were left behind, and "in this hopeless condition, with certain starvation staring them in the face," Dr. Richardson nobly resolved to make a last effort for the supply of the party. It had become absolutely necessary to cross the river as the nearest road to Fort Enterprise; but every attempt to carry their raft of green wood

across the stream proved fruitless. In this emergency Dr. Richardson volunteered to swim across, carrying with him round his middle, a line by which the raft could be hauled over. In this state he plunged into the stream, but just before he reached the opposite bank his arms grew benumbed with cold, and lost their moving power. Turning on his back, he had nearly reached the shore, when his legs became powerless and he sunk beneath the current. By hauling upon the line he was again brought to the surface, and gradually drawn ashore in a lifeless state. Though reduced to skin and bone, and scarcely able to speak, he contrived to give some slight directions respecting the mode of treating him, and he thus gradually regained his usual strength, having lost, however, all sensation in his left side. Bones made friable by burning, and the putrid marrow of the back-bone of a deer which was so acrid as to excoriate the lips, was their next variety of food, and being thus reduced to the last degree of starvation, several of the men were unable to proceed. Dr. Richardson, Mr. Hood, and John Hepburn, remained to take care of them, and Captain Franklin, with eight persons, left them on the 7th October for Fort Enterprise, a distance of 24 miles. Two of this party were unable to proceed; other two were seized with dizziness and great debility, and these returned to Dr. Richardson's encampment where fire and rock-tripe were still to be obtained. One of them, Michel the Iroquois, alone arrived, but the other three were no more heard of. When the remnant reached Fort Enterprise, after supping upon tea and their shoes, they found the Fort desolate, without food, without provisions, and without the trace of a living animal. The bones and skins of several deer which they had formerly thrown away became now valuable food. Franklin tried to go to Fort Providence, but he fell between two rocks and was obliged to return to his companions, three of whom were unable to quit their beds, and continued to shed tears during the whole day.

After spending eighteen days in this wretched state, the party, seated round their evening fire, were startled by the sudden entrance of Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hepburn, each carrying his bundle. The absence of Hood, and Michel, and Perrault, and Fontano, excited their alarm. The two last had not been heard of, but Hood and Michel were dead.

The history of their death is a tragedy of the deepest interest, and we cannot withhold it from our readers. Michel the Iroquois had become an object of suspicion. He had evinced an obstinate and refractory spirit, and circumstances occurred which rendered it probable that he had murdered both Belanger and Perrault. His manner and conduct, to the rest of the party, had undergone a marked change. He refused to hunt and to

cut or carry wood for the fires. "There are no animals," he replied, when implored by Mr. Hood to give his assistance, "you had better kill and eat me." Soon after Dr. Richardson had read the morning service on Sunday, he went out of the tent and heard the report of a gun. Hepburn, who had been cutting down a tree at a short distance, called upon him in a voice of great alarm to come directly. Upon entering the tent he found Hood lying lifeless at the fireside, a ball having apparently entered the forehead. He was at first horror-struck at the idea that his friend, under the pressure of cold and hunger, had fallen by his own hand; but upon discovering that the ball had entered the back part of the head, and that the muzzle of the gun had been applied so close as to set fire to the nightcap behind, he had no doubt that Michel had done the deed. Though he was not charged with it, he repeatedly protested that he was incapable of committing such an act, and was anxious to learn if he was suspected of it. The victim of this savage deed was a young officer of distinguished and varied talents. He had borne his unparalleled bodily sufferings with patience and fortitude, and had calmly contemplated the termination of his life, by the peaceful surrender of it on a bed of sickness. Bickersteth's *Scripture Help* was lying open beside the body, as if it had fallen from his hand, when the assassin's blow had closed his eyes while resting on the sacred page. His body was interred amid a clump of willows, and returning to the fire Dr. Richardson read the funeral service in addition to the evening prayer.

Dreading, as they had reason to do, the vengeance of the savage murderer, it became necessary to keep a strict watch over his proceedings. He muttered threats against Hepburn, and, as if he wished to find an apology for new acts of violence, he alleged that the white people had killed and eaten his uncle and two of his relatives. It had now become quite evident that his intention was to kill Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hepburn, and they came to the conclusion that their only safety was in his death. Hepburn offered to be the instrument of it: but Dr. Richardson, convinced of the necessity of this dreadful deed, determined to take the whole responsibility upon himself, and he immediately, upon the approach of the Iroquois, shot him through the head with a pistol.

On the ninth day after this tragical event, viz. on the 1st of November, Peltier and Samandré died of exhaustion from hunger and fatigue, and had not a supply of provisions arrived from Mr. Back, on the 7th November, the whole party must have perished in a few days. Franklin, Richardson, and Hepburn, eagerly devoured "the dried deer's meat, fat and tongues," and though aware of the danger of yielding to their appetite under their peculiar con-

dition, they could not restrain themselves, and suffered so dreadfully from indigestion that they had no rest the whole night.

Mr. Back had been sent by Captain Franklin, on the 4th October 1821, to Fort Enterprise to obtain provisions. His companions were St. Germain, Belanger, and Beuparlant. They pursued their route, sinking up to the thighs in deep snow, encamping amid willows, and dining on the 4th day upon "an old pair of leather trowsers and some swamp tea." Though two slept together they trembled with cold in their beds. On the 6th Belanger fell two times through the ice, and was pulled out by their worsted belts fastened together. On the 7th they were so weak that they were blown over by the wind and drift; and, unable to proceed, they encamped in a clump of pines, where they had nothing to allay the cravings of hunger but a gun cover and a pair of old shoes. The exhausted travellers at last reached Fort Enterprise, but what was their surprise when they found it utterly desolate, without the Indians to help them, without food to keep them alive, and without the means of succouring the starving friends whom they had left. "For the moment, however, hunger prevailed, and each began to gnaw the scraps of putrid and frozen meat that were lying about, without waiting to prepare them. A fire was then made, and the neck and bones of a deer found in the house were boiled and devoured." They continued to subsist on burned bones made palatable with a little salt, and scraps of old deer-skins and swamp tea. Beuparlant, with his head and limbs enormously swelled, died on the 17th October. Mr. Back was left alone with Belanger and St. Germain, and they continued to suffer from hunger, cold, and fatigue. On the 3d November, however, Akaitcho with his Indians arrived. Sledges laden with meat were despatched to Captain Franklin, and Mr. Back had the satisfaction of learning on the 9th that his supply of food had reached and saved his companions at Fort Enterprise. On the 10th they proceeded on their journey, and arrived at Fort Providence on the 21st of November.

Having joined Mr. Back at Moosedeer Island, the survivors of the party arrived in safety at Fort Chipewyan, where they paid off the Indians and Canadians that accompanied them. They reached Norway House on the 4th, and York Factory on the 14th July 1822, having been absent above three years, and journeyed by water and by land upwards of 5550 miles.

After encountering such dangers, and suffering such privations, greater by far than those which war demands from its victims, it will scarcely be believed that time could cast them into oblivion, and that the very men—not one, but all of them—should, before three years had elapsed, not only brave, but even court the same dangerous service. The soldier who returns

maimed and wounded from his campaigns, must again start at the call of duty, when his country is in danger : If he lives by war he must share its hazards : If he dies in battle it is but the death he coveted. It is different, however, with the intellectual hero, whose every hour is one of mental and bodily exhaustion, and who, under the bivouack of the midnight lamp, devours in thought the atoms of his brain, and works with a more fatal energy than the muscular hero who brandishes the cutlass or points the spear. But more fatal still, and more glorious too, are the achievements of those illustrious men who conjoin mental with bodily toil, and who, in the path of Arctic research and physical discovery, have abandoned the luxuries of home, the endearments of domestic life, and the society of rank, and wealth, and talent, which they enlightened and adorned. Among such men posterity will rank Franklin and Richardson, and Back, and the two Rosses ; and while the men of the world will trace their history and mourn their loss, from whatever calamity that loss may arise, the Christian will admire their fervent piety, and patient resignation under suffering ; while the bigot may learn, if he can learn, that there may be a Church amid the snow, and a service among the rocks, and that that spot is consecrated for His service wherever God shall place a human soul loving and fearing him, and recognising in the wilds around the greatness and glory of their Maker.

Towards the close of 1824 Captain Franklin became anxious to complete the exploration of the northern coast of America, and explained to the Government the plan of a second expedition for that purpose. In offering to execute the plan he was aware of the humane repugnance of the Government to expose their servants to the sufferings which he had endured, but he succeeded in shewing them " that in the proposed course similar dangers were not to be apprehended, while the objects to be attained were at once important to the naval character, scientific reputation, and commercial interests of Great Britain." Dr. Richardson and Lieutenant Back volunteered to accompany Captain Franklin, and, joined by Lieutenant Kendal, and by Mr. Drummond as botanist, they embarked at Liverpool for New York on the 16th February 1825, and arrived at Fort Chipewyan on the 15th July. After assembling on the Great Bear Lake River, which flows out of the western side of that lake into the Mackenzie River, they were instructed to descend the latter to the sea, and on their arrival at its mouth to divide themselves into two parties. The first of these parties, under Captain Franklin, was directed to proceed westerly, towards Icy Cape, on the entrance of Behring's Straits, where the Blossom, under Captain Beechey, was to meet them. The other party, under Dr. Richardson, was instructed to leave the mouth of Mackenzie

River, and to proceed easterly along the coast, till they reached the mouth of Copper Mine River.

With six men, and Augustus, the Esquimaux interpreter, Captain Franklin embarked on the 8th of August in the *Lion*. On the banks of the Mackenzie River they found much wood-coal, which was on fire as they passed, as Mackenzie had observed in his voyage. There occurred also layers of unctuous mud, similar to that which is found on the banks of the Orinoco, and which the Indians eat as food in seasons of scarcity, and at other times chew as a luxury. Its taste was milky, and its flavour not disagreeable, and Captain Franklin found it useful for whitening the walls of their dwelling. Near the entrance of the Bear Lake River they saw a remarkable limestone mountain, with various insulated peaks, and from whose lower cliffs there oozed out a dark bituminous liquid, which discoloured the rock. After a friendly visit from a well-dressed, good-looking, and good-natured tribe of Indians, who conversed and danced with Augustus, the party reached Whale Island, and though the water was still fresh, as Mackenzie found it, they were satisfied, as he was, that they had reached the sea.

Upon arriving at Garry Island, an incident personal to Capt. Franklin occurred, which if it excited at that period of his career but little interest, cannot now be recorded with indifference. When he was about to leave England, Mrs. Franklin, to whom he had been married only two years before, was at the point of death. During the struggle, on his part, between duty and affection, she heroically urged him as he valued her peace of mind and his own glory, to depart on the appointed day. She felt that her days were numbered, and that to close her eyes was the only act of tenderness which he could perform. The gallant sailor yielded to the stern command, and his wife died the very day after he had left her. She had made and presented to him, as a parting gift, a silk union flag, under the express injunction that it should not be unfurled till the Expedition reached the sea; and it was upon Garry Island that this tender obligation was to be discharged. Upon hoisting the silk union flag over the tent, which the men had in his absence pitched upon the beach, he could scarcely suppress his emotion as it expanded to the breeze; but feeling that he had no right, by the indulgence of his own sorrows, to cloud the animated countenances of his companions, he joined with the best grace he could command in the general excitement, and endeavoured to return with corresponding cheerfulness their warm congratulations, on having thus planted the British flag on this remote island of the Polar Sea.

On the 18th August, Capt. Franklin embarked with the view of going over to the western shore, and of reaching, if possible,

the foot of the Rocky Mountains, but a gale, followed by violent squalls, induced him to re-enter the river, and to rejoin Dr. Richardson at Fort Franklin, which he reached on the 5th September. In this solitude they remained during a winter of between eight and nine months, which was spent in the usual manner, in hunting and fishing, in making scientific observations, and in arranging the objects of natural history collected by Dr. Richardson.

Our indefatigable travellers again embarked on the Mackenzie River on the 24th June, and on the 7th July they reached its mouth. Upon an island on the east side of the bay into which the river opened, they descried a crowd of tents with numbers of Esquimaux strolling among them. About 100 boats and nearly 300 men rapidly approached the boats of the Expedition, which had grounded about a mile from the beach. The sight of presents and the hopes of a lucrative trade, held out to them by Augustus, threw them into paroxysms of joy; but during the crowding of the boats, an accident occurred which threatened the most alarming results. The owner of a canoe which had been upset by one of the Lion's oars was plunged into the water and in danger of being drowned; but though he was extricated from danger, taken into the boat, and wrapped up in Augustus's great-coat, he became exceedingly angry, though he soon recovered his temper when he saw around him many bales and articles which he coveted. The fellow asked for every thing he saw, and got angry when they were refused. In the mean time the people tried to get into the boats, and actually dragged the *Reliance*, which was afloat, to the shore. One of the Lion's men perceived that the native who had been upset had a pistol under his shirt which he had stolen from Lieut. Back, and when the thief saw that it had been noticed, he leapt from the boat, carrying with him Augustus's great-coat in which he had been wrapped. Two of the most powerful men now jumped into the Lion, and seizing Capt. Franklin by the wrists forced him to sit between them, and as he shook them loose two or three times, a third Esquimaux caught his arm whenever he attempted to lift his gun or draw his dagger. The three men, however, soon left him and joined the rest in a regular pillage of the *Reliance*, drawing their knives and stripping themselves to the waist. After a furious combat in which the Europeans dealt heavy blows with the butt ends of their musket, while the savages cut the clothes of their opponents with their knives, and tried to seize the daggers and short belts of the men, it became necessary to take stronger measures with them. When three of them were trying to disarm Capt. Franklin, Lieut. Back sent a young chief to his aid, who drove his antagonists from the boat; but

as this did not succeed, Lieut. Back directed his men to level their muskets at the assailants, when the whole of them fled and hid themselves behind the drift timber and canoes on the beach.

When the boats had again stranded, several of the natives invited Augustus to a conference on shore. The bold interpreter had the courage to give them a lecture on their misconduct, and as if they had repented of what they had done, they offered to restore the articles which they stole, and actually brought back the camp-kettle and the tent which they had taken away. It appeared, however, from subsequent transactions, that no confidence could be placed in them, and that they had organized a plan for massacring the Europeans, and seizing upon their property.

Pursuing their voyage to the west, our travellers reached within one-third of a degree of the 150th parallel of west longitude, and having encountered long continued gales and dense fogs, they set out on their return on the 18th August, and reached Fort Franklin on the 21st of September, having travelled a distance of 2048 statute miles, 610 of which were through regions not previously discovered. Dr. Richardson had returned from his eastern journey on the 1st of September, having, according to his instructions, traced the coast between the Mackenzie and the Copper Mine Rivers. The Expedition was obliged to spend a great part of another winter at Fort Franklin, from which its different chiefs set off in different directions,—Dr. Richardson in December to join Mr. Drummond in collecting plants on the Saskatchewan River, and Capt. Franklin and Commander Back on the 20th February to return to England.

After Captain Franklin's return in September 1827, nearly two years elapsed before any new attempts were made to prosecute the great discoveries that had already been made in the Arctic regions; but this interval was followed by one of the noblest and most successful Expeditions that has ever visited these inhospitable climes. Although many important discoveries had been made by *nine* preceding Expeditions, yet the leading object which they had in view had not been attained, and Government was no longer willing to devote the public money to the enterprises of science, or to the objects of commercial speculation. Their former zeal for Arctic discovery was apparently turned into hostility; for they not only resolved to repeal the North-West Passage Act, by which a reward of £20,000 was offered for its discovery, but they abolished the Board of Longitude, which had taken such an active part in the promotion of Arctic research. Mr. Barrow's influence over the Admiralty seems to have been now utterly extinguished; and in these acts of the British Government, unworthy of the British name, the lovers of

science mourned over their last hope of developing the mysteries of the Polar Zone. The power of man, however, cannot arrest knowledge in its march. The indifference, and even the hostility of one mind, will chafe the insensibility, or rouse the energy of another; and the liberality of private wealth has often been called forth by the parsimony of the nation. The withdrawal of the prize of £20,000 induced an individual to embark as large a sum in the promotion of Arctic discovery. No sooner had Captain Franklin returned from his second journey in 1827, than Captain John Ross offered to the Duke of Wellington to take the charge of a new Expedition to the Northern Seas. His Grace declined the offer, but, "nothing daunted," the gallant Captain submitted his plans to Mr. Felix Booth, an opulent merchant, with whose munificence he had occasion to be acquainted. As the Act, however, offering the reward of £20,000 was still in force, Mr. Booth declined to undertake an enterprise which might be denounced as a commercial speculation. Captain Ross, therefore, again submitted to the authorities an improved plan of exploring the Arctic regions, which, as might have been foreseen, was unceremoniously rejected; and as if to crush for ever all such expeditions, the North-West Passage Act was repealed. By this measure Mr. Booth's scruples were removed; and when no other motive could be imputed to him "than the advancement of the honour of his country, the interests of science, and the gratification of the feelings of a friend," he embarked with zeal and ardour in the scheme of Captain Ross. To the £17,000, or £18,000, advanced by Mr. Booth in the equipment of the Expedition, Captain Ross added £5000; and on the 23d May 1829, accompanied by his nephew, Mr. James Clark Ross, as second in command, he set sail in the *Victory*, a small steam-packet of 150 tons, destined to make the most important discoveries that have ever been made, and to endure the greatest hardships that have ever been endured, in the regions of ice and snow.

After examining Prince Regent's Inlet, Captain Ross visited the wreck of the *Fury*, and obtained possession of the valuable provisions and stores which Captain Parry had left with his ill-fated vessel. Thus enriched, he pursued his discoveries along a new line of coast, exposed to all the dangers which disturb the navigation of an icy sea. Having advanced 300 miles farther than any other Expedition, he was stopped by the ice on the 30th September 1829, and found excellent winter-quarters in Felix Harbour. A visit from a party of Esquimaux ushered in the year 1830, and afforded both amusement to the ship's company, and geographical information to Captain Ross. They furnished fresh provisions and articles of dress, and they accompanied Commander Ross in the four highly-interesting journeys

in which he made important additions to our geographical knowledge, and planted the British flag on the Magnetic Pole of the Earth. Relieved from their winter quarters, the *Victory* put to sea on the 17th September; but they were once more frozen in on the 23d, and cutting their way through ice, they reached Sheriff Harbour, as their winter residence for 1830-1, in the month of October. The *Victory* was again under sail on the 29th of August; but after advancing only four miles, she was frozen up in Victoria Harbour, to spend the winter of 1831-2. The severity of that winter was unusual. During 136 days the thermometer stood below zero. The health of the crew was affected; the Esquimaux no longer cheered and helped them; and the only hope which they could cherish was to abandon the ship and travel homewards in sledges and boats to Baffin's Bay, in the hope of finding some English whaler to conduct them to their native land. This perilous enterprise commenced on the 23d of April. The snow huts in which they slept were so small that it was impossible to change their position. The cold was 47° below zero. Their frozen meat required a saw to cut it. Their snow huts were often blown up with drift, and the snow storms frequently imprisoned them for whole days in their icy dungeons. Returning to the ship after carrying forward their provisions, they prepared the three boats of the *Fury* for their voyage to Baffin's Bay, each boat carrying seven men and an officer. Cheered by the first steps of their advance along the coast, they cherished the hope of effecting a passage across Prince Regent's Inlet, but the ice obstructed their march. The cold increased in severity, and the snow storms and freezing winds of September crushed the last of their hopes; and, resigned to the inexorable decision of the elements, our gallant adventurers returned to *Fury Beach* or *Somerset House* on the 23d of October, to spend the dreary winter of 1832-3, with less comfort than the three preceding ones, and with more solicitude about the future. Though provisions were still abundant, the health and spirits of the crew began to fail: The carpenter died:—Captain Ross's old wounds became troublesome:—Mr. Thom, the purser, was ill, and two of the seamen far gone in the scurvy. On the 8th June they left their winter-quarters, encumbered with three sick men and several that could scarcely walk. They were detained in *Batty Bay* till the 15th of August, and on the 17th, after advancing seventy-two miles, they took shelter from a gale twelve miles west of *Cape York*. On the 19th they were only eighty miles from *Possession Bay*; and being detained by a gale from the 20th to the 25th, they rowed across *Navy Board Inlet*, where they found a harbour.

At four in the morning, when all were asleep, the look-out

man, David Wood, reported a sail in the offing. The boats were launched and signals made, yet the ship kept its southward course. Another sail was reported at ten o'clock, but she was fast leaving them, when a calm allowed the boats to gain so rapidly upon the ship, that at eleven she hove to, and lowered a boat, which rowed to their own. It was the boat of the *Isabella* of Hull, Captain Humphreys, which Captain Ross had once commanded! The mate in command would not believe that he was Captain Ross, who, as he maintained, had been dead two years. His identity, however, was soon proved, and the forlorn crew of the *Victory* was received on board by Captain Humphreys with a hearty seaman's welcome. We wonder that the artist's pencil has not delineated this interesting scene. Dressed in the rags of wild beasts, and starved to the very bone, the gaunt and grim looks of the unshaven crew formed a strange contrast with the well-dressed and well-fed men around them. The contrast, however, was but for a moment. The processes of washing, dressing, shaving, and eating, were all intermingled, amid interminable questions, on the one hand, respecting the adventures and fate of the *Victory*, and, on the other, respecting the politics and news of England—the interesting events of four long years.

Thus rescued from a snowy grave, Captain Ross reached London on the 19th October,—laid at the foot of the King the British flag that had waved over the magnetic pole, and received £5000 from the House of Commons, and the Order of the Bath and knighthood from a grateful sovereign. Foreign nations added fresh honours to his name, and posterity will retain in its undying memory the deeds of the hero whose wreath of glory no blood has stained, and whose badges of honour have not been steeped in the widow's and the orphan's tears.*

The long detention of Captain Ross in the Arctic regions had naturally led to the belief that he had perished. Captain Back, who was then in Italy, having learned from England that apprehensions were entertained of the safety of his friends, the two Rosses, hastened home in order to offer his services on an Ex-

* In giving an account of this Expedition, certainly the most interesting on record, Sir John Barrow refuses it the usual title of *An Arctic Voyage*, and places it alone under the head of *Miscellaneous*. He "dispenses with any further notice" of Captain Ross's Narrative than by giving the title of it, "with the multifarious personal distinctions, &c.," chiefly because "it was a private speculation, not authorized by any branch of the Government." So careful, indeed, is Sir John not to countenance the work, that he tries to collect its substance from the "Report of a Committee of the House of Commons which preceded its publication," and from this Report he culls a variety of passages, which he assails with the most virulent invective, and the most unmanly and unchristian abuse. If Sir John has a friend interested in his reputation, we would advise him to reprint his book, omitting every passage in which the name of Captain Ross occurs. In the pamphlet No. 8 of our list of books, Sir John Ross has made an able and triumphant reply to this attack.

pedition in search of them. His offer was accepted, and leaving Liverpool, with Mr. King as surgeon and naturalist, on the 17th February 1833, he reached in good time the eastern shore of the Great Slave Lake. Setting out to discover the source of the river which was to convey him to the sea, he was obliged to cross lakes, rapids, rivers, and frightful cataracts, till he reached a lofty hill, from which he saw beneath him the splendid lake, which he called Lake Aylmer, and out of which, he was informed, one of the branches of the desired river issued. He immediately approached the main stream, but as August had nearly expired, he returned to Fort Reliance, from Slave Lake, as his winter quarters. Here famine and cold again assailed him. The Indians were starving. Nine had fallen victims, and others were on the eve of perishing, when their old chief Akaitcho came to their relief. Captain Back's party were put upon greatly reduced rations, but they were supported by the hope of beginning their intended journey. When engaged in preparing for it, a messenger arrived with a packet containing the welcome intelligence of the safety of Captain Ross. On the 7th June our traveller left Fort Reliance, and succeeded in descending Back's River, (the Thlew-ee-choh,) which, after a violent and tortuous course of 530 geographical miles, through a bare and iron-ribbed country, with no fewer than eighty-three falls, cascades, and rapids, pours its waters into the Polar Sea in latitude $67^{\circ} 11'$ north, and longitude $94^{\circ} 30'$ west. Captain Back intended to complete the survey of Franklin beyond Port Turnagain, but the want of food and fuel compelled him to return, and he reached Liverpool on the 8th September 1835, after an absence of two years and seven months.

Our limits will not allow us to do more than notice Captain Back's expedition in 1836-7, to promote geographical discovery in the neighbourhood of Repulse Bay. He left Chatham in the Terror with 73 men on the 14th June 1836. On the 5th of September they were firmly fixed in the ice, and on the 13th they were near the Cape Comfort of Baffin. About the end of November they were compelled to take up their winter quarters for nine months at least on a *floating floe of ice*, the ship being actually cradled in the ice for four successive months, and dragged about utterly helpless, always in motion, and constantly threatened to be crushed to atoms, when every soul on board must have perished. On the 11th of July the Terror burst from its icy bonds, and was gently sliding down to the water. She remained, however, on her beam ends till the 14th, when she suddenly righted, to the inexpressible joy of the crew. The whole of this voyage was of such an extraordinary character that history has recorded nothing parallel to it. The Terror, however,

crazy, broken, and leaky, was brought safely back to Lough Swilly, and Captain Back on his return received the honour of knighthood from his Majesty.

The terrible disasters which marked the expedition of Sir George Back again damped the ardour for Arctic research. For nearly eight years the north-west passage seems to have vanished from the day-dreams of Sir John Barrow, and this intrepid advocate for its existence has at last asserted that the present expedition of Sir John Franklin is likely to be the last. Among the motives by which it seems to have been prompted, and we have no doubt it took the lead, was the fear that two foreign powers who had fleets in the Pacific, might covet the moral triumph of accomplishing what we had begun, and of finding through the Polar Seas the shortest passage for their homeward bound ships then in the Pacific. But whatever were the motives of Government, it was a noble enterprise, and will ever be regarded in all its parts as an honour to the British name.

The expedition under Sir John Franklin consisted of the *Erebus*, and the *Terror* commanded by Captain Croizier. These vessels had returned from the Antarctic Expedition of Sir James Ross; and the *Terror* was the same vessel which we have just brought back from Repulse Bay with Captain Back. The crews of the two ships were 138 in number, and the expedition sailed from Sheerness with three years' provisions, on the 26th of May 1845, accompanied by the transport *Baretto Junior*, containing extra stores to be discharged in Davis' Straits. The expedition arrived at the Whale Fish Islands on the 4th of July, and it was seen on the 26th July by the whaler, *Prince of Wales*, in latitude $74^{\circ} 48'$ north, and longitude $66^{\circ} 13'$ west, moored to an iceberg, and waiting for an opening in the great body of ice which occupies the middle of Baffin's Bay. On the 22d of July Mr. Robert Martin, of the whale ship *Enterprise*, was along-side of the *Erebus* and *Terror* in latitude $75^{\circ} 10'$ north, and longitude 66° west. Sir John Franklin told him that he had provisions for *five* years, that if necessary he could make them last *seven*, and that he had got several casks of birds salted. Mr. Martin also states that on the 26th or 28th two parties of Sir John's officers dined with him, and told him that they expected to be out four or five, or perhaps six years. On the following day, the 27th or 28th, he received a verbal invitation to dine with Sir John, but, the wind having shifted, he was obliged to decline the invitation, and proceed on his voyage. He, however, saw the ships for two days more, that is, till the 29th or 31st. Since that time no intelligence whatever has been received from the expedition, though six years and eight months have elapsed since its departure.

Until the autumn of 1847 no anxiety was felt for the safety of the expedition, but when that year closed without any intelligence from it, the public mind became highly excited, and the Government was roused to organize a searching expedition for the purpose of discovering and relieving it. It now became a matter of deep consideration how such a search could be most effectually made, and the opinions of the most competent individuals were taken and laid before the Admiralty. Following, as he would doubtless do, his official instructions, it is not difficult to trace his probable course. He was directed to proceed with all despatch to Lancaster Sound, and after passing through it, to push on to the westward in the latitude of 74° north, without loss of time, or *stopping to examine any openings to the northward* till he reached Cape Walker in 98° of west longitude. He was then to use every effort to penetrate to the *southward* and *westward* of that Cape, and to pursue as direct a course to Behring's Straits as circumstances would permit him. He was warned too, not to pass by the wester extremity of Melville Island, until he had ascertained that a barrier of ice or some other obstacle closed the *southward* and *westward* route. It was therefore the opinion of Sir James Clark Ross, and also of Dr. Richardson, that the expedition had been involved in the ice, or shut up in some harbour on the coast of North America, south or south-west of Melville Island, or as Sir James Ross states in latitude 73° north, and longitude 105° west. The searching expedition was therefore fitted out, for a simultaneous search, in three divisions, proceeding from three different quarters. The *Herald*, under Captain Kellet, and the *Plover* under Captain Moore, left England in January 1848 for Behring's Straits. Sir John Richardson was directed to explore the coast of the Arctic Seas, between the Mackenzie and the Copper Mine Rivers, and the shores of Victoria and Wollaston Lands, opposite to Cape Krusenstern; and Sir James Clark Ross was sent through Lancaster Sound, to search both shores of that extensive inlet, and Barrow's Strait, and then to proceed to the westward.

During the year 1848, the *Herald*, Captain Kellet, and the *Plover*, Captain Moore, never reached their destination, the *Plover* from her bad sailing, and the *Herald* from causes with which we are not acquainted. In 1849, however, Captain Kellett in the *Herald*, after examining Wainwright's Inlet, despatched Lieutenant Pullen to the Mackenzie River, and on standing along the margin of the ice, he discovered a group of islands on the coast of Asia, in lat. $71^{\circ} 20' N.$, and $175^{\circ} 16' W.$, with extensive and very high lands to the north of them. Captain Moore in the *Plover* failed in all his attempts to penetrate to the eastward, and was obliged to winter in Norton.

Sound. Captain Pullen, with Mr. Hooper as mate, and twelve men, performed the coasting voyage to the Mackenzie River in two 27 foot whale boats. He was conducted past Point Barrow by the pinnacle of the Hecla, and the Royal Steam Yacht Club schooner, the Nancy Dawson, owned and commanded by Mr. Shedden, a mate of the Royal Navy. This adventurous and generous individual came to prosecute the search for Sir John Franklin at his own expense, and though far gone with consumption, he gave most efficient assistance to Captain Pullen. He was anxious to have left provisions at Refuge Inlet, where he had waited a month for this purpose; but he could not do it without the knowledge of the natives. He succeeded, however, in depositing a large cask of flour and one of preserved meats on another small inlet at lat. $71^{\circ} 7'$. His kindness to the crew in the boats was most generous, supplying them with everything which his vessel could afford, and following them with considerable risk. About two months afterwards, he reached Mazatlan, where he fell a victim to his great exertions in the cause of humanity. It is an important result of this adventurous voyage in open boats from Wainwright's Inlet to the Mackenzie River, that no traces of the missing Expedition were found between these two points of the American coast; and that the Esquimaux, with whom Captain Pullen communicated, had neither seen the ships nor their crew.*

But though the Expedition to Behring's Straits failed to effect the object it had in view, its labours have been far from fruitless. On the 15th August 1849, Captain Kellett had attained the longitude of $170^{\circ} 10' W.$, and on the 16th he discovered an almost inaccessible island of granite rising 1400 feet above the sea, with a range of high land behind it which was seen by every one of the crew. They were anxious to hoist the union jack upon the island, but constant snow-storms compelled them to leave it and clear the ice-pack. Captain Moore, whose track lay farther eastward, saw elevated peaks to the north of him, and Baron Von Wrangell had before observed high land from Yakan. Combining these facts, Captain W. H. Smyth, the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society,† is of opinion that this land is that called Tikigen, inhabited by a race called Kraihai, with a coast line trending nearly parallel to that of Northern Siberia, which was discovered in 1762 by Serjeant Andreyev, in his Expedition of discovery to the Icy Sea; and he therefore considers it "far from improbable that a continuous

* The testimony of the natives cannot be trusted. Captain Kellett says that the coast "is alive" with stories concerning the missing crews, and that "the Esquimaux are ever ready to exercise their ingenuity by inventing a story."

† Address at the anniversary meeting 21st May 1860.—Pp. 29, 30.

coast line may extend from the vicinity of New Siberia in the west to the vicinity of Bank's Land in the east." "In the event," he continues, "of such an hypothesis proving correct, it will be obvious that should Franklin have succeeded in penetrating through, and to the west of, Wellington Channel, the interposition of this track would preclude all possibility of his bringing his ships again so far south as to reach Behring's Straits, unless the course were greatly prolonged westwards, or the Wellington Channel again traversed."

The Expeditions under Sir John Richardson and Mr. Rae have also returned without any intelligence respecting the missing vessels, though with much interesting information respecting the regions they visited. As Sir John's course lay through a country which he had previously travelled over and described, he was naturally led to make the personal narrative as brief as possible. After descending the Mackenzie River, they entered its estuary on the third August 1848, and sailing along the coast they reached Cape Krusenstern on the 29th of August. Passing Basil Hall's Bay on the 31st, they reached Cape Hearne. In poling them along and dragging them over the floes of ice, the boats were much shattered, and finding that they could not advance further in the present condition of the ice, without pulling the boats to pieces, and running the risk of losing all their stores and provision, they encamped about eight miles from Cape Kendall which bore south-west. Upon viewing the sea from the high ground, and ascertaining that no traces of open water were visible in any direction, Sir John, after consulting with Mr. Rae, resolved to leave the boats at this place, though still at some distance from the Copper Mine River, and commence their overland march. On the 1st and 2d September they were occupied in preparing the packages for the march, consisting of thirteen days' provision of pemmican, and all their necessary implements and objects of natural history. These loads were divided among the men, Mr. Rae voluntarily resolving to transport a package nearly equal to the men's in weight, while Sir John distrusting his own powers of march, restricted himself to a fowling-piece, ammunition, a few books, and other things thrust into his pocket.

Having read prayers, they set out on Sunday the 3d September, and after encountering snow-storms and dense fogs, and marching in frozen clothes, wetted in crossing the streams, they reached their winter quarters in Fort Confidence on the 15th September. On the 17th, being Sunday, Sir John read prayers to a congregation of forty-two persons, and returned thanks to the Almighty for their safe return. The long winter at Fort Confidence was spent in great comfort, and being almost

hourly occupied in meteorological and magnetical observations, Sir John and Mr. Rae had no leisure for ennui. On the 7th May they commenced their journey southward, and arrived at Fort Franklin on the 13th of the same month. Discovering the Bear Lake River, Sir John reached Fort Resolution on the 11th July, Norway House on the 13th of August, and landed at Liverpool on the 6th November 1849, "after an absence of nineteen months, twelve of which had been passed in incessant travelling." The personal narrative of this distinguished traveller occupies the first ten chapters of his first volume, and the 15th and 16th of the second. The two remaining chapters of the first volume, and the 13th and 14th in the second, contain interesting ethnological notices, with coloured drawings of the four aboriginal nations seen by the Expedition, namely, the Eskimaux, the Kutchin or Loucheux of Sir N. Mackenzie, (a tribe not previously described in English, though known by name,) the Tinne or Chepewyans, and the Eythinyuwuk or Crees and Chippeways. The principal part, however, of the work is devoted to the physical geography of North America. The narrative chapters abound in new and valuable facts respecting the geology, natural history, and physical geography of the regions through which the author passed; and in an Appendix of nearly 300 pages, he has treated, in five sections of the physical geography of the country, its climatology, the geographical distribution of plants north of the 49th parallel of latitude, the insects and the language of the country. Although Sir John Richardson did not accomplish the main object of his journey, we trust that the country will appreciate the value of his scientific labours, and mark with their highest approbation that continued devotion to the interests of humanity and knowledge which led him at the age of sixty-one, to leave a wife to whom he was newly married, and a family that was dear to him, and to expose himself a second time to the privations and dangers of an Arctic journey. Already honoured, and already rewarded with a lucrative Government appointment, he had no motive to impel him but that of affection for his friend, and no object to secure but the advancement of knowledge.

Previous to leaving Fort Confidence, Sir John Richardson, in virtue of the authority given him, drew up instructions for the Expedition of Mr. Rae, which set out on the 7th June 1849, and consisted of a boat's crew of six persons, viz. two Orkney men, two Cree Indians, an Eskimaux, and a Canadian. Its object was to examine the adjoining shores of Wollaston and Victoria Lands, which the state of the ice in Dolphin and Union Straits rendered inaccessible in 1848, and should it reach Banks' Land, to erect signal columns, and deposit memoranda on con-

spicuous headlands for the guidance of the co-operating Expedition under Sir James Ross. Mr. Rae succeeded in reaching Cape Krusenstern on the 30th July. Here they met a party of Eskimaux, who had been in company with the natives of Wollaston Land during the winter, but none of them had seen Europeans, or ships, or boats. On the 19th of August, when there was the appearance of open water seaward, they pushed through a closely packed stream of ice, narrowly escaping more than once being *squeezed*, and were able to use their oars. Though they had pulled more than seven miles, they were still three miles from Douglas Island when they reached a stream of ice so rough and so closely packed that they could neither pass over nor through it. A thick fog came on, and the ebb-tide carrying them fast to the south-east, they were compelled to return to the main shore on the 20th; and as the fine weather had broken up, Mr. Rae was obliged to abandon all farther hope of crossing to Wollaston Land. They commenced their homeward journey on the 26th August, and reached Fort Simpson on the 26th September. Unfortunate, and to a certain extent unsuccessful as these three Expeditions have been, under Sir J. Richardson, Capt. Pullen, and Mr. Rae, it seems almost certain that the missing Expedition had not touched upon any part of the American coast between Behring's Straits and Cape Krusenstern, with the exception of the Wollaston and Victoria Islands which remain to be examined.

The third branch of the Searching Expedition under Sir James Ross consisted of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, two magnificent ships built for the occasion, the one of 470 tons and seventy men, and the other of 420 tons and seventy men. Each ship was provided with a launch fitted with a steam-engine and screw, capable of propelling it five knots an hour. Provisioned for three years, the ships sailed on the 12th May 1848. Having reached in safety the Danish settlement of Upernavick on the west coast of Greenland, they quitted it on the 13th July on their way northward to Melville Bay, where a barrier of ice prevented them from crossing Baffin's Bay. After much anxiety a heavy breeze from the N.E. on the 20th August enabled them to bore through a pack of ice, and make the land S. of Pond's Bay. From this point they rigorously examined the coast to the north, and also the north shore of Barrow's Strait, making nightly signals, erecting beacons and flagstuffs, and depositing cylinders with information for the guidance of Sir John Franklin, directing him to make for Port Leopold, where a depot of provisions was to be found, and where the *Investigator* was to be left during the winter. Sir James therefore pushed on to Port Leopold, which he reached on the 11th September, notwithstanding

the dense pack of ice which stretched from Cornwallis Island to Leopold Island. Owing to the very remarkable quantity of ice which occupied Barrow's Strait at this period of the season, no attempt was made to proceed farther west, and both ships having entered Port Leopold, the mouth of the harbour was that very night sealed up by the advance of the main pack to the land.

Thus secure in excellent winter quarters at the junction of the four great channels of Barrow's Strait, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, and Wellington Channel, it was hardly possible that any party after abandoning their ships could pass along the shores of any of these inlets, without indications of the proximity of the Expedition. Among the various means of conveying this information, was the employment of the white foxes that had been caught in traps set for the purpose. As these animals when in search of food traverse extensive tracts of country, Sir James "caused copper collars, upon which a notice of the position of the ships and depots of provisions was engraved, to be clenched round their necks, and then set them at liberty again, with the hope that some of these messengers might be the means of conveying intelligence to the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*." In April, and the early part of May, Sir James himself, with a party from his own ship, and Lieut. Barnard with a party from the *Investigator*, made several short preliminary journeys, carrying out on sledges small depots of bread, meat, fuel and skins, fifteen miles westward, as far as Cape Rennel, while Lieutenants Robinson and Brown did the same southward, as far as Elwin Bay. Although most of the party suffered severely from being blinded by snow drifts, they were yet ready for a longer and more serious journey.

With forty days' provisions, and with tents, blankets, &c., lashed upon two sledges, Sir James Ross and Lieutenant M'Clin-tock, and twelve men, set out on the 15th May to explore on foot the west coast of North Somerset. Captain Bird, with a large fatigue party of thirty men, accompanied them only for the first five days, as his presence with the ship would be more beneficial to the service. Passing along the northern shore of North Somerset as far as Cape Bunny, they observed that the whole space between it and Cape Walker to the West, and Wellington Channel to the North, was occupied with very heavy hummocky ice, while to the South it appeared more favourable for travelling. They therefore traced all the indentations of the coast till the 5th June, when the consumption of half their provisions, and the reduction of the strength of the party, compelled them to return. During the day's rest, which was necessary for the lame and the feeble, two of whom were obliged to be carried on sledges, while three others had scarcely strength to walk, Sir

James, with two men, proceeded to the extreme South point in sight, about nine miles from the encampment. This point is situated in lat. $72^{\circ} 38'$, and long. $95^{\circ} 40' W.$, where a very narrow isthmus separates Brentford Bay of the Western Sea from Creswell Bay of Prince Regent's Inlet. As the magnetic pole discovered by Sir James in 1832 was then situated in $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$ of North lat., and $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ West long., he was now within 2° of its former position. A visit to this pole, which Sir James anxiously desired, would have enabled him to determine the velocity of its motion. During this journey every person but Lieutenant M'Clintock was on the sick list, and many of them were frost-bitten: even Captain Bird's party was knocked up before it returned. Before the two parties separated they were charged by an enormous bear, which walked boldly up to them, and was only checked in its advance by an attempt to fire at him. All the guns missed fire but Lieutenant M'Clintock's. The ball struck the bear, but the animal merely scratched his head with his paw, stopped within fifteen yards of his enemies, and then turning his back upon them, walked off with a contemptuous air.

Sir James Ross returned to the ship on the 23d June by the same way he went, and with only one day's provisions left. During his absence Captain Bird had despatched three different exploring parties, commanded by Lieutenants Robinson, Barnard, and Brown. Lieutenant Robinson, with eight men, examined the western shore of Prince Regent's Inlet. At Fury Point they found the provisions of the Fury in a high state of preservation, and Sir John Ross's Somerset House standing in good order. In a tent erected inside of it, and cheered with fires, it was necessary to leave two of the men who were too much fatigued to go any farther. Lieutenant Robinson pushed on to Creswell Bay, about twenty-five miles distant, with the remainder, and deposited in a cairn its usual contents. Returning to the wreck of the Fury he packed up his moveables, and reached the Investigator after an absence of three weeks, and with only one day's provisions. The party under Lieutenant Barnard, consisting of himself, Dr. Anderson, and four men, proceeded to the north shore of Barrow's Straits, as far as Cape Hood, where they fixed a beacon and deposited notices. They failed, however, in their attempt to advance farther to the West. A fatigue party under Mr. Creswell accompanied Mr. Barnard to Leopold Island, where they bivouacked for the night.* This party witnessed a very natural, and at the same time an easy

* This account of the labours of these four parties is taken from interpolations made by some of the officers, in the official account of the Expedition republished in the United Service Gazette.

mode of descent from a height of 700 feet. A bear squatted himself down on his hams, slid from top to bottom at railway speed, steadying himself with great judgment by his paws in his rapid descent. The third exploring party consisted of Lieutenant Brown and four men, with a fatigue party composed of Mr. Court and four seamen, who accompanied them about 100 miles, crossed Prince Regent's Inlet to a place called the Peak, a remarkably peaked hill, upon which they erected a conspicuous cairn, and made the usual deposits.

About the middle of August the ice began to waste away along the shores, but it was not till the 26th of that month that the Expedition succeeded in getting clear of the harbour, after having cut a canal through the ice rather more than two miles in length. Before quitting Port Leopold, Sir James had a house built with their spare spars, and covered it with their housing cloths. He left in it twelve months' provisions, and other necessities, together with the Investigator's steam engine and launch, which, having been lengthened seven feet for the purpose, is capable of carrying the whole of Sir John Franklin's party to the whale ships, or themselves, should any calamity befall them in their progress westward.

Thus liberated from the ice, Sir James Ross proceeded towards the south shore of Barrow's Strait, in order to explore Wellington Channel, and extend, if possible, his researches to Melville Island; but when they were within twelve miles of the shore, they encountered the fixed land ice; and a strong wind arising on the 1st September, the ship was closely beset in the loose packs, sustaining severe pressure for two or three days. At this time the temperature fell to zero, the whole body of ice was frozen into a solid mass; their rudder could not be unshipped for some days, and when it was done, it was so twisted and damaged, and the ship so much strained, as to increase the leakage from three inches in a fortnight to fourteen inches daily. Here the Expedition seemed to be fixed for the winter. A west wind, however, drove the whole body of the ice eastward, at the rate of nine miles a day, and, thus completely fixed in the centre of a field of ice fifty miles in circumference, they were carried along the southern shore of Lancaster Sound, the ships, which were about a mile distant, keeping up their communication solely by signals. After being thus driven about 240 miles, the great field of ice, as if by some unseen power, was rent into innumerable fragments, and their release almost miraculously effected. On the 25th September, after having crashed through the ice for thirty-six hours, the ships got clear of the pack, exchanged cheers of congratulation on their narrow escape, turned their prows towards England, and after passing gigantic icebergs, from 100 to

300 feet high, and from a quarter to half a mile in length, which often threatened them with destruction, they arrived in England in the beginning of November 1850.

On the 26th May 1849, the *North Star*, of 500 tons, James Saunders master and commander, left the Thames with orders and supplies to Sir James Ross, and also to deposit provisions at various points on the south side of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, but particularly at Whaler Point, at the entrance of Port Leopold. In the beginning of July the ice across Melville Bay was perfectly impassable, and in consequence of this delay Mr. Saunders was making his way up the east side of Baffin's Bay, while Sir James Ross, on his return, was engaged in the ice on its west side. Unable to cross to Lancaster Sound, the *North Star* drifted with the ice the whole of September, and on the 30th of that month she was providentially driven into Wolstenholme Sound, where there was a pool of open water. There, in *North Star Bay*, she wintered in lat. $76^{\circ} 33' N.$, and long. $68^{\circ} 56' W.$,—the most northerly position in which any vessel had ever before been imprisoned. During *ten* long months she remained in this intensely cold region, when the thermometer in February, the coldest month, was *twice* down to $63\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and to $64\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below zero; and it was not till the 1st August, 1850, that she was taken out of the cove and able to cross Baffin's Bay. On the 8th of the same month she examined Possession Bay, and being prevented by the heavy land floes of old ice from depositing provisions at the proper point, she left her cargo in Navy Board Inlet, and Wollaston Island, and returned to England on the 30th September, 1850.

In the year 1849, when the most sanguine of Sir John Franklin's friends began to despair, the desire of discovering or relieving him increased in a high degree. Lady Franklin had, in 1848, offered a reward of £2000, and in 1849 one of £3000, to those who might afford effective relief to the missing Expedition. On the 23d March, 1849, her Majesty's Government offered £20,000 for the same object; but as most of the whalers had sailed before that time, they could not, without authority, have departed from the usual fishing-ground. Private individuals opened their hearts and their purses in the same noble cause, and a generous sympathy for the Arctic heroes was practically felt in the two great Empires of the Western and the Eastern World.

When Sir James Ross returned to England, the Admiralty resolved to send out new Searching Expeditions, and the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, under Capt. Collinson and Capt. Maclure, were commissioned to proceed to Behring's Straits, to proceed to the western extremity of Melville Island, to winter there, and to search for the lost ships in the spring of 1851. These two

vessels separated in the Pacific, and the Investigator, though an inferior sailer, succeeded, by the choice of the best route, in reaching Behring's Straits and passing Point Barrow, fifteen days before the Enterprise. The Investigator was last seen on the 5th August, 1851, by the Plover, in lat. $70^{\circ} 44' N.$, and $159^{\circ} 52' W.$, standing to the north under a press of sail. The Enterprise, which reached the ice only on the 16th August, in lat. $72^{\circ} 40' N.$, and long. $159^{\circ} 30' W.$, was not able to penetrate it, and finding that it could not make Cape Bathurst, a distance of 570 miles, during the rest of the season, returned to Hong-Kong to replenish her provisions, in order to make another attempt in the summer of 1851, and to remain in the most eligible position for affording aid to the Investigator. Capt. Maclure, in his last dispatch, speaks in the highest terms of the qualities of his ship, and we look forward with much hope to its service in the Arctic Seas.

While the Enterprise and Investigator were to approach Melville Island from the west, the Resolute, under Capt. Austin, and the Assistance, under Capt. Ommaney, 500 tons each, with a complement of 60 men, together with the Pioneer and Intrepid as steam-tenders to the two vessels, were commissioned to approach the same point from Lancaster Sound. Capt. William Penny, an active and experienced whale fisher, who had visited Lancaster Sound in the Advice whaler in 1849 along with Mr. Goodsir, and who, since the age of 12, had been employed 28 years in the whaling-trade, was also engaged in the search by the Admiralty, who placed under his command the Lady Franklin, of 230 tons, and the brig Sophia as a tender. These ships sailed on the 12th April 1850, nearly a month before Capt. Austin's, carrying a crew of 49 picked men, and provisions for three years. Having been prevented by the ice from approaching within less than 25 miles of Jones' Sound, which he was instructed to examine, he continued his voyage to Lancaster Sound and Wellington Channel. Previous to the 23d August, Capt. Penny landed at Beechy Island, and *discovered three graves and other satisfactory evidence that Sir John Franklin and his party had wintered there.* Soon after this, Mr. Snow of the Prince Albert, a ship despatched by Lady Franklin under the orders of Capt. Forsyth, R.N., went on shore at Point Riley to examine a flag-post erected by Capt. Ommaney, and found there a note stating that he had landed on the Cape on the 23d August with the officers of the Assistance and Intrepid, and had found *traces of an encampment, and collected the remains of materials which evidently proved that some party belonging to her Majesty's ships had been detained there.* *Traces of the same party had been found on Beechy Island.* Capt. Austin, after seeing these articles, was of opinion that "the bay between Cape Riley and Beechy Island

had been the winter quarters of the Expedition under Sir John Franklin in 1845-6, and that there was circumstantial evidence to prove that its departure was somewhat sudden." Capt. Omaney, in his replies to the Arctic Committee (Nov. 12, 1851),* says that the graves were those of *three young men*, from which he infers that the crew were not in perfect health, adding the supposition that *the preserved meats were of an inferior quality*.† The bower-rope and other articles were carefully examined by Sir J. Richardson and Sir E. Parry. The rope had been made at Chatham subsequent to 1841. A fragment of canvas had the Queen's broad arrow painted upon it, and the five rings of stones observed by Mr. Snow, had been used for the erection of as many tents, and the slabs in the centre of each were probably stands for magnetic instruments. As there were no traces of smoke or remains of burnt wood, these tents are supposed to have been erected, one for each ship, for making the monthly term magnetical observations, which would take place on the 29th August, 1845—the fifth tent being for the protection of the observers.

At this interesting period, August 1850, a squadron of no fewer than *ten* searching vessels was assembled in Lancaster Sound—the Resolute and Pioneer, the Assistance and Intrepid, the Advance and Rescue from the United States, the Felix under Admiral Sir John Ross, the Lady Franklin, the Prince Albert, and the North Star, and though none of them accomplished the main object they had in view, they have ascertained that the missing Expedition has neither been lost nor now exists, in the extensive shores which they searched, and while they have added greatly to our geographical knowledge of the Arctic regions, they have made most important magnetical and meteorological observations, which cannot fail to throw much light on the climatology of the globe.

It is no easy task, within the narrow limits of an article of this kind, to give anything like a satisfactory notice of the proceedings of these various ships in the seasons of 1850 and 1851; and if our readers find it less interesting than they expected, they must ascribe it to the brevity of the narrative, and not to the interest of the subject. We left the Expedition under Captain Austin at Beechy Island, in Barrow's Strait, contemplating the interesting relics of the missing Expedition. After searching the neighbourhood of Beechy Island, and the east coast of Wellington

* Report of the Arctic Committee, 1851, p. 171. Snow's *Journal*, &c., pp. 312-321.

† The recent discovery that certain contractors had, on an extensive scale, supplied the Navy with preserved meats in a putrid state, and had even filled the tin cans with the vilest garbage, renders this supposition a highly probable one, and gives rise to conjectures of the most distressing kind.

Straits as far as Cape Bowden, beyond the 75th parallel of latitude, the *Resolute* and *Pioneer* were enabled, by a movement of the ice, to reach the western shore on the 5th September. After various attempts during the rest of the month to get farther west, Captain Austin's two ships, with their tenders, fixed their winter quarters at the south-west end of Cornwallis Island, under the shelter of Griffith's Island; while Captains Penny and Stewart in the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, wintered in Assistance Harbour.

We have already had occasion to mention an Expedition under Rear-Admiral Sir John Ross. When this distinguished commander, on his return from Stockholm, saw Sir John Franklin in 1845, he told him that if he did not return in 1847, he would volunteer to go in search of him. In fulfilment of this promise, Sir John went to the Admiralty in 1847 with the plan of his expedition; but the secretary, after taking it in to the Board, returned with the message, that as they had already consulted Barrow, Parry, and others, they would not trouble him on the subject, and he was accordingly excluded from all their committees of consultation. In April 1850, when the public mind was so highly excited on the subject of the missing Expedition, Sir John Ross, at the advanced age of 73, again volunteered his services; and, by the liberality of the Hudson's Bay Company, who contributed £500, and other subscriptions, he was enabled to equip the *Felix* schooner, of 120 tons, for the arduous service he had undertaken. He took with him his own yacht the *Mary*, as a tender; and he was accompanied by his friend Capt. C. Gervans Phillips, R.N., and Mr. Abernethy, who had been his ice-master in his great expedition. With a picked crew, his vessel sailed from Loch Ryan on the 23d May, and reached Holsteinberg on the 23d June. Sir John landed on the 24th, under a salute of nine guns; and, having engaged Adam Beck as an interpreter who understood the Esquimaux language, he set sail on the 30th June. He reached the Whale-fish Islands on the 5th July, where he took in water and coal; and passing northward through Waygat Straits, and in company with the *Prince Albert*, he overtook, on the 10th August, the four ships under Captain Austin.

On the 13th August, both Sir John Ross and Capt. Ommaney observed off Cape York three Esquimaux upon the ice, and having communicated with them through the medium of Adam Beck, and John Smith, steward of the *Prince Albert*, who knew something of the Esquimaux language, they obtained the following startling intelligence:—"That in the winter of 1846, when the snow was falling, two ships were crushed by the ice, a good way off in the direction of Cape Dudley Digges, and were afterwards burned by a fierce and numerous tribe of natives; that the ships

were not whalers, and that epaulettes were worn by some of the white men; that a part of the crew were drowned; that the remainder were some time in huts or tents apart from the natives; that they had guns but no balls, and that being in a weak and exhausted condition, they were subsequently killed by the natives with darts or arrows." Deeply impressed with the importance of this narrative, Captain Austin resolved to inquire into its credibility, and obtained from the Lady Franklin the regular Danish interpreter, Peterson, whom she had on board. This interpreter gave a totally different translation of the Esquimaux statement, calling Adam Beck a liar, and intimidating him into silence; but no sooner was Beck left alone, than he *re-affirmed his version of the story, and stoutly maintained its accuracy*. Neither Sir John Ross nor Captain Austin believed in Beck's story after Peterson's contradiction of it, and the Arctic Committee also discredited it; but after Beck had voluntarily made a deposition* before a Greenland magistrate, affirming it in all its particulars, Sir John gave it implicit credit; especially after the Danish resident at Godhaven had declared his belief of it, on the ground that Beck had been brought up as a Christian by the Moravians, and that he had never known a person so brought up tell a lie.†

On the 16th and 17th of August, the *Felix* in tow of the *Assistance* and *Intrepid* crossed Baffin's Bay, and on the 22d they were off Admiralty Inlet. Crossing over Barrow's Strait, Sir John Ross went to Barlow Inlet, on the west side of Wellington Sound; and, after rounding Cape Hotham, he went into winter quarters in Assistance Bay, on the south side of Cornwallis Isle, along with Captain Penny's ship on the 13th September. Sir John took with him *four* carrier pigeons belonging to a lady residing in Ayrshire, with the intention of liberating two of them when he went into winter quarters, and other two when he discovered Sir John Franklin. He accordingly despatched one of them in a balloon at 6.30 P.M. on the 3d October, and at 6 o'clock on the 4th‡ he despatched another. Each pigeon was placed in a basket suspended to the balloon, and by the contrivance of a slow match, the pigeon was to be liberated at the end of twenty-four hours. One pigeon made its appearance in the dove-cot in Ayrshire on the 13th October, which was believed to

* Beck's depositions were sent, by the Hudson's Bay Company, (to whom Sir John Ross gave them), to Copenhagen to be translated, but the translation has not yet been received. It has been confidently stated that Peterson was afraid of having the truth told, and told the Esquimaux boy, that if he said the crew were murdered, he would be killed also.

† Mr. Snow, in his very interesting Voyage of the *Prince Albert*, has given a minute and full account of the affair of Adam Beck in his 16th and 17th chapters.

‡ Sir John Richardson says the pigeons were despatched on the 6th or 7th. We have given the dates from the log of the *Felix*.

be one of the pair carried out by Sir John. It therefore performed a journey of about 2400 miles in seven days, or about 343 miles a day. In the beginning of August the *Felix* escaped from the ice, and arrived in England about the end of September.

Another Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin left England on the 5th June 1850, in the *Prince Albert*, Captain Forsyth, a clipper vessel of about ninety tons, with a crew of twenty men, and Mr. N. P. Snow acting as clerk. The expense of this expedition was about £4000, of which £2500 was contributed by Lady Franklin. Though she was the last vessel that left England, she was the first to return, and therefore brought home the first intelligence of the traces of the missing Expedition that had been discovered on Beechy Island. Captain Forsyth, in the *Prince Albert*, proceeded up Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, and went farther into Prince Regent's Inlet than Sir James Ross had done in 1849. He searched even Fury Beach, but being unable to land, he returned and entered Wellington Channel, examining the coast as far as Point Innis. Failing to discover any traces of the missing vessels, he resolved to return to England, and having examined several portions of the coast, he arrived at Aberdeen on the 22d October.

In 1849, on the 6th of April, Lady Franklin made an affecting appeal to the President of the United States, imploring him to assist in the discovery of the missing Expedition. Mr. Clayton, in the President's name, entered very warmly into her views, but the season was too far advanced to do anything at that time. Lady Franklin made a second appeal to the President, when she learned that Mr. Henry Grinnel, a wealthy merchant of New York, had fitted out, at an expense of £5000 or £6000, two brigantines for the purpose of discovering the missing vessels. He offered them for this purpose to the American Government, who accepted them as a part of the navy of the United States, and equipped them for the Expedition. These two vessels, the *Advance* of 144 tons, and the *Rescue* of 91, were placed under the command of Lieut. De Haven, who had accompanied Captain Wilkes in his Exploring Expedition. They left New York on the 24th May, 1850, provisioned for three years, and on the 7th July they were so beset in the pack ice as to make only 21 miles in 21 days. Passing Cape Melville a strong easterly breeze carried them across Baffin's Bay to Admiralty Inlet, where they fell in with Sir John Ross and Capt. Penny. Their resolution was to push on to Melville Island and Banks' Land, and to winter wherever they might chance to be, in the pack or out of the pack. Mr. Snow, who followed in their wake with what he calls "our own little barkey," while they were dashing recklessly on through the streams of heavy ice, run-

ning off from Leopold Island, speaks of the *Advance* as most extraordinarily qualified to resist pressure, her bow being one solid mass of timber from the foremast, her deck doubled, filled, and again lined round, while her cabin had, in addition, a sheathing of cork. On the 25th August, after examining the cairn at Cape Riley, the *Advance* proceeded to Cape Hotham, to meet her consort the *Rescue*. They were afterwards beset in ice on the 4th September, five miles north of Cape Spencer, and they were last seen by Capt. Austin on the 13th September, standing to the eastward, and probably on their return to America.

We come now to give an account of the very interesting proceedings of Capt. Austin's Expedition in the winter and spring of February 1851. Dr. Scoresby, in the 3d chapter of his admirable and seasonable volume on "*The Franklin Expedition*," has described the different plans of search which it would be advisable to adopt, and these plans have, so far as it was in their power, been successfully followed by the travelling parties sent out by Capt. Austin. After the ships were well fixed, several parties started on the 2d October to establish depots of provisions for their future use, but from the violence of the weather they succeeded only in placing them on Somerville Island and Cornwallis Island. On the 17th October, when Capt. Penny arrived at the *Resolute*, the spring operations were agreed upon, Capt. Penny having undertaken the complete search of Wellington Strait. The winter was spent cheerfully and healthfully in every species of exercise, instruction, and amusement, an account of which will be found in the "*Arctic Miscellanies*,"—a work which will be perused with a high degree of interest by many classes of readers, and which evinces, in a striking manner, the intelligence of British seamen.

The searching parties, divided into *limited* and *extended* parties, were conducted by Captain Ommaney to an advanced position on the Ice off the N.W. of Griffith Island, where tents were pitched, and every thing closely inspected by Captain Austin. There were in all 14 sledges, manned by 106 officers and men, and provisioned, some for 40 and others for 42 days, with an average dragging weight of 205 lbs. per man. On the 15th the men proceeded to the sledges, and having joined in a prayer for protection and guidance, they started on their respective courses. Both the limited and extended parties returned without any traces of the missing expedition; the limited parties, between the 27th April and the 19th May, and the extended ones between the 28th May and the 4th of July. In the former, eighteen men suffered from frostbite, and one of them, George Malcolm, Captain of the hold of the *Resolute*, a native of Dundee, died at

his post of exhaustion and frostbite. The extended parties returned in safety and good health, after being out respectively 48, 58, 60, 62, and the Melville Island party 80 days, during some portion of which period they were detained in their tents by heavy drift, with the *temperature falling as low as 69° below the freezing point!* It is not easy, without a chart, to describe the extent of discovery which we owe to this Expedition, but some idea of it may be formed from the following Table:—

Along South Shore.

	No. of crew.	Days out.	Miles travelled.	Miles of Coast newly discovered.	Old Coast.	Extreme Points reached.	
						N. Lat.	W. Long.
Capt. Ommaney,	6	60	480	205		72° 44'	100° 42'
Lieut. Osborn,	7	58	506	70	10	72° 18'	103° 25'
Lieut. Brown,	6	44	375	150		72° 49'	96° 40'

Along North Shore.

	No. of crew.	Days out.	Miles travelled.	Miles of Coast newly discovered.	Old Coast.
Lieut. Aldrich,	7	62	550	70	75
Lieut. M'Clintock,	6	80	760	40	215
A. R. Bradford, Esq.	6	80	669	155	90

In the reserve and hydrographical parties Lieutenant Mechem searched seventy-five miles of old coast on the south shore, and Mr. McDougall ninety-five miles of new, and twenty of old coast on the north shore. In Lieutenant M'Clintock's journey of eighty days the thermometer was never lower than 36° below the freezing point. He encountered herds of musk oxen on Melville Island, and could have shot two-thirds of them had he chosen. His party was sometimes detained forty hours by south-east gales, in a space 8 feet 8 inches long, and 6 feet 8 inches broad; and as it was necessary to cook in the tent, the vapour speedily condensed, and *descended in a shower of pure snow*, penetrating and wetting the fur robes and clothing. They found at Bushnan Cove the articles left there by Captain Parry, remarkably unchanged in strength and colouring. Upon the singular sandstone rock at the entrance of the harbour they cut the date 1851, near the inscription recording Sir E. Parry's visit. Beneath the rock a hare had taken up its residence, and was constantly and fearlessly feeding about, within a few yards of their tent.

Captain Penny's Expedition to Wellington Strait set off on the 17th of April, and his different parties had returned on the 25th of June, very important discoveries having been made by Captain Penny himself, by Captain Stewart, and Dr. Sutherland, and by Messrs. Goodsir, Marshall, and Manson, extending the geography of Wellington Strait and Queen's Channel beyond the 77th parallel of latitude, and terminating on the east with Cape Sir John Franklin, and on the west by Cape Lady Franklin.

On the 11th August Captain Austin's ships were relieved from their winter-quarters, and on the 12th unexpectedly reached those of Captain Penny. Having considered the directions and extent of their search, Captain Austin came to the conclusion that Sir John Franklin had not gone to the southward or westward of Wellington Channel; and having received Captain Penny's written opinion, of date 11th August, that Wellington Channel required no further search, as everything had been done which the power of man could accomplish, he resolved to abandon all farther search in these directions, and to return to England, where he arrived on the 1st of October 1851.

Notwithstanding the great harmony which seems to have subsisted among the numerous officers who were entrusted with the charge of the searching Expeditions, an unfortunate dispute has arisen between Captain Penny and Captain Austin respecting the exploration of Wellington Channel. In a letter to the Secretary to the Admiralty, dated September 15th, 1851, Captain Penny states, that having discovered open water leading out of Wellington Channel, he requested Captain Austin to give him the *Sophia* steamer to go up the channel, and wait to see if the ice would clear away, and that Captain Austin declined the request. Captain Austin, on the other hand, denies that he was ever asked for a steamer, and that Captain Penny ever gave him the slightest reason to hope that either trace or rescue was to be obtained by sending a steamer up Wellington Channel. On the contrary, he produces a letter from Captain Penny in answer to a question from himself, whether Captain Penny was satisfied with his own examination of Wellington Channel? "Your question," replies Captain Penny, "is easily answered. My opinion is, Wellington Channel requires no farther search. All has been done in the power of man to accomplish, and no trace has been found. What else can be done?" With this decisive opinion from the person best fitted to give it, Captain Austin returned to England. Captain Penny, however, reconciles his letter with his previous application for a steamer, by saying, when examined by the Arctic Committee, *that Wellington Channel was searched, but not beyond Wellington Channel*, thus supposing that Captain Austin could understand that the continuation of Wellington Channel to the north-west was not Wellington Channel. In this letter of the 15th September, already referred to, Captain Penny had made the same distinction between the upper and the under channel, by speaking of "*the strait leading north-west out of Wellington Channel, which I have for the present named Queen Victoria Channel;*" but it is worthy of remark, that in a letter written three days pre-

vious to the other, and addressed to the Lords of the Admiralty, he makes no such distinction, calling the upper part by the same name as the lower part. "Your Lordships are aware," he says, "that *I have discovered that the course of Wellington Channel lies north-west a distance of sixty miles beyond the point which I reached.*" Now as he says that he asked for a steamer to go up *the Channel*, and as he declared that *Wellington Channel* required no farther search, how was it possible that Captain Austin could understand that he meant anything but the *whole Channel*, upper as well as lower? But, independently of this, Captain Penny admits that "*there was undoubtedly a barrier of ice at the entrance of Wellington Channel at the time he applied for the steamer,*" and we cannot understand how, under such circumstances, Captain Austin could have been justified, either in giving a steamer, or in taking one himself, upon such a hopeless errand, and at such a late season of the year, even if he had understood Captain Penny's distinction between the upper and the under Channel. We therefore concur in the decision of the Arctic Committee, that Captain Austin acted wisely in not making any farther search in Wellington Channel.*

Those who have friends in the missing ships will be glad to hear that, beside the Expedition to Wellington Sound, now fitting out by Government, under Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Kellet, other two, and perhaps a third, from America, at the expense partly of Mr. Grinnel, are about to be employed in the same cause. In conformity with the views of Lady Franklin, at whose risk the journey is undertaken, Lieutenant Pim, R.N., has gone to St. Petersburg, for the purpose of making a land journey from the mouth of the Kolyma river to New Siberia to search for Sir John Franklin. The Russian Government, however, with whom he has been in communication, has pointed out the impracticability of the scheme; but has, at the same time, generously offered to give every assistance in any well organized plan that is likely to be attended with success. The difficulty, almost insuperable, of travelling to the place of his destination, through the immense wilderness of Northern Siberia, among uncivilised tribes, scarcely subject even to Russian authority, does not seem to have been anticipated by Lieutenant Pim or his counsellors. In Admiral Wrangel's journey through the same regions, although only one-third of the length of that proposed by Lieutenant Pim, he was obliged to employ fifty sledges and 600 dogs, with provisions for each sledge of from fifty to seventy salt herrings a day; so that the Expedition of Lieutenant Pim would require what could not be obtained with-

* The official inquiry into this matter occupies a great part of the Blue Book, No. 11 in our list.

out the complete ruin of the natives, who require the use of their dogs, namely, from 1200 to 1500 dogs, and provisions in proportion. The agents of the Russian Government have, at the same time, distinctly stated it as their opinion, that Sir John Franklin has not been shipwrecked in the Icy Sea, north of Siberia, otherwise some information of the event must have been conveyed to the Imperial authorities by the natives.

Another Expedition of a more plausible character, and the result of private liberality and enterprise, is at present fitting out by Captain Beatson, who has long been of opinion that Sir John Franklin has passed to the north of the Parry Islands, and that he has been prevented from getting southward by a chain of islands extending far to the westward, and probably a continuation of the Parry Islands. Captain Beatson, therefore, believes that Sir John Franklin is somewhere to the north of Behring's Straits, and certainly not far to the eastward. Influenced by this opinion, he has purchased a vessel, to be commanded by himself, and which is now preparing for the Expedition. It is a schooner of nearly 200 tons, but capable of carrying a much larger quantity. She is to be fitted up with separate engines of eight horse power each, with three separate boilers. This vessel is to be accompanied by a steam launch of five horse power. The ship is to be provisioned for five years, and her crew is to consist of fifteen men and himself. Captain Beatson had intended to take another smaller screw steamer as a tender, and of far greater power, but he has not found himself able to do this. He intends to leave England about the end of February 1852, to proceed directly to the Sandwich Islands, and having taken in coal, to enter Behring's Straits by the middle or end of July. He then makes for the open water seen by Wrangel, and should he not succeed in getting so far along the coast, he proposes to employ the spring (before the breaking up of the ice) in attempting to reach the land seen by Captain Kellet from Herald Island, and thus to perform one part of the scheme proposed by Lieutenant Pim. The Royal Geographical Society, to whom this plan was submitted, by its distinguished president, Sir Roderick Murchison, propose to raise subscriptions in aid of Captain Beatson, and we are sure that the money of the rich and the prayers of the poor will be liberally devoted to such a noble and generous enterprise.

With the copious and valuable materials now before us, we may come to some reasonable conclusion respecting the course followed by Sir John Franklin, and the probability of his being discovered, if he and his party are still alive. We believe, and it is the belief of almost all the distinguished naval officers, that Sir John Franklin did not follow a western course past Melville Island, or a south-western one by any of the inlets that lead to the

American shore. This opinion is confirmed by the extensive and unavailing search which has been made in these directions. The existence of his first winter quarters in 1845-6, at Beechy Island, at the eastern entrance to Wellington Channel, renders it highly probable that his course was along that Channel; and if it was, that he would either emerge into the polar basin, if one does exist, or would push his way westward to Behring's Straits, or eastward round Greenland, if it is an island, and does not reach the pole. The new Expedition that is now fitting out by Government, under Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Kellett, will certainly have for its main object the examination of Wellington and Queen Victoria Channels; and as it is the opinion of Captain Penny and all his officers that the missing Expedition took that route, it becomes an interesting inquiry to ascertain what is the degree of probability that it may still be discovered, and that the gallant crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* are yet alive. If the ships have been frozen up in perpetual ice, and their crews prevented from returning from want of food, or the means of transport, there can be little doubt that travelling parties at least, from the new Expedition, may trace them either to their prisons or to their graves; but if they have escaped from the Wellington Channel into a polar basin or into other channels to the east or to the west, the Expedition will probably return without accomplishing its object, while our hopes of the safety of the missing ships will be greatly increased.

The grand problem for our solution, then, is the existence of a polar basin or of an open sea extending to the pole. Captain Ommaney has declared "that he has no faith in the theory of a polar basin," and placing against this the opposite naval opinion of Captain Osborne, that he had observed various facts which "go far to prove the existence of a northern basin or polar sea," we enter upon the discussion of the subject as a great and scientific question which science alone is capable of solving. We have more than once had occasion to state to our readers the undoubted fact that the pole is not the coldest part of the globe, and that there are two poles of maximum cold, one in the new world, somewhere near Melville Island, and another on the opposite meridian in the old world. It is demonstrable, from the observations of Captain Scoresby and others, that the mean temperature of the North Pole does not exceed 10° * of Fahrenheit, whereas the mean temperature of Melville Island is, according to Sir Edward Parry, 1° or 2° below zero,† or 11° or 12° below that of the pole. But as the temperature of 10° , though derived from a formula expressing accurately the

* See *Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. ix. pp. 206, 207.

† See this Journal, vol. iv. p. 235.

diminution of temperature from the equator to the polar regions, may be considered only as a probable assumption, we shall arrive at the same conclusion by taking the results of actual observation. Captain Scoresby found, from many years' observation, that the mean temperature in latitude 78° in the Spitzbergen seas was 17° Fahrenheit, whereas Captain Parry found the mean temperature in latitude $74\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ at Melville Island, to be 1° or 2° —where we should have expected it to have been above 17° . If this then be the law of temperature in different meridians, Sir John Franklin, in ascending Wellington Channel, would necessarily pass into a warmer climate, where an arctic winter would lose much of its horrors, and where a more genial temperature would foster animal life, and supply him, not only with materials for food, but even with the elements of luxury. Though barriers of ice or other causes may prevent him from retracing his steps by Wellington Channel, or by any other southward course, he may be carrying on his explorations in new regions contiguous to the place of his entrance into the polar sea, or even extending them, if his vessels are preserved, into new regions far to the east or west of the meridian in which he entered it.

Such are the hopes which we fondly cherish, that our distinguished exile and his gallant crew are still preserved to their friends and their country. Yet it is but a hope—a faint hope, too, to which we cling with failing grasp, and with bitter tears. Time has worn it to a shadow—evanescent to the eye of Reason, yet looming brightly on the horizon of Fancy. Still we must not despair. When Hope quits the earth, she often alights again embalmed and invigorated amid the prayers of the faithful. In the chronicles of the ocean, when the wrecked mariner has been cast among its raging billows, an unseen hand has often guided him to a happy shore; and in the annals of mortal suffering, when hearts have sunk and hands have failed, a meteor ray has often flashed upon the soul, and an arm of strength been commissioned to deliver. In asking, then, with the poet,—where are the friends whom we mourn? Let us accept of the consolation which he offers, when it shall appear that God has not aided the efforts of the resolute :—

“ Where is he?—where? silence and darkness dwell
About him; as a soul cut off from men:
Shall we behold him yet a citizen
Of mortal life? Will he return to tell
(Prisoner from Winter's very citadel
Broken forth) what he before has told, again,
How to the hearts and hands of resolute men,
God aiding, *nothing* is impossible?

Alas! the enclosure of the stony wave
 Is strong, and dark the depths of polar night;
 Yet One there is Omnipotent to save.
 And this we know, if comfort still we crave,
Into that dark he took with him a light —
*The lamp that can illuminate the grave.**

In the application of the public money to Expeditions of Discovery, or, indeed, to any object above vulgar apprehension, the counsellors of the State are exposed to the double taunts of ignorance and faction. In authorizing the recent Searching Expeditions, however, they yielded to the united voice of science and humanity, and neither the bitterness of party, nor the illiberality of the utilitarian school has ventured to impugn the wisdom and generosity of their conduct. The time, doubtless, is not far distant when the call of humanity must subside, and when science must stand alone at the bar of the Treasury, to plead the cause of Arctic Discovery. It is painful to think that a Government could exist in England with whom such a cause should require an advocate; and more painful still that those who rule the destinies of a great maritime nation should grudge the miserable pittance which the State owes to advancing knowledge and civilisation. If God has given man the earth as a freehold, and dominion over its life and its luxuries, it is doubtless the duty of His viceroy to explore his domains, to draw the tribute which they offer, and to send back blessings in return. If human reason has been commissioned to explore the planetary and sidereal regions, it is doubly bound to search the planet which is its home—to develop the laws of its structure, and to unfold the mysteries of its birth. “Could the body of the whole earth,” says Addison,† “or indeed the whole universe be thus ‡ submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned to our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well contrived a frame as that of the human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency—the same necessity and usefulness—the same beauty and harmony in all and every of its parts as that we discover in the body of every single animal.” Since the expression of this noble thought, which its author considers as new,§ nearly a century and a half has been devoted to the study of the rocks, the

* The POLES, a poem in 20 stanzas, in “Hours and Days.” By THOMAS BURTON. London, 1851.

† Spectator, No. 543.

‡ Like the human body to anatomical observation.

§ “I have been particular,” says Addison at the end of his paper, “on the thought which runs through this speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others.”

air, and the ocean—the osteology, the lungs, and the circulation of the giant earth. We have surveyed the integuments of its equatorial, and its tropical, and its temperate regions. We have studied its internal commotions, its respiratory organs of gas and of fire—its voice of thunder and of tempest—its daily and its yearly movements,—but we are still ignorant of the structure of its brain, and of the organs of sensation which it animates. It is beneath its cap of snow and its crown of ice that we have yet to discover the poles of its magnetic force, the haunts of its cold, and the focus of its auroral beams. There, too, we may find new types of the human kind, and new forms of animal and vegetable life, thriving in summers without darkness, and in winters without light. Let Expedition, then, follow Expedition till we have surveyed “the whole body of the earth.” It is man’s duty to complete the survey of the planet which he owns. Reason demands it of him as a tribute to the All-wise; and Revelation calls upon him to discover the secrets of His wisdom, and make known the marvels of His power.

Work Science, work, plumb ocean, scale the sky!
And beyond earth look on for praise on high.

BURBIDGE.

SINCE the preceding Article was printed, we have received farther information respecting the Searching Expeditions, which cannot fail to interest our readers. The ships of the American expedition, when on its return in 1850, drifted into Wellington Channel, and being there involved in the drift ice, were again carried out of it into Lancaster Sound, and along the west side of Baffin’s Bay, nearly to Hudson’s Straits. They never got clear of the ice during the whole winter, and were frequently on the point of destruction, *the crews having several times left the ships, and returned to them again when the crisis was over.* From this floating prison of ice the ships were disengaged in spring, and after a fruitless attempt in summer to resume their search in Lancaster Sound, they returned to the United States.

In the spring of 1851, Mr. Rae succeeded in crossing the ice, from the mouth of the Copper Mine River to Victoria Land. Having examined the shores of Wollaston Land, he proved its connexion with Victoria Land, and he traced it westerly and

490 *Expedition proposed between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen.*

northwards to *within 220 miles of the north coast of Banks's Land*. He intended to resume his search in summer if the ice broke up sufficiently to permit him to cross in his boats. He is now on his journey home, and in two months hence we may expect to learn what he has accomplished.

It appears by a letter from Captain Moore of the *Plover*,* that the pack ice in Behring's Straits has this year extended 160 miles farther south than in either of the two previous summers. His own progress was stopped by it in lat. $70^{\circ} 34'$, and long. 169° west; and he fears that the *Enterprise* will be unable this year to make any progress eastward.

A new plan of search, on scientific grounds, has been just proposed† by Mr. A. Petermann, who thinks that *the wide opening between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla most probably offers the easiest and most advantageous entrance into the open navigable Polar Sea, and perhaps the best route for the search after Sir John Franklin*. This proposal proceeds upon the supposition generally received, that Sir John has emerged from Wellington Channel into the Polar Sea. Adopting this supposition, we consider the proposal liable to grave objections of a scientific character. The best meridian by which we can approach the Pole is doubtless that by which it has been most nearly approached, and that is by the meridian between Greenland and Spitzbergen. Along this meridian Captain Parry, on the 23d July 1823, approached within *seven degrees and a quarter of it*, while Phipps had come within $9^{\circ} 12'$, and Scoresby within $8^{\circ} 30'$ of it. This meridian, too, is the warmest on the globe, and that in which each isothermal line recedes farthest from the Equator. Mr. Petermann supports his views, as we do ours, (see page 486,) by the fact of the existence of a pole of maximum cold about Melville Island, though he has not mentioned by whom that pole was discovered. The following opinion of Sir John Barrow will have some weight with those who have not looked at the question in its scientific bearings:—

“The theory of Mayer, which Leslie has adopted, and on which has been constructed a formula for ascertaining the mean temperature of the globe, has now been found to assign a much less degree of cold to high latitudes than actually exists. It makes, for instance, that of the North Pole 32° , and of the parallel in which Captain Parry passed the winter 36° , being therefore erroneous by fully as many degrees. Sir David Brewster came to a conclusion much nearer the truth. The ingenious Humboldt, in his memoir on Isothermal Lines, had shown that, in high latitudes, the difference of temperature in the same parallels of the old and new world is very considerable, not less

* *Times*, Jan. 17, 1852.

† *Athenaeum*, Jan. 17, 1852.

than 13° of Fahrenheit in the parallel of 50° , and 17° in that of 60° higher in Europe than in America. He has also shewn that the isothermal lines decline under the eastern meridians of Asia. It had, indeed, long been known, that during the season of the fisheries the temperature of the Spitzbergen Seas, in the latitude of 80° , is higher than that of 70° in Baffin's Bay. On these grounds, and from comparing the thermometric curve of 17° in 78° of latitude on the meridian of Spitzbergen, with that of 65° on the meridian of Melville Island, Sir David Brewster, in a paper of great interest and ingenuity, observes, unless we suppose that the climate of these regions is subject to no law, we are forced to conclude that the Pole of the Globe is not the coldest point of the Arctic Hemisphere, and that there are *two points of greatest cold* not many degrees from the Pole, and in meridians nearly at right angles to that which passes through the West of Europe.

"The exact position of these Poles is not ascertained; but Sir David Brewster thinks they are situated in about 80° N. latitude, and 95° E., and 100° W. longitudes, or the one 5° to the north of Graham Moore's Bay, and the other 1° to the north of the Bay of Taimura near the north-east cape."*

* *Quarterly Review*, 1821, vol. xxv. pp. 197-8. Dr. Scoresby has taken the same view of the subject in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*.—Art. Polar Regions, vol. xviii. p. 15.

ART. VII.—*Memoir of Edward Copleston, D.D., Bishop of Llandaff, with Selections from his Diary and Correspondence.* By WILLIAM JAMES COPLESTON, M.A., Rector of Cromhall, Gloucestershire, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London, 1851.

ASSOCIATED as is the name of Copleston with the revival of learning at Oxford, and with the progress of that academical reform which dates from the beginning of the present century, the announcement of the publication of his biography is at once invested with peculiar interest. We forget and forgive the zeal with which an overstrained loyalty to his *alma mater* betrayed him long since into the palliation of those defects which he, at the same time, strove so manfully to remove, and regard him rather as one of those faithful and diligent pioneers, who, hoping against hope, and struggling against difficulties, cleared the thickets, and removed the obstructions which time, and neglect, and prejudice, and ignorance, had accumulated in that ancient seat of learning. Of his contemporaries, Whately, Senior, Macbride, and others, still survive, to enter into the rich fruit of those labours, in the burden of which they bore a part; but Eveleigh, Cyril Jackson, John Duncan, Arnold, and other noble spirits of the first half of the nineteenth century, now live only in institutions into which they breathed a new energy, in the intellectual life, which still has to buffet with impediments to its free development in the old English universities,—and in the recollection of the few like-minded contemporaries, to whom their memory is sweet. No wonder, then, that we opened, with lively anticipations, a memoir of one of these leading spirits, and that the promise of “extracts from the diary and correspondence” of the late distinguished Provost of Oriel College, beguiled us into an expectation, less of a mere biographical outline of the professed subject of the memoir, than of an insight into the private thoughts and feelings of those other eminent men, mostly now gathered to their fathers, whose names we have been wont to connect with that of Copleston. Possibly, in this calculation, we were not uninfluenced by what is recorded of Pope, that his example, and perhaps assistance, produced the letters of Gay, and Bolingbroke, and Swift; and we thus relied on the promised “correspondence” as likely to afford us that kind of autobiography of Copleston and his contemporaries, which individuals gradually and insensibly compose in the course of their letters, and which have this advantage over professed “memoirs,” that they exhibit the sentiments and feel-

ings of the writers, contrasted with, and of course connected by, those of their friends and intimates.

With these feelings we turned to the Memoir of one whose name thirty years ago was so deeply connected with the minute details of academical work in Oxford, who was head of Oriel College when it was styled by Sir James Mackintosh "the school of speculative philosophy in England," and who was himself the associate of some of the most remarkable writers and leaders of opinion whom England has known in this century. We confess that we have laid down the book with feelings of disappointment. But our sense of the interest of the subject urges us to a brief review of a work which, on account of its name, naturally enough falls within the scope of our critical labours, even although we find it necessary to indicate deficiencies, rather than to express satisfaction with the information which is here conveyed to us.

To be candid, we think we discern throughout its pages something like a systematic reserve, arising possibly out of absence of sympathy with the ecclesiastical and political sentiments of the Bishop, and a disposition to exhibit him only in such a light as accords with the predilection of the writer. We have the portraiture of an ideal character, and that somewhat commonplace, created by the selection of parts of an historical one, and the alteration of the proportions which existed between those parts in the original subject. We may truly say that we have but the *disiecta membra* of one who was certainly, in his day, the "*grande decus columenque rerum Oxoniensium*;" and did we not rely on some private sources of information, we doubt whether we could succeed in constructing out of the imperfect remains, scattered about at random, any very distinct image. In tracing the narrative, therefore, we shall hope to render good service by indicating some of the particulars in which we believe that the biographer has sinned against his subject, the chasms which appear to us to require to be filled up, and the inaccuracies, which seem to impose on some survivor of the Bishop's acquaintance the task of giving to the world a more ample and correct biography.

The Memoir commences with the birth of Edward Copleston, son of the clergyman of Offwell, Devon, in 1776. His father was descended, through a junior branch, from the ancient stock of Copleston of Copleston, in the same county, settled in Dorsetshire; and it was a favourite occupation of the subject of this biography, in his *horæ subsecivæ*, to trace out the links which connected him with the family whose name he bore. Amongst its members was another Provost, who presided over King's College, Cambridge, at the period of the Restoration, and of whom a *memento*, in the form of a silver-gilt cup, presented to him as Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, is, we are told, still preserved in the

family. Of the early boyhood of Edward, no record seems to have been preserved, and we are brought, *per saltum*, to the period of his election to a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in his sixteenth year; while, as early as 1793, we find him reciting his poem, "*Marius in tugurio Ruinarum Carthaginiensium*," in the Sheldonian Theatre, on occasion of the installation of the Duke of Portland as Chancellor of the University.

The circumstances of his election to a fellowship of Oriel College in 1795, are spoken of as remarkable; for "whereas, in ordinary cases, the candidates present themselves and solicit permission to be admitted to the lists, here, in this case, after examination of a number of competitors, among whom young Copleston was not included, the provost and fellows of Oriel College, it is said, sent for him to C. C. C., and invited him to be chosen into their Society." This is scarcely accurate, or consistent with the terms of an extract from Archdeacon Williams's obituary notice, where the latter states, that "as he left the scene of election, one of them (the fellows) bade him recollect that he owed his preferment to *free competition* and merit alone." The real facts were as follows: There was a vacancy in one of those few fellowships at Oriel which are in the first instance limited to particular counties, in case any well-qualified candidate (*idoneus*) from those counties presents himself. Of this qualification the Statutes constitute the existing electors the judges. Now it has been, and still at the time we are writing is, usual in most societies at Oxford to *lower* the standard of qualification to the attainments of the county candidates; and to this abuse of endowments is to be traced, to a great extent, that decline of learning which, towards the middle of the last century, had reached its climax. To an abandonment of the practice, on the other hand, may be attributed the lead which the society of Oriel College took, and possessed for a considerable period, and which it still partially retains. It was to a rejection of the county candidates, in application of this principle, after examination, as unfit, that the future provost and bishop owed his election; not that he was invited to be chosen, strictly speaking, but to present himself as a candidate for examination. By noon, however, on the same day, he was elected.

Academical honours now descended thick upon him. In 1796 he obtained the English essay prize on the subject of agriculture, for which he received the thanks of the Agricultural Society, communicated through Sir John Sinclair. He was subsequently appointed to the responsible office of College tutor.

We could have wished for fuller notices than the present Memoir contains of this period of the bishop's life, for according to the concurrent testimony of his friends and pupils, it was as a

College tutor that his influence was most extensively felt, and the somewhat commonplace and tedious details of his declining years, which clog the Memoir, very inadequately compensate us for the absence of information at the more important periods of his life which preceded. The omission is the more inexcusable, as it has given an opportunity for a recent criticism which is undeserved, and which can only be justified on the supposition that all that was to be known of Dr. Copleston was contained in the Memoir given by his relation. Yet a close inspection of the meagre "correspondence," which he has here and there interspersed, might have suggested inquiries such as would have led the writer to vindicate the subject of the Memoir from the remark, that he had not imparted anything like "a tone to the age by his labours." The criticism which we refer to is in terms confined to "literary" labours indeed, but obviously tends to exclude Bishop Copleston from the list of those benefactors to their generation who have given an impulse to thought, and guided the intellectual tastes of their contemporaries.

This we believe to be untrue. Were the remark confined even to his work as an author, he can hardly be said to have lavished the stores of long study and severe thought on subjects too ephemeral to command the attention of succeeding generations, much less has he many competitors in the pregnant thought, compact reasoning, and felicitous illustration with which he arouses the minds of those with whom he lived and for whom he wrote. But it is still less true when applied to his labours in that not less effective sphere of influence, of which the results endure long beyond the memory of their prime movers. "College tuition," writes a well informed correspondent and contemporary of Dr. Copleston, "was after all his *forte*; his clearness in explaining, his patience with humble efforts, his power of calling forth whatever a man had in him, to the surprise of all parties—in all this he was the best tutor in Oxford, far the best in his day, never exceeded since. His mind during that portion of his life was in its full vigour; the exercise of his faculties was more variable later in life."

The letter of an old Orielite, Mr. Hughes, also bears strong testimony to the Bishop's powers of conveying information and disciplining the intellect, and describes the "manly and practical habit of mind which pervaded his lectures," with much enthusiasm. To him, in common with his successor in the tutorship, Mr. Davison, (author of those able treatises on Prophecy and on Sacrifice which bear his name,) Mr. Hughes attributes the most extensive influence, both on the minds of the Oriel student, and the tone of the common room at Oriel, which he describes as at the time uniting their society with that of

Whately, Arnold, and other congenial spirits, and rivalling the conversational reputation of Trinity College in the sister University.

With these facts before us, which we have been at some pains to collect, we are disappointed at the absence from this volume of any epistolary or conversational intercourse with either Davison or Arnold, and of any traces of the degree of sympathy or coincidence of opinion between them, on points of educational, social, or political interest, although this may conceivably be partly owing to the absence of any considerable degree of intimacy between them and the provost. With respect to the third name in Mr. Hughes's letter, we have heard it remarked that no stranger could learn from the Memoir alone what warm and close intimacy, extending through half a century, had existed between the Archbishop of Dublin and Dr. Copleston, or that during a large portion of that time the most unrestrained intercourse had been carried on, in relation to nearly all the great subjects, literary, ecclesiastical, and political, which have agitated various sections of society during the period.

The Archbishop, from his college intimacy with Dr. Copleston, might have been able to furnish something of interest as regards the influence exerted by the latter on the minds of his college pupils and contemporaries in lectures or conversation. In a letter given (p. 103) Dr. Whately confesses his obligation to send a copy of every production of his pen, as to a "kind of lord of the soil," in acknowledgment that from the Bishop he derived the main principles on which he had acted and speculated through life!*

Might not Davison and Arnold have derived similar inspiration from Copleston in their best days, of which such imperfect records are given in this volume? We have at heart our suspicions that the *genuine* features, which under extensively diversified combinations of character and temperament, belong to what has been styled "The Oriel School," (and we include in it, with Whately, Davison, and Arnold, the names of Hampden, Hawkins, Newman, Hinds, Powell, Pusey and others,) are attributable in no small degree to the guidance of their Provost, and

* Scarcely less decisive is the language of the Prefatory Dedication of the Archbishop's "Elements of Logic," addressed to Dr. Copleston, when Dean of Chester, in which he speaks of the latter, "not merely as having originally imparted to him the principles of the science (of Logic), but also as having contributed remarks, explanations, and illustrations, relative to the most important points, to so great an amount, that he could hardly consider himself as more than half the author of such portions of the Treatise, as were not borrowed from former publications." Surely, if the language of this preface is not to be taken as mere compliment, the impulse given to logical studies, both throughout Europe and in the New World by the Archbishop's celebrated Work, as it is here generously shared with, is at least partly attributable to his Provost.

the enthusiasm by which he unconsciously kindled the taste for common studies, which have led to such varied and even opposite results.*

Mention is made of the Bishop's first introduction (in 1799) to his pupil and friend in after life, Lord Dudley and Ward, and there is a reference also to a volume of correspondence between him and Bishop, published by the latter after the former's decease. No use apparently is made of these by the biographer. It is also stated that a second volume was intended, and is even now "waiting to see the light." The biographer should have at least informed his readers that Dr. Copleston's intention to give to the world a second volume, was frustrated by an injunction, obtained from the Lord Chancellor by Bishop Philpotts and Lord Lyndhurst, who, for some reason which, like the correspondence itself, is shrouded in secrecy, objected to trust Dr. Copleston with publishing his friend's reminiscences.

We must pause for a little to consider Dr. Copleston's connexion with that important event in the history of University Reform—the passing of the examination statute at Oxford in 1800. Of the precise share which the Bishop had in procuring its adoption, we are nowhere distinctly informed in the Memoir itself, but in the obituary notice by Archdeacon Williams of Llandaff, which we have already quoted, we find the following:—

"To him mainly we owe the introduction of a real and searching examination, instead of that which has become a mockery and a delusion—to him, the emulation excited by honourable distinction, which has bent many a spirit to intellectual and ennobling pursuits, for this, his College, his University, the realm of England, owes much to Edward Copleston. He *planned and matured* that course and system which has formed and fashioned for usefulness her rising youth." (P. 222.)

Archdeacon Williams, whom we think we recollect at Oriel about twenty years after the transactions here noticed, may perhaps be pardoned any inaccuracy in recording them, and we readily condone the exaggeration of an *éloge funèbre*, but as matter of biography and of history, we must say that such a statement is hardly fair to the memory of Provost Eveleigh, and makes us regret the want of an Antony Wood, to note down from year to year, the sayings and doings of the leading actors

* Strictly speaking, this influence, if we are right in attributing as much to Dr. Copleston, was exercised *indirectly*, since few of those we have named stood *actually* in the relation to him of pupils. Davison and Arnold were undoubtedly never *literally taught* by him, the one having been elected from Christ Church, the second from Corpus. Hampden and Powell were originally of Oriel, but not while Copleston was tutor. Hinds, the present liberal and distinguished Bishop of Norwich, was a private pupil of Whately's, and a kind of grandson of Copleston.

on that not altogether unimportant stage—the University. More just is the remark of Mr. Hughes, that Copleston's practical "wisdom had won an influence for him beyond the walls of his college, in which he was known to enjoy the intimate confidence of the excellent Provost [Eveleigh] *one of the most strenuous originators* of the present system of classes and honours." We are assured that Dr. Copleston has been often heard to speak of the long and difficult struggle, protracted to *more than twenty years*, after which at length the statute was carried, and this renders it obvious that the "planning" the system is referable to a date, when the subject of the "Memoir" was not more than six years of age.* The correction which, on the authority of one of the Bishop's contemporaries, we are enabled to make, is of some weight in reply to an inference of the biographer that "there was, fifty years ago, existing, in the Universities, a power capable of overcoming that *vis inertia* which attaches more or less to all long-settled institutions—capable also of effecting against that force very decided and fundamental changes." Was it not "then seen," he proceeds to ask, "that the leading of a few powerful minds sufficed, without any impulse from without, to bring about a revolution in academic life, not less distasteful to a great number, in its beginning, than salutary in its results?"

We unhesitatingly say, in reply to such an appeal, that the history of the passing of the statute, which came into operation in 1802, is not encouraging; and if it is intended, as it seems to be, for an argument against present interference *ab extra*, with a view to academical changes, the precise facts of the case lead inevitably to the opposite conclusion. Such, in all probability, *was* the conclusion at which the Bishop's own mind had arrived. "I am not able," remarks his biographer, "to refer to any written sentiments of Dr. Copleston upon the subject of a Commission of Inquiry into the state of our Universities, nor would I venture to ascribe to him any precise opinion as to the expediency or propriety of such interference. But it would be wrong to withhold here what will be in the recollection of many of Dr. Copleston's friends—namely, that he would sometimes express strongly and freely his regrets, that some of our collegiate societies had not done more towards meeting the educational demands of the age."—(P. 8.)

Now, on this subject, there *are* extant some "written sentiments," which, occurring as they do in a work (The Replies to the Edinburgh Review), which most will admit to be a somewhat chivalrous defence of *alma mater*, are on that very account the

* In point of fact, Provost Eveleigh of Oriel, Parsons, Master of Balliol, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, and Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ-Church, were the three most influential promoters of the scheme.

more emphatic as an expression of opinions, which he is understood to have entertained on the subject later in life. . . . In these "Replies" he apologizes for, rather than justifies, the inaction of the University of Oxford, by the fact, that it has no existence (practically) except as a "congeries of foundations, each of which has its own peculiar statutes, regulating its own internal affairs, but confining its benefits by a great variety of limitations," so that many qualifications for fellowships, &c., are enjoined, "quite foreign to intellectual talents and learning." Such was the plea of Copleston, the advocate and controversialist of thirty years since—a plea obviously put forth with more of rhetorical tact than force of conviction. In the same "Replies," he even admits it to be at least open to discussion whether the amelioration of a system is or is not a greater good than the maintenance of founders' wills, and lays it down as absolutely unquestionable that the Legislature *should* interfere with such wills, when they contain provisions *injurious* to the public, adding, that to the voice of the public we ought [as a university] always "to answer with respect, and to render an account, if called upon, of our proceedings."—(Appendix, p. 343.)

We commend this last statement to the special consideration of those who at Oxford are now resisting public opinion, as it is expressed in the recent exercise of the royal prerogative, and to refer them to the fact that, with respect to close foundations, the champion of Oxford as it was, would only stipulate for the preservation of the interests of the present holders of Fellowships, while he abandons the defence of the foundations themselves as actually obstructive of, and tending to paralyze exertion. [Appendix, p. 341.] But on this subject of University Reform, we need not anticipate the evidence of the forthcoming Report of the Commission of Inquiry.*

We pass over the brief notices given in the "Memoir" of the Bishop's "Prælectiones," as Professor of Poetical Criticism, the last of which he delivered in 1812. They are marked by much elegant Latinity, and shew considerable classical learning and

* While speaking of the Bishop's replies to the Edinburgh Review, we would take the opportunity of setting the author of the "Memoir" right with respect to another controversial piece of Dr. Copleston. "The sly pungency of a *jeu d'esprit* from his pen," remarks Mr. Hughes, "published about the same time, under the title of, *Hints to a Young Reviewer*, was also considered to have found a joint in the armour of the *Edinburgh Review*, a journal at that time standing alone in its own peculiar department, and assuming a tone of domination in English literature only to be paralleled by the more modern assumptions of Cardinal Wiseman, as the director of English religion."—(P. 28.) It will scarcely be believed that the said *jeu d'esprit* had no reference whatever to the Edinburgh Review, but to an article in the *BRITISH CARRIC* on the poems of Mant! It is to be hoped that such mistakes as these will not find their way into any credited collection of "the Curiosities of Literature."

refined taste. What follows is of some historical interest. In the narrative of the academical events of 1809, to which we allude, too little stress indeed is laid on the circumstance of the Bishop being at that time, and long after, a strenuous advocate of Catholic emancipation. How strenuous, we should hardly have collected from the "Memoir," which, moreover, altogether omits to inform us that, at this period, the Bishop published a pamphlet (which the biographer leaves out of the list of his works) in answer to Mr. Croker, of New College, Oxford, in which he strongly urges the removal of Catholic disabilities.

In describing the contest for the University Chancellorship in this year, when the honour of succeeding the Duke of Portland was contested by Lords Grenville and Eldon, and the Duke of Beaufort, the author of the "Memoir" observes,—

"The recent agitation of the 'Catholic' question had created great excitement, and raised a strong feeling in the University against Lord Grenville, as an avowed friend to 'emancipation.' It should be remembered, too, that Lord Grenville was at this time deprived of Court favour, and excluded from the Cabinet, so that the chances were apparently much against him. Nevertheless, Mr. Copleston espoused with generous enterprise the cause of that candidate, of whose moral and intellectual qualifications he was best assured."

And he adds that,—

"Notwithstanding all the weight of official influence, and all the strength of old Tory prejudices arrayed against them, *he and his friends* succeeded in placing Lord Grenville in the vacant chair."—P. 25.

This gives an incorrect impression. In the first place, it was well known that the Prince of Wales warmly espoused Lord Grenville's cause, and that his friend Mr. Tyrwhit was sent down to watch the progress of the election, which was carried on through the night, without intermission, lawyers having expressed a doubt of the legality of adjourning Convocation. Without disparagement, therefore, to the subject of the "Memoir," we must observe that in the passage we have quoted, too much is said of the impartiality and disinterestedness of the Bishop; and, on the other hand, too little of the impulse given to his exertions by the strength of his convictions in favour of emancipation. Besides, the result, though doubtless aided by the energy and perseverance of Lord Grenville's friends, (Dr. Copleston among them,) was greatly to be attributed to the supporters of the Duke of Beaufort, who kept open the poll, though his Grace was lowest on it; and not a little to a prevailing persuasion that Lord Grenville's success at Oxford would make him Prime Minister.

An extract from the "Diary of the Bishop," a few years be-

fore, illustrates the great versatility of Copleston's mental powers, as enabling him successfully to engage in subjects so different and uncongenial as poetical criticism and financial calculation. He notes the fact of his having been continued in the bursarship of his College (Oriel) during six years, and having obtained the consent of the fellows to a plan for improving the revenues, by borrowing fines, instead of taking them from lessees, on renewals, and increasing the reserved rents instead. Whence he succeeded in trebling the rents of the College, liquidating its debts, and procuring better tenants for the estates. He was at this very time engaged, as Professor of Poetical Criticism, in the composition of his *Prælectiones*, in the work of a college tutor, and soon after, in controversial defence of the Oxford system of study, against an attack, which, whether at the time exaggerated or not, will now be admitted on all hands to have resulted in a beneficial ventilation of the subject of university reform. Pamphlets on finance, much quoted at the time by practical men, both in and out of the House of Commons, coincident in view with the theories of Huskisson and Ricardo, also came from his pen.

The subsequent events of the Bishop's life, as a fellow of a college, were, principally, his resignation of his tutorship in 1810, the termination of the decade of his Prælectorship of Poetry in 1812, and (if there is no error in the statement) his refusal of the headship of Magdalen Hall in 1813. In 1814 he was elected Provost of Oriel, on the unanimous requisition of his society, the names of Davison, Whately, Keble, and Hawkins appearing among the requisitionists. Shortly after, he received the distinguished honour of a Doctor's degree by diploma, on the proposal of Dr. Hughes, Principal of Jesus College.*

In 1821, we find him publishing the "*Inquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Predestination*," a work which, at the time of its appearance, attracted considerable notice, and which may be described as an attempt to trace the difficulties which are imputed to the Calvinistic scheme chiefly to the equivocal use of words; and here again we involuntarily recur to the influence of Dr. Copleston's peculiar cast of mind on the speculations of more than one theologian of eminence of the present day, and on the prevailing distaste discernible for logomachies. In a letter to Archbishop Whately, written three years afterwards, there is given, (p. 100,) a favourable judgment of Davison's work on Prophecy, of which the seventh discourse pleased the

* Curiously enough, the Bishop, in a letter published in the *Memoirs*, and addressed to his old college friend, Darnell, attributes this act of respect to the President of his former college, Corpus. But our information is express to the fact, that the proposal came from the Principal of Jesus.

Bishop less than the rest of its contents, chiefly, as it would seem, on the ground of its rejection of the solution, which, after Archbishop King, he had proposed of the difficulty concerning prescience.

Before we quit the subject, we must notice a pleasing correspondence between Sir D. K. Sandford, the late eminent Professor of Greek at Glasgow, and two years previous, an unsuccessful aspirant to a vacant fellowship at Oriel, and the Provost, which arose out of the Professor's perusal of this work.

" College of Glasgow, December 22, 1823.

" SIR,—Though I have too much reason to fear that a letter with my signature may not be acceptable to you, I cannot refrain from giving the simple expression of my gratitude for a very essential service you have rendered me. My mind, (as I suppose, at some season or other, must be the case with all serious thinkers on religious subjects,) had been much agitated by the mysterious questions of predestination and election. Till lately, I confess with shame, I had not read your book on this topic. Its recent perusal has put an end to my doubts and hesitations—I hope for ever. The very work which, when unknown to me, I dared to mention in a slighting manner, has thus, under Providence, been the happy instrument of removing all my hesitations, and yielding peace to my disquieted thoughts. You will, perhaps, receive with indifference this tardy atonement for former petulance and error. But great will be my satisfaction if to the other members of the University, with whom my sincere confession of a heavy fault has reconciled me, I shall be enabled to add the name of Dr. Copleston.—I am, with much respect, your most obedient humble servant,

D. K. SANDFORD."

" Oriel College, December 28, 1823.

" DEAR SIR,—It was far from a feeling of indifference with which I read your letter. A testimony so frank and so powerful to the usefulness of a treatise, must naturally give its author sincere pleasure. But besides this, I should be sorry and ashamed to be thought insensible to the kindness of your communication. Whatever pain may have been caused by any former exercise of your pen, be assured that this letter has had all the healing influence you could have intended or desired. In common with your academical friends, I had always admired your talents, and this proof you have given of a generous heart, makes me hope that I may hereafter be included in that number, and that some time or other I may have an opportunity of testifying my esteem in person.—Believe me, dear Sir, your's faithfully and sincerely,

E. COPLESTON."

A biography of a distinguished theologian, from which but a faint idea can be gleaned of his opinions on controversial points of theology, or on those great ecclesiastical questions now in a course of solution, is surely a coming short of the subject; and

any sentiment of delicacy in referring to them, though an excellent reason for devolving the task of writing on others, will hardly be accepted as a satisfaction by the possessors of the "Memoir." We think, however, that the avowed approbation of the Archbishop of Dublin's work, entitled "The Kingdom of Christ," contained in a letter of the Bishop's, (p. 195,) justifies us in regarding the friends as agreed on most questions purely ecclesiastical; while there are evidences of considerable divergence of opinion on those mixed questions of religion and of politics which each was compelled to examine from a different point, and with different opportunities.

Resuming the thread of the "Memoir," we find Copleston advanced to the Deanery of Chester by Lord Liverpool in 1826, and sixteen months afterwards promoted to the See of Llandaff, by Lord Goderich, then Premier. In his new position we find him speaking (in 1828) unpremeditatedly, as appears from his diary, in defence of the repeal of the Corporation Test Acts. His speech was in reply to the Earl of Eldon, and was his first parliamentary effort. From this period to that of his decease, in October 1849, he appears to have ceased applying his mind with any intensity of exertion to subjects not involved in the discharge of his office. The "Diary and Correspondence," indeed, present occasional proof that the Prelate cherished recollections of the pursuits of the College Fellow, and delighted, from time to time, in that kind of intercourse with the friends of his youth, to which he has applied the Homeric phrase of *ὀμηλικὴ ἐρατείνη*—in renewing the ardour of his earlier days, and not unfrequently, by word or by epistle, reviving something of the polemic spirit, as he dealt with subjects of classical or archæological interest; but the records of his Episcopate, creditable as they are to the conscientious character of the Bishop, and to the desire of progress which was visible through his academic life, afford few traits on which we can afford to detain our readers. It is with Copleston, the scholar, the theologian, the philosopher, and the academic that we have to deal, and we naturally revert to the place which witnessed and experienced the fruits of the energy of his best years. What were his sentiments on the important movements, religious and educational, which have disturbed the once still waters of Isis, and have attracted the attention of thoughtful minds throughout the civilized world? A crowning defect of the work which we have been reviewing, is its almost total silence as to the degree and kind of interest taken by the Bishop of Llandaff in those stirring transactions which have brought the University, the scene of the triumphs of his youth, and of the honour of his mature age, prominently before the civilized world. If the late appearance of the "Memoir" is to be attributed

to its author being occupied in considering (like Phocion) what he could omit, it is to be regretted that his deliberations should have resulted in the retention of whole pages of a diary, which records with minute and uninteresting exactness his travels from Llansaintfraid to Abergavenny; while no one would guess that the Bishop of Llandaff cast more than passing glances, *much less took a singularly active part*, in watching and counteracting the movements of a religious party, which found its *nucleus* in his own society, and almost under his own presidency. To its leader, John Henry Newman, there are, if we mistake not, but two allusions throughout the "Memoir,"—one in a letter of the Bishop to his nephew, expressive of personal regard towards Newman, but hinting a dissent from his opinions on matters of academical and ecclesiastical concern, and especially from the views asserted by the founder of Tractarianism, (unless to Mr. Rose and Mr. Keble must be assigned that appellation,) in a recent pamphlet on Suffragan Bishops.

Of the Oxford party, generally, he thus writes to Mr. P. Duncan in 1842:—"I am pleased, and I hope you are, with the wise and temperate answer of the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, to the Anti-Tractarian laymen. That folly (he evidently means Tractarianism) is also on the wane, and when mystical divinity has had its run, perhaps the other purposes of life, for which our faculties were given us, will begin to receive due attention at Oxford. For the last two years, I understand Oxford has exhibited a practical example of the Caliph Omar's maxim—"burn the books—if they are in accordance with our faith, they are useless—if against it, they ought to be destroyed." This passage proves, indeed, that the Bishop had miscalculated the effect of the action of the University Convocation two years previous, of which he had been a strong advocate; we refer to the condemnation of the author of "The Ideal Church," Mr. Ward of Balliol College, which had been followed by the secession of Messrs. Oakley, Newman, and others, from the communion of the English Church. To his share in that proceeding, which took place early in 1842, and to his support of the Regius Professor of Divinity, Dr. Hampden, when he attended for the last time in his place in the Convocation House the same year, and recorded his vote for rescinding the politico-ecclesiastical *privilegium* passed against the Queen's Professor in 1836, in opposition to Dr. Philpotts, who appeared in the majority on that occasion, no allusion is made. We were anxious to see what more important acts of the Bishop had drawn off the biographer's attention from these not insignificant events. How does the author chronicle the bishop's life in that year? He omits it entirely from his record! "Finding nothing," he observes, "of particular interest to record for some space, I may at once present the

reader with the following letter," (p. 182,) and so he passes on from 1841 to 1843! What should we think of a life of the Duke of Wellington, which omitted all mention of the lines of Torres Vedras, and the battle of Waterloo? *

We have now said enough to indicate to our readers some grounds for drawing the conclusion that Bishop Copleston's life is replete with incidents and associations, entitling him to the posthumous privilege of a "vates sacer," and that the work before us is by no means calculated to meet the claim. Enough, indeed, is brought before us by his relation to excite curiosity, and stimulate the desire of a more ample "Memoir." The valuable paper of Sir Thomas Phillips appended to the volume, may supply materials for a record of Dr. Copleston's Episcopate, a period of his life marked by much urbanity and benevolence. But it is in his connexion with that University in whose temple of fame he has found a niche, that we desiderate a fuller portrait of the Bishop. A university reformer as he was, at a time when it implied no small share of goodness of heart, forbearance often difficult to one of his keen and susceptible temper, and above all, singleness of purpose, to maintain and improve an advantageous social position at Oxford, with avowed purposes of reform;—a literary man, of whom Sir James Mackintosh spoke "as the only writer of our time who had equally distinguished himself in paths so distant from each other, as classical literature, political economy, and metaphysical philosophy,"—singularly fortunate in the galaxy of eminent men in Church and State, into whose society it was his fate to be thrown, and whose minds he contrived greatly to develop;—of keen and ready wit, the counsellor of economists, and the delight of scholars—the late Provost of Oriel possesses personal claims enhanced by those of literature, and of the great educational questions of the day, on the pen of some survivor, unswayed by any of those incapacitating circumstances, which are admitted to have pressed on the compiler of the present sketchy and imperfect record.†

* We must not here omit reference to a correspondence which has just appeared, and which is decisive of Bishop Copleston's views on the much-controverted appointment of Dr. Hampden, now Bishop of Hereford, to that See. Writing to the Bishop, who collected signatures to the Episcopal Address to Lord John Russell in opposition to that important nomination, Dr. Copleston denounces the measure as unjust to Dr. Hampden, asserts that at the time of their publication he had read Dr. Hampden's Lectures, thought the Oxford censure of them unmerited, refused to join in the proposed act of hostility, and finally assisted at the consecration of the new Bishop. The latter fact is alone noticed in the Memoirs. (See *Fraser's Magazine* for December.)

† We see it stated that Bishop Copleston's common-place Book was (by his desire) transmitted to his friend the Archbishop of Dublin. No doubt the Archbishop would be rendering good service by giving to the public such portions of it as have not yet appeared. They would probably form an interesting volume.

ART. VIII.—*Wesley and Methodism.* By ISAAC TAYLOR.
London, 1851.

THE works by which Mr. Isaac Taylor has gained for himself so high and so pure a reputation, were almost all published before we commenced our critical labours, and in consequence we have not hitherto had an opportunity of expressing the very high estimate we have formed of their excellence and value. The popularity of Mr. Taylor's works, indeed, has not been much aided by the efforts of the periodical press. He can scarcely be said to be identified with any section or party in the religious world. He has animadverted freely upon the views and practices of the different Churches, and of the various ecclesiastical sections in our community. He has thus forfeited to some extent the cordial backing, and the too often indiscriminate commendation, of mere partisans and of their literary organs. But notwithstanding this, he has succeeded in achieving for himself a very high and well-merited reputation, and has long exerted an important influence upon the minds of thinking men, both in Great Britain and in the United States. He is now one of our most voluminous writers, and he has discussed in his various works almost all the topics that occupy the thoughts, and are likely to influence the conduct, of those men amongst us who are fitted to advance the highest interests of the community. We do not, any more than the other literary organs of public opinion, concur in all Mr. Taylor's views; but we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction, that there is no living author who has brought so fine a combination of distinguished talents and extensive acquirements to bear upon the inculcation of important principles—principles which it greatly concerns the Churches of Christ, and all who have any influence in the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs, to understand and to ponder.

His new work, "*Wesley and Methodism*," is quite worthy of the high reputation he enjoys, and contains much matter well deserving of the deliberate consideration, not only of the Methodist body, but of all the other sections of the Church of Christ. It is marked by great ability, discrimination, and eloquence, and, so far as we can judge, by a great deal of fairness and impartiality. Methodism has never made much progress in Scotland, and its history and results have not perhaps attracted so much attention among us as their importance deserves. We fear that there are not a few even of the ministers in Scotland, who scarcely possess so much acquaintance with Methodism as Mr. Taylor's work assumes, and who, on this account, are but imperfectly qualified to appreciate and relish it. We would

esteem it one beneficial result of its publication, if it should lead many in Scotland to resolve on acquiring a fuller knowledge of one of the most interesting and important religious movements which the history of the Church presents to our contemplation. We have neither leisure nor space at present to discuss the important questions which are raised in Mr. Taylor's work, or suggested by its statements, and we shall attempt only the humbler task of giving our readers a brief summary of what the work contains, accompanied by such observations as may most obviously present themselves to those who occupy a somewhat different *stand-point* from that of either Mr. Taylor or the Methodists.

The general object of Mr. Taylor's work is to present such a view of Methodism, in its history, character, and results, as shall bring out the lessons, both for guidance and warning, which it is fitted to suggest to the Methodists of the present age, and to the other Churches of Christ. The Methodists will probably question the accuracy of some of his representations of their principles and practices, and they will certainly dispute the soundness of some of his leading conclusions; but we think they will scarcely deny that the work is written in a fair and kindly spirit, and gives to Methodism and its founders as large a share of commendation as could reasonably be expected from an independent thinker, who is not himself a member of their body. It is divided into four parts, entitled respectively, "the Founders of Methodism," "the Substance of Methodism," "the Form of (Wesleyan) Methodism," and "the Methodism of the Time coming."

The first of these divisions occupies not much less than one half of the volume, and presents a singularly interesting and discriminating, and often eloquent, view of the character, qualifications, and labours of those who were honoured by God to be the great instruments of the revival of true religion in England in the eighteenth century. The largest space is given of course to John Wesley, but we have very interesting notices also of his brother Charles, of Whitefield, Fletcher, Coke, and Lady Huntingdon. We believe that the sketches which Mr. Taylor has drawn of these worthies are very accurate, and that he has done full justice to every one of them. We must give some extracts concerning John Wesley and Whitefield:—

"Oxford at once brought out the robustness of Wesley's intellectual structure. To speak of that ability which enabled him, with ease, to make himself master of any subject to which he directed his attention, is saying little; for the same may be affirmed of hundreds of men of whom the world hears nothing after they have won for themselves their academic status. Wesley was thus almost intuitively master of all

arts—or of all but the highest, to which the predominance of secondary faculties bars the way. Many facts characteristic of himself, and of the system he gave to the world, are explicable on this ground of that energy of the intuitive reason which precludes the philosophical faculty. Yet this intellectual characteristic in Wesley is not to be spoken of with regret, if we are thinking of the work he was to accomplish; for it is certain that while the power which was his characteristic fits a man to lead and command others, the philosophic faculty, its opposite, shews itself to be a peremptory disqualification in any one who would sway the multitude. The mass of men follow, or think they follow, the well-forged chains of reasoning which logicians deal in; and they delight to find themselves ferried over a stream they could never have forded, and safely landed upon some irrefragable conclusion. The very populace like to be reasoned with, and to be forcibly driven in upon a definite doctrine; but no graces of illustration, no powers of oratory, ever avail to induce the crowd to think, or to tread the bottom of a subject.

“Yet in speaking of Wesley as a master of technical logic, we must screen him at once from the imputation of ever having played the part of a scholastic sophist, or wordy wrangler. The high tone of his mind, and the thorough seriousness which belonged to him, and his reverence for truth, and, afterwards, his religious awe, forbade him to engage as gladiator in any disputation. Such an imputation he resented warmly. Many indeed were the sophisms (logically compacted) which he himself bowed to, but never did he defend one, the fallacy of which he secretly discerned.

“Writers who, of late, have spoken of Wesley’s want of the philosophic faculty—a topic easy to enlarge upon and illustrate—have, as if by way of compensation, allowed him the praise of being an accomplished logician. And so perhaps he was, or seemed to be, while dealing, from the moderator’s chair, with scholastic sophisms. But it is inaccurate, or unphilosophical to make the logical faculty, that is to say—an expertness in technical reasoning, the intellectual contrary of the philosophic faculty. In that order of mind to which Wesley belonged, it is the irresistible force, or one might say, the galvanic instantaneousness of the intuitions, which forbids and excludes the exercise of the abstractive and analytic power. With him the grasp of what he thought to be a truth, was so sudden, and so spasmodically firm, as ordinarily to preclude two mental processes to which minds of a higher order never fail to submit whatever offers itself for acceptance as a verbal proposition or conclusion,—namely, *first*, a ridding the terms, so far as may be possible, of the ambiguities that infest language; and *secondly*, the looking through the medium—the verbal proposition, into the very midst of the things so presented. Wesley’s habits as a logician stood him in some stead as to the first of these processes; but he scarcely seems to have been capable of that equipoise of the mind which the second demands.”—Pp. 23-25.

“Wesley took his position upon the field of the world—the friend of man, the enemy of nothing but sin. On this ground he has a claim

to be regarded with reverent affection and admiration, which is as valid as that of any of the worthies to whom a place has been assigned among the benefactors of mankind. The very inconsistencies that mark his progress (when properly considered) do but enhance his demand upon our sympathies. If, indeed, as heartless writers have affirmed, he had been nothing better than an ambitious plotter—the builder of a house in which he should rule and be worshipped—no such inconsistencies would ever have come to the surface, or would for a moment have made him halt on his path. Unquestionably it was from the want of a plot at the beginning, and from the lack of ambition, as he went on, that he found himself compelled to yield, once and again, to the instances of some who seem to have been deficient in neither.

“As a field preacher, the courage, the self-possession, the temper, and the tact (and the same praise is due to his brother) which he displayed, places Wesley in a position inferior to none with whom it would be reasonable to compare him. After setting off from the account his constitutional intrepidity, his moral courage was that which is characteristic of a perfect benevolence, and which, in the height of danger, thinks only of the rescue of its objects. When encountering the ruffianism of mobs and of magistrates, he shewed a firmness as well as a guileless skill, which, if the martyr’s praise might admit of such an adjunct, was graced with the dignity and courtesy of the gentleman.”—Pp. 49, 50.

“It was under the guidance of the broadest principle, as well as at the impulse of the most expansive charity, that he had gone forth upon the field of the world as an evangelist preaching repentance. On the broadest principle also it was that he laid the foundation of the institution which was destined to conserve the fruits of his preaching; and if, on such a foundation as this, he had raised a superstructure more free than it was from admixtures of perishable matter—if he had somewhat better understood human nature, and had on some points less misunderstood Christianity, this INSTITUTE, which was so ably administered for forty years by himself, could scarcely have failed to secure for itself a paramount position in England, and it might have planted itself territorially upon the ruins of a then dilapidated and almost deserted Church.”—P. 75.

“But how then are we fairly to put at rest that disquiet which the spectacle of Wesley’s own Wesleyanism generates? To some extent relief may be obtained by looking to the evidence, presenting itself on every side, in proof that this leading spirit—the soul and life of the system—was not so gifted with the reflective faculties as that a comprehensive grasp of human nature could have been possible to him. His earnestness, therefore, and his thorough persuasion of the greatness and the infinite moment of the work he had in hand, and his peremptory mode of thinking, would lead him to drive his theory, with a reckless impetuosity, over the enclosures of human affection. He sees, he hears, he comprehends nothing, exterior to the one object of his errand in a world of ungodly men. Wesleyanism did indeed

effect a recovery from sin and ruin for myriads of human beings, and in its triumphant course of beneficence it 'led captivity captive:' nevertheless, in this riding forth to conquer, there was some destruction made of what is genuine and precious."—P. 91.

"Once and again the writer has professed his entire faith in Wesley's simplicity of purpose, and his freedom from personal vanity or ambition: it was from no such vulgar impulse that he bequeathed '*Wesleyan Methodism*' to his people. But, exempt he was not from the autocratic sentiment, from the Founder's self-esteem, from that—infatuation one must call it—which works as an irrepressible energy in the bosom of every man who is born to invent, to originate, to lead the way, to govern, to *FOUND*. In the view, or in the feeling of the Inventor or Founder, the product of his mind, the ripened fruit of long and painful cogitation, the scheme, the system, the mechanism, which has filled his thoughts, waking and sleeping, from year to year, has become, as a whole, and in each of its parts, even the smallest, identical with his own personal consciousness: to excise any part of this whole is the same thing as to amputate a limb, or to pluck out an eye. The vulgar will persist in taking this strong feeling for vanity or arrogance; but it is not so; it is an illusion to which almost the loftiest and the most vigorous minds have been subject."—P. 207.

Whitefield was inferior to Wesley in point of talents, and he founded no scheme or system that survived himself; but the singular beauty of his character, the astonishing extent and variety of his evangelistic labours, his extraordinary powers as a preacher, and the remarkable success with which he was honoured in the conversion of sinners, must ever invest him with a peculiar and surpassing interest. Our readers, we are sure, will be gratified by the perusal of the following extracts concerning him:—

"Whitefield must be allowed to occupy the luminous centre upon the field of Methodism. Besides his personal claim to this distinction, which we think is clear, there is a ground on which those who would award this position rather to Wesley, might be content to relinquish it in his behalf; for, if it be true that *his* ministerial course furnishes peculiar evidence of the reality of the Gospel which he preached, and of the presence of Him who 'worketh all in all,'—if it be true that Wesley's glory was, as one may say, an effulgence of Christianity itself, the same may more emphatically be affirmed as to Whitefield, whose natural endowments were fewer, and whose success as a preacher of the Gospel was not less, perhaps greater.

"Whitefield's natural powers and gifts were indeed extraordinary; nor is it known that the same have been possessed in a higher degree by any one; but then they were of that sort which, if they had been exercised in any secular line, could have won for him nothing more than an ephemeral reputation, and its immediate worldly recompense. His name as an orator might have found a place, casually, on some page of the annals of his time; but no faculty did he possess which

could have given him a permanent renown among the distinguished men of his age, whether in the senate, at the bar, or as a popular leader; much less could he have secured a lasting fame in the walks of literature or science. But Wesley might no doubt have earned a great reputation either in the senate or at the bar.

“The endeavours that have been made to give a sufficient reason for Whitefield’s power over the thousands that crowded around him—while the true and the principal reason is rejected, or is put out of view—are quite futile. His natural gifts, although extraordinary, were yet limited in their range, and were employed upon subjects that move the human mind from its very depths, when they move it at all; but they so move it only when an energy works with the word which no orator, however gifted, can command, and which, again and again, the most perfect pulpit oratory has wholly failed to engage on its side.

“If Whitefield had possessed any one of those higher intellectual endowments which might be named as an adequate cause of the unexampled effects produced by his preaching, we of this age should be reading his sermons with delight; but in fact they have sunk out of all recollection—they are never read. Neither the imaginative nor ratiocinative power did he possess in more than an ordinary degree; and as to the fascinations of his voice and manner, a five years’ popularity, if resting on *this* basis alone, would have been its utmost term. All instances that might properly be adduced in such a case shew this. But Whitefield, with the Gospel message, and that only, on his lips, drew thousands around him, go where he might; and he did so from the first year of his ministerial career to the very last.

“No preacher, whose history is on record, has trod so wide a field as did Whitefield; or has retrod it so often, or has repeated himself so much, or has carried so far the experiment of exhausting himself, and of spending his popularity, if it could have been spent; but it never was spent. Within the compass of a few weeks he might have been heard addressing the negroes of the Bermuda islands, adapting himself to their infantile understandings, and to their debauched hearts; and then, at Chelsea, with the aristocracy of rank and wit before him, approving himself to listeners such as the Lords Bolingbroke and Chesterfield. Whitefield might as easily have produced a Hamlet or a Paradise Lost, as have excogitated a sermon which, as a composition—a product of thought, would have tempted men like these to hear him a second time; and as to his faculty and graces as a speaker, his elocution and action, a second performance would have contented them. But in fact, Bolingbroke, and many of his class, thought not the hour long, time after time, while with much sameness of *material* and of language, he spoke of eternity and of salvation in Christ.

“The same subjects, in the same phrases, held the ear of men in the same manner from the date of his first sermon in St. Mary de Crypt to that of his last in New England, a period of thirty-four years. The crowds that thronged the churches of Bristol or London, at his first appearance, were constituted, for the most part, of the

constant frequenters of churches and meeting-houses, and they were persons upon whose thickened organs of hearing sermons enough had beat, from Sunday to Sunday, from their youth up. But then from these congregations he passed to Moorfields and Kennington Common, and there found the reckless savages of civilisation: thence he went to Kingswood, where he encountered a ferocity, wild, robust, and unused to simulate civility. From Kingswood one might follow him across the Tweed, and find him preaching the same Gospel in the midst of a people too fully instructed 'in the right ways of the Lord' to have anything to learn, one might suppose, from this raw preacher, who knew nothing of the 'Solemn League and Covenant,' and who had received Episcopal ordination! Yet so it was, that alike noble wits, Kingswood colliers, and seceding congregations, broke down before Whitefield! Floods of tears moistened cheeks, rough and smooth; and sighs, suppressed or loudly uttered, gave evidence that human nature is one and the same when it comes in presence of truths which bear upon the guilty and the immortal, without distinction."—Pp. 97, 98.

"The history of Whitefield's ministry is in a word this—the Gospel he proclaimed drew men around him, in dense masses, at the moment when he commenced his course; and it was the Gospel, not the preacher's harmonious voice, not his 'graceful action,' not his fire as an orator, that gave him power over congregations to the very last. No intellectual faculty of a high order lent him its aid in sustaining this popularity.

"Let those who think they may succeed in such an attempt undertake the task of searching among things real, or among things which it may be possible to imagine, until they find objects (other than those constituting the Christian system) upon the ground of which such a man as Whitefield could have gathered thousands around him—keeping always close to his topic—and could hold them in his hand, time after time, and could do so through a course of four and thirty years.

"If we were to speak of that phase of evangelic doctrine which Whitefield, as distinguished from Wesley or others, adopted, it must not be pretended, in his behalf, that he reached his position by any legitimate process of induction, or that he won it as a theologian. He came into it by a process more emphatically legitimate; that is to say, by the simplicity and amplitude of his perceptions of spiritual objects. He felt, if he could not prove it, that that sovereign grace whence the redemption of the world took its rise, must be the one law of the Christian system, and the only principle of harmony among doctrines, seemingly antithetical; and he held that this law must be applicable, not merely to the Gospel abstractedly, but to each individual instance in which it takes effect upon the human heart. He felt that this one principle, as it was the spring of Christianity itself, must neither be abated, nor be made subordinate to exceptive rules, nor be subjected to cautionary restrictions. It must be held entire, or abandoned wholly. Whatever those misinterpretations were which might be put by others upon that first principle of Christianity—**SOVEREIGN**

GRACE—Whitefield's childlike structure of mind compelled him to exult in, and to preach it."—Pp. 101, 102.

"Nor, perhaps, could a paragraph be produced from Whitefield's works, indicative of what might be called a philosophic breadth of view in relation to religion; yet practically, all that such a breadth could imply was his own. His ministerial standing-place was always high raised above middle walls of partition; nor could he, in any instance, be induced to render worship to the idols of intolerance and bigotry. As to those partitionments within which soulless religionists are content to be penfolded, he walked over them unconsciously; nor could he be made to understand how 'precious' those things were upon which he thus trampled. 'Gentlemen, I hope you will settle these matters to your own satisfaction,' said he among zealots,—'my business is to preach the Gospel.' But this breadth, this greatness, was not with him the product of philosophy, or the prompting of a powerful intellect; nor was it liberalism, nor was it indifference: it was the greatness of the Gospel, well lodged in a large heart."—P. 105.

"And now is it not time that the world should deal righteously with itself as to its ancient quarrel with one like Whitefield? The world has a long score to settle in this behalf, for it pursued him, from first to last, with a fixed and furious malignity; and even now, where Wesley is spoken of with fairness, and perhaps with commendation, a line of reluctant praise, coupled with some ungracious insinuation, is the best treatment Whitefield can obtain after he has been eighty years in his grave! No one can dare to say that his life was not blameless; and that his intentions were benevolent is manifest. His temper was not arrogant; for meekly he received rebuke, and patiently he endured so many revilings. It was with the courage of a noble nature that he confronted violence; and with the simplicity of a child that he forgave injuries. Yet among those who by their flagitious vices and outrageous crimes have the most deeply sinned against society, it would be difficult to find a wretch upon whose guilty pate has been showered so much rancorous abuse as, year after year, was heaped upon the head of the love-fraught, self-denying, and gentle-natured Whitefield. There is a mystery here which 'philosophy' should do its best to clear up; or, not succeeding in this endeavour, should ingenuously acknowledge that as, on the one hand, it can give no intelligible account of Whitefield's motives, so neither can it show reason for the world's hatred of him."—Pp. 108, 109.

Mr. Taylor's views of the founders of Methodism, considered collectively, are compendiously exhibited in the two following passages, in the substance of which few fair and competent judges will refuse to concur:—

"But with what order of men is it that we have now to do? Let it be confessed that this company does not include one mind of that amplitude and grandeur, the contemplation of which, as a natural object—a sample of humanity—excites a pleasurable awe, and swells the bosom with a vague ambition, or with a noble emulation. Not one

of the founders of Methodism can claim to stand on any such high level; nor was one of them gifted with the philosophic faculty—the abstractive and analytic power. More than one was a shrewd and exact logician, but none a master of the higher reason. Not one was erudite in more than an ordinary degree; not one was an accomplished scholar; yet while several were fairly learned, few were illiterate, and none showed themselves to be imbued with the fanaticism of ignorance.

“Powers of popular oratory were among them such as to set them far out of the reach of rivalry with any of their contemporaries, in the pulpit. Not one was a great writer; but several of them knew how to hold the ear of men with an absolute mastery. As to administrative tact and skill in government, the world has given them (or their chief) more praise than they or he deserved, while baffled in its own perplexed endeavour to solve the problem of Methodism, in ignorance of the main cause of its spread and permanence. Apart from the gratuitous supposition of a profound craft, as the intellectual distinction of Wesley, ‘what intelligible account shall we be able to give of Methodism?’ No credible account can be given of it by aid of any such supposition, nor until the presence of causes has been recognised, of which the philosophy of such persons knows nothing.”—Pp. 16, 17.

“It would not be easy, or not possible, to name any company of Christian preachers, from the apostolic age downward to our own times, whose proclamation of the Gospel has been in a larger proportion of instances effective, or which has been carried over so large a surface, with so much power, or with so uniform a result. No such harvest of souls is recorded to have been gathered by any body of contemporary men, since the first century. An attempt to compute the converts to Methodistic Christianity would be a fruitless, as well as presumptuous undertaking, from which we draw back; but we must not call in question, what is so variously and fully attested, that an unimpeachable Christian profession was the fruit of the Methodistic preaching in instances that must be computed by hundreds of thousands, throughout Great Britain, and in America.

“Until the contrary can be clearly proved, it may be affirmed that no company of men of whose labours and doctrine we have any sufficient notice, has gone forth with a creed more distinctly orthodox, or more exempt from admixture of the doctrinal feculence of an earlier time. None have stood forward more free than these were from petty solitudes concerning matters of observance, to which, whether they were to be upheld or to be denounced, an exaggerated importance was attributed. None have confined themselves more closely to those principal subjects which bear directly upon the relationship of man to God—as immortal, accountable, guilty, and redeemed. If we are tempted to complain of the unvaried complexion of the Methodistic teaching, it is the uniformity which results from a close adherence to the very rudiments of the Gospel. Uniformity or sameness of aspect, as it may be the colouring of dulness and of death, so may it spring

from simplicity and power; but can it be a question to which of these sources we should attribute that undiversified breadth which is the characteristic of Methodism?

"To dispute the claims of the Methodistic company to be thus regarded, on the ground of any errors of an incidental kind that may have attended their teaching, or of the follies or delinquencies that may be chargeable upon any of them, individually, would be a frivolous as well as an ungenerous mode of proceeding. Need it be said that these Methodists were men 'of like passions with ourselves?' and such, too, were those who, in the Apostolic age, carried the Gospel throughout the Roman world, and beyond it. Taken in the mass, the one company of men was as wise as the other—not wiser—as holy, not more holy. If it be affirmed that the Christian worthies of some remote time were, as a class of men, of a loftier stature in virtue and piety than these with whom we have now to do, let the evidence on which such an assumption could be made to rest be brought forward: this can never be done; and the supposition itself should be rejected as a puerile superstition."—Pp. 130, 132.

Such were the men who founded Methodism, and they were honoured to do a great and important work. Religion was at a very low ebb in England when Wesley and Whitefield began their labours. Their preaching was made instrumental in converting many thousands in all parts of the country, and in training up a large body of men in the midst of us who have given unequivocal evidence of living under the pervading influence of Christian principle. Methodism was carried to the United States, and has become the largest of the religious denominations of that great and growing country, numbering there now 6000 ministers, and above a million and a quarter of church members. The Methodists, too, have been eminently liberal, active, and successful in the work of Missions to the Heathen, and in every quarter of the globe have been honoured to bring many to the knowledge and belief of the truth as it is in Jesus. Such have been the direct results of the labours of the founders of Methodism; while they have also exerted a most important influence, indirectly, in promoting the advancement of true religion, both in the Church of England, and among the English Non-Conformists. The rise of Methodism in England thus forms a most important era in the history of the Church of Christ, and few who are competent to judge of it, will hesitate to adopt the substance of the views which Mr. Taylor has put forth as to its true standing and influence:—

"In attempting to treat a subject such as the one before us, a choice must necessarily be made among the three assumptions following:—

"1st, It may be said that Christianity being true in the sense of this or that Church, Methodism ought to be rejected as a spurious

development of it; and that its founders should be solemnly denounced as schismatics and enthusiasts.

"Or, *secondly*, that neither Christianity nor Methodism being true in its own sense; but both true in the much abated sense of the recent spiritualizing philosophy, therefore while both alike may claim some kindly regard, neither of them is entitled to any submission.

"Or, *thirdly*, that Christianity being true, without abatement, in its own sense, Methodism, as a genuine development of its principal elements, must be religiously regarded as such; while yet it may be open to exception on many grounds, as the product of minds more good and fervent than always well-ordered.

"This last supposition is then our ground; and in assuming it, while we use the liberty it allows, we yield without fear to the consequences it draws with it, be they what they may.

"These consequences are momentous; for we cannot allow Methodism to have been a genuine development of the principal elements of Christianity, without admitting it to take a prominent place in that providential system which embraces all time, and which, from age to age, has, with increasing clearness, been unfolding itself, and becoming cognizable by the human mind. So far as Methodism truly held forth Christianity, it was a signal holding of it forth; for a more marked utterance of the Gospel has occurred only once before in the lapse of eighteen centuries; and that, at the REFORMATION, was not less disparaged than this is by a large admixture of the errors and inconsistencies of its movers or adherents.

"Christianity, given to the world at once in the ministry and writings of the Apostles, has, from the first moment to this, held its onward course under a system of administration inscrutable indeed as a whole, or as to its reasons, and yet not entirely occult. On the contrary, at moments, Heaven's economy has seemed to receive a bright beam, as through a dense cloud, making conspicuous, if not the *motives* of the Divine government, yet the fact. The Reformation is held by Protestants to have been such a manifestation of the providence of God in restoring the Gospel, and in proclaiming it anew among the nations; and thus the events of the sixteenth century brought out to view that which is always *real*, whether visible or not—namely, a divine interposition—maintaining truth in the world, and giving it a fresh expansion from time to time. In perfect analogy with the events of the Reformation were those which attended the rise and progress of Methodism.

"What may be the relative value or importance of these two courses of events is not a question we are now concerned with; and it may easily be allowed that the former surpassed the latter in importance; but that the one, as well as the other, was a marked development of the scheme which is moving forward toward the subjugation of the human family to the Gospel, is here confidently maintained."—Pp. 9-11.

Since methodism has been so highly honoured, and has been the means of accomplishing so much good, it becomes important

to inquire what were the peculiar features or elements of the system to which, under God, its efficacy and success are to be ascribed. These subjects Mr. Taylor discusses in the second and third parts of his work. Methodism may be regarded, 1st, as a mode of preaching the gospel, or of teaching Christianity ; and 2^d, as a scheme of organization for training men to the successful prosecution of all Christian objects. Its peculiarities, in the first of these aspects, are set forth under the head of "the Substance of Methodism," and in the second, under the head of "the Form of (Wesleyan) Methodism."

"Methodism," as Mr. Taylor says, "was not a new theology or a polemical affirmation of dogmas contravening, or adding to, that system of belief which had been embodied two centuries before, in the articles and confessions of the several Protestant churches." Whitefield was a Calvinist. Wesley was an Arminian, and his followers, comprehending the great majority of those who, down to the present day, have ranked under the name of Methodists, have adhered to his theological system. Mr. Taylor does not enter into any details upon theological subjects, though he indicates plainly enough that he is fully alive to the superficial and inconsistent character of Wesley's theology. In the history of theology as a science, or as a system of doctrines, Methodism does not occupy a place of much importance. The controversies to which in this aspect it gave rise, turned almost wholly upon the questions which had been long discussed between Calvinists and Arminians, and discussed on both sides by far greater men than any whose efforts were called forth upon that occasion. Neither Wesley and Fletcher who defended Arminianism, nor Hill and Toplady who assailed it, were capable of making any valuable additions to what had been produced upon both sides of this controversy by the great divines of the seventeenth century.

In a theological point of view, the only question of much interest raised by the history of Methodism, is this, whether it be possible for a large body of men to maintain for a length of time a profession of Evangelical Arminianism, as distinguished from Calvinism on the one hand, and from Pelagian Arminianism on the other. The Arminianism of Wesley is essentially different in its substance, as well as in its spirit, from that generally professed by the Church of England divines of last century, the divines of the school of Whitby and Tomline. Wesley's theological views coincided in almost every particular with those of Arminius himself. The theological system of these two eminent men comprehended the doctrines which have been usually regarded by Calvinists as taught in Scripture, concerning the entire depravity of man's moral nature, regeneration and sanctifica-

tion by the Holy Ghost, and gratuitous justification by faith alone. But though these doctrines were maintained by Arminius, they were generally rejected by his immediate followers, and they have been commonly denied, or very much explained away, by the Arminians of the Church of England, who have usually embraced the theological system of Episcopius, Curcellaeus, and Limborch. The general idea of Arminianism, as developed in the history of theology, is, that it implies a maintenance of the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of our Saviour, in opposition to the Socinians, and a denial of the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism, in regard to absolute election to eternal life, insuperable grace in conversion, and the certain perseverance of believers. But there is a very marked distinction between two different classes of divines—to whom in common this general description applies, and who may all in consequence be correctly enough called Arminians—according as they adopt Calvinistic or Pelagian views with respect to original sin, regeneration, and justification. This distinction is so important that it ought never to be lost sight of, and it is commonly, and accurately enough for practical purposes, expressed by calling the one class Evangelical, and the other Pelagian Arminians. The doctrines held in common by Calvinists and Evangelical Arminians, with respect to original sin, regeneration, and justification, may be said to constitute, along with those of the divinity and atonement of our Saviour, the fundamental and most essential principles of the scheme of revealed truth. It can scarcely be disputed that these doctrines occupy a higher platform in the Scriptural system of truth, than the peculiarities of Calvinism. But we think it can be proved, that the doctrines by which Evangelical are distinguished from Pelagian Arminians, can be held *consistently* by none but Calvinists, and it is on this ground that we are constrained to regard the theology of Wesley as superficial and inconsistent. The sounder and more Scriptural the views of Arminians are in regard to original sin and regeneration, the more inconsistent does their scheme of doctrine become; and the more easy is it to shew, that if they would fully and consistently follow out their own principles, they must admit all the peculiarities of Calvinism. Arminianism is essentially a system of compromise. Evangelical Arminians ought in consistency to be Calvinists, and Pelagian Arminians ought in consistency to be Socinians. We reckon it a thing greatly to be deplored, that Wesley was led to misapprehend and to reject Calvinism; and we regard it as an unspeakable blessing to the world, that he was led to adopt and to preach the views which have been generally held by Calvinists with respect to original sin and regeneration, and that these views are still faithfully proclaimed by all his followers.

Pelagian Arminians have never been honoured by the head of the Church in promoting the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men, and this reason is obvious, because they reject or disregard the most fundamental doctrines of the scheme of truth which has been revealed to us for our salvation. Even the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of our Saviour, though professedly held by them, are practically disregarded or left out, and exert scarcely an influence upon their ordinary presentation of Christian truth for the personal instruction of men. It is far otherwise with the Anti-Pelagian or Evangelical Arminians of the school of Arminius and Wesley. Not only do they treat the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of Christ as real and vitally important truths, but they proclaim views which are in substantial accordance with the Word of God, with regard to the moral state and condition of man by nature, the ground on which men receive forgiveness and acceptance, and the process and the agency by which they are restored to conformity to the divine image. On all these subjects, and they are the most important which are brought before us in the Sacred Scriptures, Wesley and his followers have always inculcated views which Calvinists admit to be accordant with divine revelation, and it is because they faithfully and earnestly proclaimed these, the most fundamental of all truths, that they have been honoured with such undoubted and extensive usefulness in promoting the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men. Of course, we believe that the extraordinary success of Wesley and his followers was vouchsafed to them, not because of their Arminianism, but in spite of it; but no reasonable and intelligent Calvinist, who is competently acquainted with the practical results of Wesleyan preaching and effort in England, in the United States, and in heathen lands, will have any hesitation in applying to this great movement the general principle indicated in the statement of the Apostle Peter. (Acts xv. 8, 9.) "God which knoweth the hearts bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith."

We have said that the most interesting question of a theological kind, suggested by Wesleyan Methodism, respects the probable permanence, or lengthened duration, of its peculiar system of doctrine. Evangelical Arminianism we hold to be an inconsistency, and on this general ground we think it improbable that it should be maintained in purity by any church or community for a succession of generations. According as a deep and vivid sense of religion has flourished or decayed among Arminians, their opinions should tend, and in the past history of the Church ordinarily have tended, either towards Calvinism or Pelagianism. The immediate followers and personal associates

of Arminius, sunk greatly below their master, in the scale both of piety and of orthodoxy, and Arminianism has too generally exhibited this tendency. Nothing similiar to this, however, has yet occurred in the history of Wesleyan Methodism. Wesley's Evangelical Arminianism, as well as his zealous and devoted piety, has continued unchanged among his followers, down to the present day. This is an unusual, if not an unprecedented spectacle in the history of theology. and we cannot but contemplate it with a feeling of deep interest and satisfaction. But we cannot persuade ourselves that this state of things will last. The influences that tend to bring it to a termination, are, we think, too powerful to be permanently counteracted. If deep and vital piety should continue to flourish among the Methodists, as we believe it has hitherto done, they can scarcely fail to approximate to a more consistent view of the scheme of revealed truth, and to abandon their strong prejudices against the peculiarities of Calvinism. If true personal religion should generally decay among them, then they will infallibly, in spite of every precaution, and of all the legal restraints to which their founder by his "Deed of Declaration" has subjected them, sink down into Pelagianism.

But though there was nothing new in the substance of Methodist theology, there was much that was rare and peculiar in the spirit of the men who preached it, and in the special objects to which they applied it. This Mr. Taylor develops under the head of the Substance of Methodism. He illustrates here what he calls the four "Elements of Methodism," viz., 1. The waking up in men's minds of a vivid sense of their relationship individually to God and eternity; 2. Of a consciousness of the relationship of God the father of spirits to the individual spirit; 3. A vivid presentation of a personal redeemer as an all-sufficient Saviour; and 4. Evangelic philanthropy. In the illustration of these four elements of Methodism, there is much that is true and beautiful, and well fitted to be useful to those who are called upon to apply Christian truth for the benefit of others. Some of the statements contained in this part of the work are perhaps rather vague and indefinite, and they have not suggested to us any particular topics for comment or animadversion, but we would strongly recommend it to the careful perusal of all who are engaged in the work of the ministry, or preparing for entering upon its duties.

There was one feature in the preaching and labours of Wesley and his associates, to which Mr. Taylor has not prominently directed attention, but which eminently characterized them, as indeed it has done all successful Ministers of the Gospel; we mean, a deep and constant realization of the great end of preach-

ing and the ministry, producing a real and earnest desire to accomplish this end, and a confident expectation of seeing it effected as the result of their labours. Ministers are exposed to the temptation, and too often yield to it, of coming greatly short in preserving this state of mind and feeling. They frequently fall into the habit of preaching as if it were a mere duty which they must discharge because it is incumbent upon them, with a view chiefly, if not exclusively, to the exoneration of their own conscience, while they have scarcely anything like a real active desire, or confident expectation, that sinners should be converted by the truths which they proclaim, and manifest little anxiety about the visible fruits of their labours. It was not so with Whitefield, Wesley, and their associates. They had devoted themselves wholly and unreservedly to the great work of the conversion of sinners, they made this the real business of their lives, they adopted the means best fitted as means to effect it, they used these means with unwearied activity, and then confidently expected, what they supremely desired, that men through their instrumentality should be turned from darkness to light. This is the spirit by which the preachers of the gospel ought to be ever animated. It eminently distinguished the founders of Methodism, and this was undoubtedly one leading element of their success.

The third part of Mr. Taylor's Work is devoted to an exposition of "the form of Wesleyan Methodism," and this is done under four divisions, in which it is considered, 1. As a scheme of evangelical aggression; 2. As a system of religious discipline and instruction as towards the people; 3. As a hierarchy, or system of spiritual government; and 4. As an establishment, or body corporate related to civil law and equity.

While the preceding part of the work contains much matter admirably fitted to be useful to ministers of the gospel individually, especially with reference to the function of preaching, this part contains much that is fitted to afford valuable instruction to churches or Christian societies, with reference to their constitutional organization, and their arrangements for prosecuting Christian objects. Under the first of these heads, the procedure of the founders of Methodism is set forth chiefly as an example which it would be well for ministers to imitate. Under the second, while there is something brought forward for imitation, there is much also that is fitted to operate as a warning.

The leading topics discussed in this third part, are, itinerancy in the ministry, class meetings, the relation of Wesleyanism to right principles of church organization, and the legal restraints which Wesley imposed permanently upon the society which he founded. These subjects are all treated with great philosophic

discrimination—with much soundness and accuracy of judgment—and, so far as we can judge, with much fairness and impartiality of spirit.

On the important subject of an itinerant as compared with a fixed ministry, Mr. Taylor is of opinion, that an itinerant ministry was a matter of necessity in the circumstances in which Methodism commenced, that it contributed greatly to diffuse and strengthen the Methodistic movement, that it has some advantages as compared with a fixed ministry, that it may almost always be employed with benefit as a supplement to a more permanent arrangement, that when so employed it should be exercised by the most eminent men the body can furnish, but, that in general, in all ordinary circumstances, and with reference to the community at large, the advantages of a fixed ministry, of a body of men who are truly and permanently pastors of flocks, greatly preponderate. The following extract brings out some of Mr. Taylor's leading views on this topic. It is rather long, but the subject of which it treats is very interesting and important, the views it represents are, we think, very wise and judicious, and they are developed with much beauty and eloquence.

“Any one who, endowed with some natural faculty and fluency of utterance, has made the experiment, will have found it far from difficult to acquire the power of continuous and pertinent speaking, upon familiar topics—especially upon religious topics—and so to hold out for a thirty or forty minutes, or more; and if this habit of speaking be well husbanded, and kept always within the safe enclosures of conventional phrases, and of authenticated modes of thinking, this preacher may be always ready to ascend the pulpit—in season and out of season. His sermon, or his set of discourses, is, in fact, the glib run of the mental associations upon worn tracks—this way or that, as the mind may chance to take its start from a given text.

“This sort of mindless facility of speaking proves a sore temptation to many a located minister; and its consequence is to leave many a congregation sitting, from year to year, deep in a quagmire. Better than this, undoubtedly, would be itinerancy,—far better is a frequent shifting of monotonies, than a fixedness of the same. But such an admission will not avail to establish the principle that this shifting system is in itself good; or that it ought to be regarded in any other light than as a necessary expedient, allowed under peculiar circumstances, or, (which would be far better, and *indeed* good,) as a method, or system, supplementary to a located ministry. Thus used, and put in act, as we have already ventured to say, by the most accomplished and highly reputed ministers of a Church—by its chiefs and its doctors, everything that is auspicious might be looked for as its consequence.

“This, however, is *not* the Wesleyan itinerancy,—it is not as thus

equipped that the Founder sent forth his ship upon its transit of the great deep,—his preachers were, all of them, to be itinerants; and as movement was the law of his own existence, bodily and spiritual, so—this manifestly was his feeling—must perpetual movement be the law and the practice of his Institute; but if so, then must we not accept the double conclusion that Wesleyanism is an economy for a time; and that the Christianity it teaches will always be immature and superficial, precisely defined—not merely in a horizontal direction, that is to say, as to its bordering upon other systems—but not less sharply shaped *beneath* and *above*, or toward those heights and depths which it is the part of devout meditation to explore.

“When, as we have now done, the whole amount of its probable, or even possible advantages, are freely allowed as the recommendations of an itinerant ministry, liberty may fairly be taken for placing these advantages in contrast with those of a settled or located ministry. We must not be told, to deter us from attempting such a comparison, that these happy and important results of a fixed pastoral residence are far from being uniformly realized: does an itinerant ministry always, or in a larger proportion of instances, reach its own point of ideal perfection?

“The permanently located Christian minister, if he be not broken down by over much pastoral labour, and if conscientious in the devotion of his whole energies and time to his high calling, will, in the first place, find leisure, more or less, for perpetually extending, and for *retaining* also, his acquisitions as a Biblical expositor, and for availing himself continually of that influx of critical apparatus which, from year to year, is laid at his feet by the unwearied industry of accomplished scholars—German especially. If *this* advantage may now, by some, be set at a low price, the time is coming which will teach the rising ministry a serious lesson, on this ground, and will convince them that any such disparaging opinion of Biblical accomplishments involves nothing less than a fatal inobservance of the present tendencies of opinion.

“Grant it, that signal industry and an unquenchable thirst of knowledge, may enable an *errant* biblical scholar to prosecute his studies; but, man for man, taken alike, has not the resident scholar, with his own treasures—his Lexicons and his Commentaries, and his idolized folios, in their own places, on their own shelves, in his little study—the blessed place of his converse with all minds and with heaven—has not this settled minister and student an advantage which his brother, the like-minded itinerant preacher, will sigh to enjoy?

“Yet this is only the beginning, only the preparation—only the apparatus of a full ministerial acquaintanceship with those inexhaustible treasures of thought which invite our advance when the Book of God opens before us the portals of eternity! Even if it might be alleged concerning any passing period of time, that habits of profound meditation are rarely cherished, and that, at any such time, the pulpit does not give evidence leading the reflective hearer to suppose that a soul-deep communion with that which is unseen and eternal has much been

sought after, or has actually been enjoyed by preachers; even should it be so, it will remain certain that a life of intense meditation, grounding itself upon an exact biblical scholarship, and observant always of the *written* revelation, that a life of *heart-thoughtfulness*, a life the product and issues of which will impart force and freshness to public services, and will supply nourishment to hungry souls—such a life of industrious biblical rumination can scarcely be possible, except under the conditions of a tranquil ministerial fixedness. If ever again the habit of counting the days of the week until Sunday comes, is to grow up in congregations, (not a giddy eagerness for the intellectual luxury of a fine sermon,) if sermons are to be remembered beyond the moment when the foot reaches the last step at the church-doors, if it is to be thus with us, preachers must not be those who shall have it to say, at the close of a weary life of labour, that, in the service of the Gospel, they have travelled half a million of miles!

“But the people, if indeed they are to know what that store of blessings is which Christianity holds ready to bestow upon themselves and upon their families, must have near them always, not preachers merely, but pastors; and if the man of incessant journeyings may become a pastor, such as the people need, then also may oaks, in full growth, be had from a nursery ground, and set down before your window. We must have been used to trifle with our own souls, and we must have become regardless of the spiritual welfare of our families, children, and servants, if we have not often desired those influences, for ourselves and for them, which a Christian minister, not a sermon-maker, but a pastor, may shed around him. But shall he do this who has been ‘two years on our station,’ and who will be gone the next, and who, while he stays, is called upon to despatch countless public services, and to rid himself well of a thousand formalities of office? This will not be: ‘Do men gather grapes of thistles?’ The vine, laden with ripened clusters, is a plant that loves its own spot, clings to its wonted holdings, sends its fibres throughout its own plot of soil, and may not be torn up, and set elsewhere: the vine draws its sap from the ground it knows, and yields its juices to those who keep it.

“What we are now thinking of, as the fruit, the fruit most of all precious, of the pastoral office, when sustained through a course of years by a resident minister, is not the frequency of domiciliary religious visits in the families of his congregation, nor the pointedness, the fervour, the faithfulness of those instructions which this shepherd of his flock may address to assembled families, or to youths in vestry classes; it is not that species of service which may be acquitted in so many hours of each week, and which may be duly entered in the columns of a register; it is not this, but it is that which, beyond every other means of religious influence, and beyond all other means put together, is felt and known to be effective in diffusing a Christian temper, and in securing Christian conduct, within the circle where it is found. It is the exhibition, from year to year, of fervent consistent piety, in its aspects of wisdom, meekness, self-command, devotedness, in the person of the loved and revered father of his congregation—the man

who is greeted on the threshold of every house by the children, and whose hand is seized as a prize by whoever can first win it—the man who is always first thought of in the hour of domestic dismay or anguish—the man whose saddened countenance, when he must administer rebuke, inflicts a pain upon the guilty, the mere thought of which avails for much in the hour of temptation. It is the pastor, an affection for whom has, in the lapse of years, become the characteristic feature of a neighbourhood, and the bond of love among those who, otherwise, would not have had one feeling in common.

“If it be said, pastors such as this are not found on every side among resident ministers, we grant it; yet some such, in their various degrees of excellence, *are* found, and may always be found within a Church which fixes its ministers in their spheres; but it is not within the range of possibility that Christian eminence of *this species* can be nurtured, or can find its field of exercise under the stern and ungenial conditions of an itinerant ministry.

“May we not safely adopt aphorisms such as these: First, where there is no itinerancy, there will be no aggression on the irreligious masses, no wide spread of the Gospel; and again, this,—where there are no resident pastors, there will be no CHURCH, no deep-seated Christian love, little diffused reverence, little domestic piety, and much more reliance will be placed upon means of excitement than upon means of influence; regulations, established orders, conventional usages, will take their course, but those impulses and motives which supersede law will scarcely be known.”—Pp. 239–245.

One important question discussed under this head, and frequently adverted to in the course of the volume, is the probable permanence of the Wesleyan Institute. Mr. Taylor is very decidedly of opinion that Methodism, in the form which Wesley gave it, and which it still bears, is not fitted or destined for permanence. In this conclusion we feel ourselves irresistibly constrained to concur with him; while, at the same time, we can cordially sympathize in the feelings with which he contemplates the prospect of its probable dissolution.

“If, in fact, a free and unprejudiced criticism of the Wesleyan Church system should seem to issue in throwing a shade of doubt upon the perpetuity of the body, in its actual integrity, and present form, the writer must take his place among those who would entertain any such forebodings with extreme reluctance, and would witness the fulfilment of them with a lively and profound regret. One must be strangely insensible toward that which touches the most momentous interests of mankind, and be accustomed to regard the wellbeing of our fellow-men under the very narrowest aspects, not to be dismayed at the thought of the breaking up, the suspension, or the alienation, of those means of good which, up to this time, have been effective to an incalculable extent toward millions of men. How can a Christian-hearted man take his course, on a Sunday morning, through the streets of a manufacturing town, and not fervently desire the undamaged

continuance, and the further extension, of Wesleyan Methodism?—
Pp. 204, 205.

Ever since we became acquainted with the constitution of Wesleyanism, we have been convinced that, notwithstanding all the extraordinary skill with which it was organized, and the great apparent compactness which it has exhibited, it would not last for any great length of time without being remodelled; and we have been much interested in finding some vague notions upon this subject, which had long floated in our minds, brought out by Mr. Taylor with admirable wisdom and eloquence. The main grounds on which we have been shut up to the conclusion that Methodism, in the form which Wesley impressed upon it, will not have a very lengthened existence, are these:—1st, The inconsistent character of its theological system, a point on which we have already dwelt at as great length as our limits admit of. 2^d, The want of a fixed ministry. An itinerant ministry, however well adapted to certain conditions of society, and however valuable as an appendage to a different system, tends powerfully, as we think Mr. Taylor has shewn, to a position of inferiority to a fixed ministry of regular pastors,—inferiority in several respects, fitted to co-operate with other obvious results of itinerancy, in diminishing the influence of the system to which it attaches, and undermining its hold of men's minds in a country such as ours now is. We can scarcely conceive of the possibility of an itinerant ministry keeping possession permanently, or for a succession of many generations, of a large community in a civilized and peaceful country. The principles of human nature seem to preclude this; and we know of nothing, either in the authoritative constitution of the Christian Church, or in the general obligation to promote Christian objects according to circumstances and by all lawful means, that warrants or requires us to aim at resisting and counteracting, in this respect, the tendencies of natural principles and social influences. Wesley, in his Deed of Declaration, has strictly tied down the Conference, to appoint no minister to officiate in any one of the chapels of the connexion for more than three years successively, and this provision seems to have been regarded by some of the ablest of his successors as of very doubtful wisdom, so far as concerns the permanence of the body. This feeling is, we think, intimated, not very obscurely, in the following extract from Watson's *Life of Wesley*, chap. xii.:—"In this important and wise settlement of the government of the connexion by its founder, there appears but one regulation which seems to controvert the leading maxim to which he had always respect, viz., to be guided by circumstances in matters not determined by some great principle. I

allude to the proviso which obliges the Conference not to appoint any preacher to the same chapel for more than three years successively, *thus binding an itinerant ministry upon the societies for ever*. Whether this system of changing ministers be essential to the spiritual interests of the body or not, or whether it might not be usefully modified, will be matters of opinion; but the point ought, perhaps, to have been left more at liberty." (Watson's Works, vol. v. p. 260.)

3d, The leading ground on which Mr. Taylor bases his conviction that Wesleyan Methodism, in its present form, will not have a very protracted existence, is embodied in the position, that it is not, in its constitution and arrangements, *a church*. We believe this position to be true in itself, and quite adequate to support the conclusion which Mr. Taylor deduces from it. This position, as maintained by Mr. Taylor and ourselves, is of course essentially different, in the meaning attached to it, in the grounds on which it is based, and in the spirit in which it is advocated, from the common unchurching doctrine of Romanists and High Churchmen. The principle of these men is, that a church consists of, or at least is constituted and characterized by, its office-bearers, and that no society is entitled to the name of a church unless it has a threefold order of office-bearers, bishops, priests, and deacons, all deriving their official authority by an unbroken series of ordinations from the Apostles. With these views we have no sympathy. We believe them to be inconsistent with the doctrines of Scripture, the dictates of common sense, the testimony of history, and the voice of experience. We are persuaded that Wesley and his successors, the Wesleyan ministers of our own day, are just as fully authorized to preach the Word, and to administer the sacraments, as any other ecclesiastical functionaries in Great Britain. We believe that Wesley was as well entitled to make bishops as Luther was, and that the men whom the Methodist and his associates appointed in that character for the United States, were just as good bishops as those whom the Reformer and his friends appointed for Denmark. Mr. Taylor, indeed, in a striking and important passage, adduces the case of Methodism as conclusively fatal to the High Church view of Prelacy and apostolical succession.

"Yet there is one plea on the ground of which, if it be valid, the Methodist company might be cast down from the place of honour which is now claimed for it. This ground of exception is that occupied by those who, with strictness and consistency, hold the doctrine that, apart from the line of episcopal ordination, unbroken in its descent, there is and can be no Church, no ministry, no sacraments, no salvation. It is much to be desired that those who profess thus to think would take up the case of Methodism, and deal with it thorough-

ly, flinching from no consequences toward which their theory may lead them. The instance is every way well adapted to such a purpose; nor does it offer any colour of evasion, nor admit of any way of escape from the one conclusion which the premises demand, if those premises be valid. The conditions of this very definite case preclude an evasive reply, such as this—‘We cannot tell whether Methodism was from Heaven or of men.’ Neither Wesley’s episcopal ordination, nor Whitefield’s, could, on the ground of the ‘historic succession,’ carry with it a power of ordination; and certainly it could not excuse or palliate their insubordination, as presbyters of the established Church. It is not as if Methodism had sprung up in some remote quarter of Christendom, where it could not have connected itself with the Apostolic line, or where ignorance, on questions of this sort was involuntary. Nor is it as if Methodism had been a revival, taking place within a body which claimed for its ministry a high ecclesiastical ancestry, so that its original irregularity was shrouded by the mists of centuries. Methodism took its rise in the very bosom of the Apostolic succession; and it was carried forward by men who were fully informed as to all subjects bearing upon the course which they pursued. The offence—if an offence—was committed in broad day, by men with their eyes open; and these men had cut themselves off from the benefit of pleading an abstract conscientious opinion, analogous to that of the Presbyterians or Independents: they declared themselves Churchmen and Episcopalians.

“On every side, therefore, this Methodistic problem is clearly defined; and the more we think of it, the more exempt will it seem from ambiguities, or ways of escape. No one who is accustomed to pursue principles with logical severity into their consequences, will deny that the Apostolic-succession theory, such as it has been enunciated and defined of late, must either break itself upon Methodism, or must consign Methodism and its millions of souls to perdition, in as peremptory a manner as that in which the Church of Rome fixes its anathema upon heretical nations.

“No doubt there are more than a few sincere, seriously-minded, and kind-tempered persons, holding this theory, who would find themselves wanting in the nerve and hardihood required of them, on an occasion like this, when challenged, by the clearest rule of consistency, to take their places, as spectators, while men, such as Wesley, Whitefield, Fletcher, with millions of their proselytes and spiritual progeny, are to be sent down alive into the pit! The one precise ground of this *auto de fé* should not be lost sight of. Let it be stated:—the Methodistic preachers, even if they held some questionable subsidiary notions, yet professed, in the most decisive terms, their adherence to the doctrine of the Three Creeds: therefore they were not heretics. They declared their approval of the Thirty-Nine Articles: they threw themselves upon the Book of Homilies: they frequented the liturgical worship of the Church; they partook of its sacraments; they acknowledged its orders.

“It can never be thought a Christian-like act to consign masses of

men to perdition on the mere charge of enthusiasm, or of some extravagance in behaviour. As to the general good conduct of the Methodist converts, it is not pretended that it was not fully equal to that of other men—reputed Christians. Nevertheless, there remains this one ground of exception against the Methodist body, which the Apostolic-succession theory brings forward, and which it must continue to bring forward and insist upon. Whoever, while he holds this theory, flies off from its application in a case so flagrant and so thoroughly unambiguous as this, implicates himself in the sin of schism, and comes within range of that anathema to which he has not the conscience and the courage to respond.”—Pp. 132-134.

We have expressed our conviction that the present Wesleyan ministers are as fully authorized to preach the word, and to administer the Sacraments, as any ecclesiastical functionaries in this country. This, however, is ascribing to them merely the power of order (*potestas ordinis*), which does not include the whole of the power or authority usually ascribed to ministers, even in the limited and strictly guarded sense, in which alone true Protestants concede power or authority to ecclesiastical office-bearers. There is, in addition to this, the power of jurisdiction (*potestas jurisdictionis*). This implies the right of exercising a certain limited and ministerial, *i.e.*, not lordly, authority over a certain flock or society of professing Christians. From the way in which Wesleyan ministers are appointed to their stations, *i.e.*, merely by the authority of the Conference, there might be reasonable ground for doubting, whether they legitimately possess a power of jurisdiction over the societies they superintend. The principle on which this doubt might rest is, that there is good ground for maintaining the position, that ecclesiastical office-bearers have no legitimate right to exercise any authority over a particular Christian flock or society, unless that flock or society has consented to the formation of that relation between the parties, on which the right to exercise authority is based. This position has been conceded by some of the most distinguished defenders of the Church of England. Thus Hooker says, (*Eccles. Pol.*, B. VII., Sect. 14), “The power of order I may lawfully receive without asking leave of any multitude, but that power I cannot exercise upon any one certain people utterly against their wills.” If this principle be true, as we think it is, it ought to be carried into effect, and the only reasonable and honest provision for carrying it into effect, is to make the consent of the Christian flock or society an indispensable preliminary to a minister exercising any pastoral authority over them. It is true that Wesleyan preachers usually assume the character rather of evangelists or missionaries, than of pastors properly so called. But it is also true, that they are really the bishops or overseers of Christian societies, and that they claim and

exercise over these societies all the legitimate authority of pastors, not only preaching the word and administering the Sacraments, but exercising discipline, or admitting to, and excluding from, the society and its privileges. Hooker's principle, therefore, is applicable to them, and there is nearly as much difficulty in shewing that it does apply to them, as in shewing that it applies to the clergy of the Church of England. The way in which Hooker gets over the difficulty, as applicable to the Church of England, is sufficiently amusing and ridiculous. It is, that the people's "ancient and original interest (in the appointment of their pastors), hath been, by orderly means, derived unto the patron, who chooseth for them." We do not know whether our Wesleyan friends would be disposed to substitute the Conference for the patron, and to allege that the people's "ancient and original interest" in this matter "hath been by orderly means derived unto" that body, "who chooseth for them." But we think a much more plausible defence of the position, both of Anglican and Wesleyan ministers, is to be found in the consideration, that in many cases the people, though their consent was not asked beforehand, as it should have been, have virtually and practically consented afterwards to their exercising pastoral authority. This is, of course, a very defective and unsound state of matters constitutionally. But the consideration we have stated is sufficient, in the case of the Wesleyans generally, and of *some* ministers of the Church of England, to save us from the necessity of denying the validity of their right to exercise pastoral authority over the Christian societies which they superintend.

We may admit, then, that Wesleyan ministers are legally entitled to exercise the power of jurisdiction as well as the power of order, to exercise ecclesiastical discipline, as well as to preach the word and to administer the Sacraments. We admit also, that Wesleyan societies fulfil the scriptural and Protestant definition of "the visible Church of Christ," as given in the 19th Article of the Church of England—viz., "A congregation of faithful men in the which the pure word of God is preached, and the Sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance;" and that, of course, they are fully entitled to the character, and to all the ordinary rights and privileges, of Churches. As we have no hesitation in making these admissions, it can be only in a very limited and peculiar sense that we adopt Mr. Taylor's position, that Wesleyan Methodism is *not* a Church. He, too, would concur in these admissions, and he denies to them the character of a Church, only in the very limited and peculiar sense that is consistent with them.

In explaining this point, we do not need to refer to the question, which has been so largely discussed between Romanists

and High Church Prelatists, on the one side, and true Protestants on the other, as to what is the proper scriptural definition or description of the Church, for we have already admitted that, tried by this standard, Wesleyan preachers and societies are entitled to all the rights and privileges of Ministers and Churches. We have to refer merely to Wesley's leading object in constructing his Institute, to the position which he wished it to occupy in relation to the Church of England, and to some features of the formal organization which these causes impressed upon it, and which it still retains. It is certain that Wesley originally did not wish or intend his Institute to be a distinct Church, but merely a supplement or appendage to the Church of England, and that he was led on gradually by unforeseen circumstances, especially by his extraordinary success, and the violent opposition he met with from the Church, to modify his plans and arrangements. For a long time, even after the societies under his care had become very numerous, he would not allow his preachers to assemble their people during the ordinary hours of public worship on the Lord's day, and to the last, he refused to give to them a general permission to administer the Sacraments. The people who joined him he wished to remain still members of the Established Church, to attend upon her worship, and to receive sealing ordinances in her communion. This is the position still maintained by that section of his followers who call themselves Primitive Methodists. They continue to avow that they do not constitute a distinct Church, and maintain that they are members of the Church of England. Wesley's great object was "the conversion of the ungodly." His plans and arrangements were directed to the accomplishment of this object, and then to that of affording to those who joined his society, advantages for growing in grace, for adorning their profession, and for promoting the interests of religion, additional to those they might possess as members of the Church of England, and attenders upon her ordinances. He did not intend to form a distinct or separate Church, and, in point of fact, he did not do so. He does not seem to have ever reached any convictions, which appeared to him to make it men's duty to disapprove of the constitution of the Church of England, or to separate from her communion. He does not appear to have ever investigated the question—What is the scriptural constitution and organization of the Church? *with the view, and for the purpose of bringing the conclusions he might be led to form upon this subject, to bear upon the regulation of his own Institute.* When the extraordinary success he met with in converting sinners, and in forming them into societies, suggested to him new plans and arrangements, he seems to have considered only, whether they were lawful in themselves and expedient at the time, without trying them

by any higher standard, or contemplating them in connexion with more permanent results. In this sense, Wesleyan Methodism, under its founder, was not a Church, and did not profess to be a Church, but only an Institute, regulated in its arrangements by present and temporary circumstances, and supplementary to the Church of England, for promoting the Christian good of the community.

We have no disposition to object to Wesley's plans and arrangements, on the ground that they are unwarrantable and incompetent, because not expressly sanctioned by Scripture, and all the less would we object to them on this ground, because he did not profess to be organizing a Church, according to the scriptural standard. We have somewhat higher views than Mr. Taylor seems to entertain, of the extent to which the constitution and organization of the Church are determined in Scripture, and made imperative upon Christians. But we have no sympathy with those whom he describes (p. 216) as entertaining "the belief, that no means or devices, intended for securing the maintenance of visible Christianity, or for effecting its spread, can be lawfully employed, other than those which are verbally and specially defined in the Scriptures." We can concur in the ridicule which he pours upon systems professedly based upon this principle, under the designation of "Text-made Churches," and "Churches of Texts," though really we are not aware that this belief has ever been professed to such an extent, or by such persons, as to make it worth while to expose it. The plans and arrangements of Wesley were, in their general character, quite warrantable and competent; and as he did not profess to proclaim or impose them as a part of the scripturally determined constitution of the Church, they ought to be judged of as human expedients, just by their apparent soundness and wisdom, by their fitness to promote, temporarily or permanently, the interests of true religion. Mr. Taylor has applied this test to them, and has shown, we think, in several important instances, that, however naturally they arose out of existing circumstances, however well fitted they might be to exert for a time a wholesome influence, they were not adapted for all times and conditions of society, and were not likely to take a permanent hold of the minds of men. Human wisdom is incompetent to devise permanent arrangements, adapted to all times and circumstances. Divine wisdom alone is adequate to this, and we enjoy the guidance of divine wisdom in this matter, only in so far as the constitution and arrangements of the Church or Christian society have been determined in Scripture, and in so far as we have rightly understood and applied the indications given us there of the way in which the Christian religion is to be promoted. This principle does not preclude

the adoption of many plans and arrangements of a subordinate character, which may seem fitted, at the time and in the circumstances, to operate beneficially. But these, of course, are the results merely of human wisdom, they are likely to partake largely of imperfection, and they are most unlikely to be fitted for permanence. Wesley did not profess to be organizing a Church upon a Scriptural basis. His Institute was the product of his own wisdom and sagacity, and must be subject to the fluctuations and instability of all merely human things. Independently of this general consideration, and independently of the actual over-sights and errors which Mr. Taylor has pointed out in some of Wesley's arrangements, we reckon it a sufficient proof that he had not wisdom and sagacity adequate to devise a permanent Institute, that, while he did not profess to be organizing a Church upon a Scriptural basis and in accordance with Scriptural directions, he adopted such stringent measures for giving it permanence by means of legal provisions, by subjecting the tenure of the whole property of the connexion to the perpetual maintenance of his own opinions and arrangements.

There have indeed been some changes introduced into Wesleyan Methodism since the death of its founder. These changes we believe to have been judicious and necessary. They have broken off the peculiar relation which Methodism occupied during Wesley's life to the Church of England, but they have not given it a full and proper Church organisation. The principal changes which have been introduced are, the general authority given to all Wesleyan preachers to administer the Sacraments, the practical extension of the authority, both in ecclesiastical and in secular matters, which Wesley vested in the "legal hundred," to all the ministers of the connexion, and the admission of laymen to a prominent and influential place, by means of committees, in the management of the financial affairs of the body. These changes were all good and right, and they have tended, we doubt not, to preserve Wesleyanism in vigour and efficiency till the present day. But though Wesleyanism has thus ceased to occupy the position of a mere supplement or appendage to the Church of England, and now supplies to its people all Church ordinances and privileges, it has not yet even professed to adopt a complete Church organisation. The Conference, in introducing these improvements, did not profess, any more than Wesley had done, to be following fully even what they themselves regarded as the intimations of Scripture, as to the way in which a Christian Church ought to be organized and regulated. Wesleyans of course believe that there is nothing in their arrangements which Scripture condemns, and nothing which is not warrantable, right, and useful. But, if we do not

greatly misunderstand the matter, they do not contend that Wesleyanism embodies all the principles and provisions which Scripture sanctions as applicable to a Church. Some leading Wesleyans have always, we believe, been Episcopalians in their theoretical views of Church government, and yet British Methodism has no prelates. They would probably allow the scriptural authority of the office of deacons, but they have no such functionaries. Some of them, we presume, would admit that the Christian people, by themselves or their representatives, had much more prominence and influence in the apostolic and primitive Churches, than they are allowed to have in Methodism. These different considerations seem to shew, that Wesleyanism, even yet, scarcely professes to be a scripturally-organized Church, and if so, it must be, in respect to its organisation, a device of human wisdom, and therefore not destined to perpetuity, not fitted for permanence.

In treating of Wesleyan Methodism "as a hierarchy or scheme of spiritual government," Mr. Taylor brings out some very important views in regard to the fundamental principle of the organisation, which vests the whole real control of the society in the ministers, and excludes the Christian people from any recognised or effective influence in the management of its affairs. We quite agree with him in thinking that such a constitutional arrangement is utterly indefensible in theory, and that, though it may be somewhat modified in practice, it must operate injuriously upon the permanent influence of the body. We believe this to be the most ominous feature in the constitution of Methodism, and we cannot but fear that, unless it be essentially modified, it will bring about its dissolution.

While we concur in the substance of Mr. Taylor's views upon this point as affecting Methodism, and think them deserving of serious consideration, we are somewhat surprised at his attempt to shew that the principles on which he condemns Methodism do not apply to the Church of England. He seems to think that that Church enjoys, in the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, and in the control which Parliament and public opinion exercise over the regulation of its affairs, a very good substitute for the preserving and strengthening influence, which the position assigned to the Christian people in the Apostolic Church is fitted to exert. This is really too like Hooker's "derivation unto the patron by orderly means" of the people's "ancient and original interest" in the appointment of their pastors. The supremacy of the Crown, and the control of Parliament, cannot be said to form a constituent part of the constitution of the Anglican Establishment as a church; but rather to be accidents superinduced upon it, which the Church has submitted to from

necessity, rather than approved of from choice, and which those of its own members, who have had right notions of the principles by which a Christian church ought to be regulated, have regarded with jealousy and dislike. The proper ecclesiastical constitution of the Church of England as thoroughly excludes the Christian people from their rightful place, and as fully vests all ecclesiastical power in the clergy as Wesley's Deed of Declaration does. No real benefit can accrue to a church, as such, from the unwarrantable introduction of the Crown and the Parliament, as a compensation for the unwarrantable exclusion of the Christian people from the place they are entitled to occupy. These influences may have, in point of fact, contributed to strengthen and preserve the Church of England. But they could strengthen and preserve it, not as a church, but only as a great secular corporation. It is impossible that they can have contributed to strengthen its legitimate influence as a church, upon the understandings, the consciences, and the affections of Christian men.

We have now explained the peculiar and very limited sense in which we concur with Mr. Taylor in believing that Wesleyan Methodism is not a church; and the *only* inference we draw from this position is, that unless it be materially modified in its constitution and arrangements, it is not likely to have a very protracted existence. Indeed, we are of opinion generally, that Wesleyan Methodism bears about it all the marks of having been raised up in Providence to serve most important and useful purposes *for a time*, but that it does not exhibit indications of permanence, and that it carries within it the seeds of dissolution. We have the highest respect for the piety, the wisdom, and the ability of the venerable men who, in our own day, have chiefly regulated the administration of the affairs of Methodism. Their successors will have a difficult and perplexing part to act. We earnestly hope they may be wise men "who know the times, and what Israel ought to do."

The fourth and last part of Mr. Taylor's work is entitled "The Methodism of the time coming," or of the future, and he could not have given a more distinct intimation of the high place he assigns to Methodism as a great religious movement, than by describing under the name of a New Methodism, yet future, the mode of teaching Christianity, which he considers best adapted to maintain the cause of true religion against its now formidable enemies, Romanism or Ritualism, and Pantheism, and to revive and diffuse a deeper interest in divine things. Our space prevents us from considering the interesting subjects which are discussed under this head, or quoting any of the important views which are here enforced. We can only say that it presents some considerations well worthy of being seriously

pondered, concerning the strength and formidableness in the present day, of the two great adversaries of true Christianity, Romanism or Ritualism, and Pantheism, singly and in combination, and concerning the best way of preparing to encounter them. We meet, indeed, occasionally with a certain vagueness of statement which we find it rather difficult to penetrate, especially in regard to the character and amount of the changes which it will be necessary, in the coming generation, to introduce into the mode of representing, expounding, and applying Christian truth. Sometimes Mr. Taylor scouts the presumption and folly of expecting, that the friends of true Christianity are to resist their opponents and to revive and strengthen their cause, by getting up a new mode of explaining and applying Christian truth, more fully adapted than any that has yet been employed, to the tendencies and spirit of the age. And in all that he says to this effect we cordially concur. But sometimes he writes almost as if he thought that some new mode of representing Christianity was necessary and practicable. A deeper study of this part of Mr. Taylor's work might perhaps enable us to perceive the harmony of his statements upon this subject; but the harmonizing principle, if there be one, does not appear upon the surface, and certainly it has not occurred to us.

There is one view set forth by him in unfolding the Methodism of the future, which we believe to be very just and very important. It is in substance this, that the most essential objects to be aimed at in the training and preparing of ministers for the time coming, so far as concerns the furnishing of their understandings, are, that they should be thoroughly established in sound views of the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, and then, should be fully equipped with everything that may be necessary for fitting them to prove against all gainsayers, that the doctrines which they inculcate upon men, are indeed sanctioned by the infallible standard of truth. This view, we think, pre-eminently deserving of the immediate and serious attention of all the Churches of Christ.

We have given, we fear, but a meagre view of the contents of this important and interesting work, and an inadequate impression of its value and excellence. But we have now only space again to commend it earnestly to the perusal and study of our readers.

We are delighted to learn from the preface to this work, that Mr. Taylor is preparing a similar one on the Non-Conformists of the past age. We trust he will ultimately embrace in his plan some of the other leading sections of the ecclesiastical world; for we are satisfied, that there is no living man who is better entitled and qualified to speak with authority and effect to the churches of our day.

ART. IX.—*Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education—*
1850-51.

WE intend, in the present Article, to produce a novelty—an argument on the Educational question, without statistics and without an original scheme of National Education. Candid readers will, we doubt not, duly appreciate our consideration; more especially in the former portion of our pledge. We shall abstain from statistics; *first*, because we believe we can serve our present purpose without them; *secondly*, because we know of no statistical foundation which is not far too sandy for our building; and *thirdly*, because, if trustworthy statistics were to be found, they could not be exhibited within the compass, and consistently with the interest, of a short Article: they must either be selected and therefore imperfect and inaccurate, or else so full as to be tedious, so very well worth studying, that no one would have the patience to study them.

We have no great faith in figures, as bearing on the argument for or against a National system of education. By far the soundest are those contained in the Privy Council Minutes. As far as they go, we shall rely on their results, as having been well and impartially sifted. But they are gathered from a comparatively small number of the schools in Great Britain, and each Inspector obviously knows by personal observation little or nothing of the school-constellations which lie beyond the limits of his system, not to say beyond the reach of his own orbit. On the other hand, we do not need them. The broad facts, which are really important, lie on the surface, and literally he who runs may read, if he can but realize the fact that the proper subjects of education are not abstract boys and girls, ranged tabularly by scores and hundreds on paper, but living, playing, fighting, crying, ragged, dirty, godless, boys and girls, swarming unpicturesquely and quite irregularly, in the streets and alleys through which his daily calling may bid him run or walk. Here is an example in point. We read, not long ago, an article—one of many—in the *Leeds Mercury*, in which the editor endeavoured, and as far as we could see with complete success, to prove that in Leeds there were actually under education as large a proportion of the whole population as the most ardent philanthropist could claim;—nay, if memory do not deceive us, the proportion was a very little *exceeded*—there was rather more education in Leeds than philanthropy expected or desired! Statistics were triumphant. We walked, the same day, through some of the lower streets of Leeds. Schools were on every side of us, in full

operation. But, unshamed by arithmetic, children, in every sense uneducated, jostled us at every corner, and all too painfully asserted for themselves that existence as a class, which figures had triumphantly disproved. So it is everywhere. We are surrounded by palpable evidences of the fact that, from whatever cause, vast numbers of our nation are growing up unnurtured and untrained.

We need *more* education : we also need *better* education. For this, as for the former postulate, it is enough for us to appeal to general consent ; the consent of those qualified to judge—Aristotle's *φρόνιμοι* or right-thinking men. Even here in Scotland, there are few such who will deny, even apart from reference to figures, that the old parochial system has not kept pace with the times—that what was good for the dull and docile days of our fathers is altogether insufficient for the restless spirit of our own.

There may, perhaps, be found, lingering in old manor-houses, or in grass-grown villages innocent of railways, some few admirers of the good old days of ignorance, who will admit all that we have assumed, and say, "So much the better, if only men would be content to let the venerable relics of pristine ignorance alone." There were many, in ancient days, who blamed Prometheus for his rash gift of heavenly fire. But with these we have nothing to do. They will not read what we write. The title of our article will be enough to scare them away.

Our ground is thus cleared by the assumption of these three postulates.—There is not enough of education.—There is too much of bad education.—There is great need of good education. In other words, many children are untaught, many more are very badly taught, all ought to be well taught.

There is a temptation to stop and moralize—to consider how it comes to pass that the world should, on this subject, have slept so long, and should at last, in this our day, be so suddenly wide awake. Few years have gone by since a practical zeal in popular education was enough to stamp any man as *eccentric*, an *enthusiast*, a sort of monomaniac. Now, it is in many circles, male and female, the fashion of the day ; and, like other good things in fashion, incurs some risks from its very popularity. How comes this ?

Again, what will come of all this ? The progress of knowledge is hurrying us along a path of transition at a pace too rapid for accurate forecasting of its results. This only is clear, that many of the old bonds of society are relaxed and relaxing : we are quitting our traditional mooring ground ; shall we find, in untried waters, another anchorage as safe ?

But we must not be beguiled into metaphysical politics. We are writing for that large class of readers who are not intimately

conversant with the actual state of the practical question, and who have lately found themselves in a manner compelled to form a judgment, with a very misty conception of what has been already done. Such persons form, we believe, even now, the majority of those by whom the question must ultimately be considered. And we have so strong a reliance on the common sense of the British people, that we look forward with no small eagerness to the time when the real state of the case being generally known, the people shall themselves be competent to pass their judgment upon it. Controversy will be cut short, when it is taken out of the hands of mere theorists.

Meanwhile, we are yet far from this auspicious resting-place. Nor do we aspire on this occasion to act as guides towards it. A humbler part will content us for the present—the part of a well-painted finger-post, pointing backward and forward, shewing where we are, whence we have come, which way we should go. Our aim is simply to describe, fully but briefly, the sort of work actually done in the last few years in the field of popular education—to view the contributions already made towards the rough materials of our future edifice.

Most persons are aware that, in the year 1846, important changes took place in the relations of Government to the cause of Popular Education. Up to that period, its functions had been confined to the administration of a very limited grant, applied chiefly in aid of the erection of school buildings, and to the institution of inquiries into the actual character of existing schools. Out of these inquiries, the present system has gradually arisen.

They brought to light facts too stubborn to be resisted, and too important to be passed by; year by year, accumulating evidence rivetted the conviction that school-building and school-supporting were nearly useless, until far more sufficient guarantees were provided for the *quality* of the instruction communicated. Sceptics, if any such there be, are referred for ample proof to the earlier volumes of the Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, from 1840 to 1845.*

Yet it might have been long before this growing conviction bore its practical fruit, but for the presence at the Council-office of a most earnest and untiring friend of the cause in the person of the late Secretary of the Committee. To Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, then J. P. Kay, Esq., the country stands mainly indebted for the conception and organization of the present system. And, whatever defects may be found or imagined in its

* See especially the Minutes for 1844, vol. ii. Reports of Mr. Cook, Mr. Watkins, and Mr. Gordon.

machinery, and though many doubts and suspicions have from time to time assailed its author, it is a proud thought for him now in his retirement, that, if the Giant Idol, Ignorance, is to fall, he may boast of having thrown the first effectual stone against her. (See Mr. Watkins' Report for 1847. Min., vol. ii. pp. 209, 210.)

It would be unjust, at this point, to pass without notice, the famous pamphlet of Dr. Hook. His statistics were, no doubt, assailed with even more than the usual success in such warfare, and most of his suggestions have been superseded by the system introduced by Government in the course of the same year, 1846. But it would be difficult to overrate the effect produced on the minds of thoughtful Englishmen by the adhesion of so staunch a high-churchman to the cause of unrestricted education. A cloud of replies, vindications, and explanations, followed in the train of Dr. Hook's Letter to the Bishop of St. David's; most of them contained more or less of valuable matter; all of them served at least to prepare the way for the development of the Government scheme.*

Since 1846, besides building grants, the aid of the Committee of Council has been afforded towards the apprenticeship of pupil-teachers—the training of masters and mistresses—the augmentation of their salaries—and the purchase of school-books, fittings, and apparatus. It may perhaps give a livelier picture of the actual working of the scheme, in its bearing upon the improvement of the quality of education, and on the position of the schoolmasters, if we endeavour to follow the course of some one supposed recipient of aid, from the chrysalis state of the candidate for apprenticeship to the close of the first successful flight of the butterfly—the first year of prosperous management of a school.

Suppose us, then, *first*, in a quiet village school. There is a stranger there, eyed suspiciously from many quarters, with such looks as an inexperienced lamb might be supposed to cast, on its first introduction to the "collie," while yet uncertain of the nearness of his relationship to the wolf. The stranger is a Government Inspector of schools, one of the staff of *skilled labourers*, by whom the machine of education is worked. These gentlemen are appointed by the Queen on the nomination of the Lord President, but always with the concurrence of the proper representatives of the religious body to whose schools each Inspector is to be sent. Thus, for the Church of England, the assent of

* The most valuable, probably, of these pamphlets, was that entitled "Some Remarks" on Dr. Hook's Letter;—published anonymously, but known to be written by the Rev. C. Richson, the father (or foster-father) of the "Manchester Scheme" of the present day.

the Archbishop of the province is required ; for the Established Church of Scotland, that of the General Assembly's Education Committee, and so on for each denomination.* Up to the present date, there have been appointed, for the Church of England, *twelve*, with two assistant Inspectors ; for schools in England, not in connexion with the Established Church, *three* ; for Scotland, *two* ; and for the Roman Catholics of Great Britain, *one* : in all *eighteen*, besides the two assistants, exclusively of those employed in visiting workhouse schools in England and Wales.

Their original duty was that of simple inquiry into all points connected with school accommodation and instruction. It will be found fully detailed in the Minutes for 1839-40, p. 32, or on p. 27 of the semi-official pamphlet of 1847 ; "The School in its relation to the State, the Church, and the Congregation."† As the system advanced, however, the nature of the Inspectors' office was very materially modified. Every school receiving aid from Government in the shape of an annual grant depends, in great measure, on the Inspector's report, for each year's continuance of such aid. No money is ever paid till he has visited and reported ; and if his report be unfavourable, it will in all probability be withheld. So that these officers now serve, not merely as the Council's *eyes*, by which they can look into every corner of the land, but in a certain indirect and figurative sense as its *hands* also, through which it dispenses its pecuniary bounty. We say *indirectly* ; for, strictly speaking, the Inspector has still no power but that of observing and reporting what he sees. Only, his opinion—formerly a *naked* voice—is now armed with certain golden arguments, very potent in their persuasiveness.

The time has nearly passed away when this office was regarded with jealousy. All the older discussions,—by which we mean those of ten years' date, (opinions on this subject have but a short season of youth)—are strongly marked by deep-rooted suspicions of the purpose and tendency of the interference of the State. Churchmen of every shade, voluntaries of every hue, bristled up in self-defence ; zeal and earnestness, as well as pride and prejudice, standing erect, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The waters were scarcely hushed after the storm raised by Sir James Graham's bill : the heavy ground-swell shook with no gentle violence the good ship "Popular Education." But the ship rode bravely, and the angry waves have almost subsided. If, now and then, in the month of May, we hear the low growl of a strong sou'-wester, the shock is hardly felt. In other words, though there still linger, in more than one direction, extreme parties, who try hard by dint of energetic lungs

* See Minutes for 1846, p. 17.

† See also Minutes for 1844, p. 22.

and active pens to make up for lack of strength and argument, yet the nation, and the churches of the nation, are really *satisfied* that the system is fairly and honourably administered, with no covert design, or unconfessed scheme of "centralisation." It is impossible, we think, for any candid man to read the Inspectors' reports, as published in the Minutes from 1846 downwards, without a strong feeling that these men are thoroughly in earnest, and are doing very heartily a work for which, for the most part, they are very fit. And almost as impossible, we believe, in nearly every district, to be conversant with the feelings of those most nearly interested in the prosperity of schools, without finding continual traces of their influence for good. To explain by word of mouth the complex sentences of State-papers—to answer questions too simple, and meet doubts too unfounded, for official correspondence—to suggest the modes of adapting general provisions to the specific exigencies of a locality—to stir up the slumbering, to encourage the timid, to cheer the desponding by the best cordial, sympathy—to act as the connecting link between the far-seeing theorist and the room-bound practical man:—these, and a hundred offices like these, over and above the red-tape duties comprised in the letter of the bond of their appointment, it is the privilege and pleasure of most if not all her Majesty's Inspectors to discharge. With success, we believe, almost everywhere; though of course in various degrees, as original talent, and, still more, length of experience, draw the line between man and man.*

But we forget. We left our Inspector in the school-room,—the cynosure of wondering eyes,—wondering whether any traits of humanity soften the terrors of his official frown. Let us suppose, for the present, the examination of the *school* concluded. There remains the examination of the candidates for apprenticeship. The necessary qualifications may be represented in a supposed series of questions and answers. Here, then, are (say) ten boys drawn up before the Inspector: it is for him to advise the local managers as to their choice of candidates. The questions may run thus:—How old are you, my boy? Twelve, sir, last August. Too young, we fear. And you? Sixteen last April. As much too old! And you? And you? Thirteen, fourteen, &c. &c., to the end of the row. The list is reduced by two: None can be apprenticed under thirteen or above sixteen years of age. To proceed:—What is your name? No reply! A little louder, if you please; he is rather deaf. Deaf?

* It will be observed that we pass by the *cerata quæstio* of "Management Clausea." No controversy, we conceive, ever was more childish or unprofitable. Those who may wish to understand it are referred to the Minutes of 1846 (p. 25), 1847 (p. lxvii).

a disqualification!—One more off the list: None can be apprenticed who have any serious physical defect. Next come inquiries as to character: what reports from master, clergyman, &c.? This boy? Good. And this? Passable. And this? The cleverest boy we have, but very difficult to manage—a little given to improper language, and not over honest. Let him stand back; there is no chance for him: None can be apprenticed whose moral character is not good. Then follow queries as to parent's character:—What is this lad's father? Not the best of characters, unfortunately—a decided drunkard. Does he live with him? Yes. Then his chance also is at an end: None can be apprenticed whose home is not such as to promise, at the very least, freedom from decidedly evil influence. So the ten are reduced to five; who are found to be of the proper age, and to be physically, morally, and domestically qualified. But the number in ordinary attendance is only 120: you can only have three pupil-teachers: pupil-teachers are allowed in the proportion of *one* to every *forty* scholars. Perhaps the two least desirable are withdrawn; or possibly the managers may prefer a fair competition, and take their chance of the three winners in the race. Anyhow, they are now ready to set to work. An easy sentence or couple of sentences written from dictation—twenty or thirty words of simple parsing—three or four sums in the four first rules of arithmetic—and the first stage of the formidable ordeal is past. Their papers, duly signed, being safely lodged in the Inspector's custody, they are once more drawn up before him, to exhibit their powers of reading, as well as their knowledge of geography, weights and measures, and (in Church of England schools) Scripture and the Church Catechism. In geography their knowledge need not extend beyond a tolerably clear notion of elementary principles and facts.*

We have been thus minute in the details of this first examination, in order to bring clearly out the real standard for apprenticeship. There was a very general impression a few years ago—and it has not yet entirely disappeared—that our modern educationists were inclined to become worshippers of the goddess of Reason—that is, to exalt to undue pre-eminence mere *intellectual* proficiency. It has, again and again, been loudly asserted, that nothing would be looked to but cleverness: the most woful pictures have been drawn of the race of schoolmasters who were thus to be reared—hard and dry sciolists, rich in smatterings of many branches of knowledge, poor in the moral training of the heart, the conscience, the affections. We

* See Minute (of August 1846) respecting the Education of Pupil-Teachers and Stipendiary Monitors; and Mr. Brookfield's Report, (Min. 1848-9, vol. ii. p. 63, and 1850, p. xxix.)

beg our readers to mark, in the sketch just drawn, the strictness of the inquiry into moral fitness, as contrasted with the very lenient standard of knowledge. No signs as yet, we think, of any desire for the culture of head without heart—intellect without moral habits.

One point remains to be inquired into—the ability of each candidate as a teacher. In many, perhaps most, cases, this has already been ascertained; for, in point of fact, it hardly ever happens that a school is so rich in candidates, or an Inspector in time, as is assumed in the sketch we have drawn. Usually, the maximum number of candidates have been selected by the managers before his arrival; and one object kept in view in the examination of the school is to watch the teaching powers and dispositions of these young pedagogues in germ. Perhaps, however, on our principle of writing for the least informed among our readers, we ought here more distinctly to explain the genus, properties, uses, and general natural history of that newly-discovered animal, the pupil-teacher. Neither the term, nor the thing signified, we may observe, was absolutely new at the date of the publication of the Minutes of August 1846.* But it is certainly from that date that it has been generally known as a leading instrument in the educational machinery of our day.

Briefly, the pupil-teacher is an apprentice to the trade of school keeping. Late in the day—far too late for our well-being—we have found out that there is such a trade—that to train the minds of children requires skilled labour as truly as to cut out a coat or mend a shoe. It is acknowledged, with more or less strength of conviction, that teaching is a science and an art, not to be picked up by accident by every broken-down tradesman, maimed artisan, cast-off footman, or stickit minister. Here, indeed, in Scotland, we have known, for at least three centuries, that a man cannot teach who has not himself been fairly taught. For that piece of information, as well as for the completeness of our parochial agency for the purpose, we thank John Knox and our reforming ancestors. In England, even so much as this has hardly yet been fully recognised. But, even in Scotland, fifteen years ago, it would have been generally taken for granted that any, or almost any, man of fair ability and competent knowledge, might, without any special preparation, assume at once the office of schoolmaster. Few would have recognised the necessity of such *professional* studies as are required from the student of law, medicine, or theology. Given an educated man; take a hundred boys, shut him up with them in a room, with a fair assortment of books, &c.; leave the first fermenta-

* See Min. for 1844, p. 66, and vol. ii. pp. 183, 227.

tion to subside—in a month's time you have a schoolmaster after the approved receipt of our fathers. We cannot afford space to descant upon the absurdity of this notion. It has passed, or is rapidly passing, away among ourselves, as it has long ceased to be heard of in the more advanced of the continental nations. Before 1846 many scattered educationists—let us do honour, as among the very foremost, to David Stow—had firmly grasped the now obvious truth, that the judicious management, morally and intellectually, of the minds of children, is simply one of the hardest tasks a man can undertake, and one which peculiarly needs previous professional training to avoid the most perilous mistakes. It requires the solution of some of the most difficult problems in the science of mind, with this penalty on unskilfulness, that each failure may peril in no small degree the prosperity of an immortal soul.*

With this view, then, in the *first* place, the pupil-teacher system was devised, to begin, in good time, specific training for the office of schoolmaster, securing at the same time a thorough personal education of the future teacher. It combines with this object a *second* hardly less important. It had long been felt that it was impossible for one master or mistress, except in a school of very limited numbers, either to teach or to control *properly* all the children put under his charge. The monitorial system was an expedient to meet this evil, an expedient valuable to a certain extent, and which will still linger for a while in the by-ways of education, but soon, we hope, to be consigned in every school aspiring to be good, to the grave of all partial improvements.† That it is a help in maintaining order—that it increases the amount of daily instruction—that it gives the master more opportunity of teaching the higher branches thoroughly, without neglecting the younger children—all this we admit. We admit also that, in peculiarly skilful hands, it might now and then be made serviceable for something more than this. It has been so seen here in the city of Edinburgh. But, on the whole, it is plain that the very utmost that can be expected from a child taken in turn out of the ranks, is to teach intelligently a given lesson, and to display some activity in securing the attention of his class. Education, properly so called, requires more than this of the instructor; the Government expect more, and in a large proportion of instances receive more, from their pupil-teachers. These differ from mere *monitors*,—in *age*, in *position* in the school, and consequent *authority*—in the *regularity* of their attendance—and, more than all, in having chosen

* See, on this subject, Mr. Moseley's Report on Training Schools, Min. for 1850, pp. 40-42.

† See Mr. Cook's Report, Min. 1844, vol. ii. p. 139.

the profession of a teacher, and in giving themselves to it as the business they have to learn. The effect of these distinctions we shall see more fully in the sequel: we return for the present to our Inspector in the school-room.

It depends partly on himself in what way he will ascertain the qualifications of the candidates, in respect of skill and temper, as teachers. Some Inspectors make this a distinct part of the examination, setting them to teach for the express and avowed purpose of testing their gifts. Others prefer letting the school take its usual course, and so viewing the teaching as nearly as may be in its ordinary form. Each method has its advantages, the greater ease and naturalness of the candidates under the less alarming ordeal being balanced by the greater distinctness of the impressions elicited by the other. In whichever way the trial is made, the points chiefly attended to are the power of fixing attention, and apparent liking for the employment. Mere *showiness* would not tell for much; while, on the other hand, large allowance would be made for nervous timidity, or (what is quite possible) nervous forwardness. The Inspector looks, not for really good teaching, which is unattainable in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, but for good capacity of learning how to teach. Hitherto, probably, in many districts it has hardly ever happened that a candidate whose knowledge was sufficient has been rejected, except in very extreme cases, for inaptness as a teacher. As the system takes root, and the standard rises in all points, such instances will become less rare.

Suppose, now, the examination ended, and the school dismissed. The Inspector may possibly intimate, before leaving the school-room, the report which he intends to make to the Committee of Council. That report we shall assume to be favourable, as far as the performances of the day are concerned. He may probably have to point out a mistake or two in spelling or grammar—possibly a blunder in arithmetic. But, if he is able to affix the mark “F” or *Fair* to each portion of the paper, and to report favourably on the *vivá voce* examination, the candidate may sleep that night in peace, with visions of indentures floating in his dreams.

The state of the school may call for some remarks and recommendations. We assume for the present that the Master or Mistress holds a certificate of merit: the meaning of the term we shall hereafter explain. Meanwhile, it dispenses with the necessity of ascertaining his or her fitness to instruct a pupil-teacher. Possibly, however, the discipline is defective—the school is too noisy—there is a want of attention to order; too common a complaint against old-fashioned schools, more especially if they be Scottish. Probably, the stock of books is defective:

here the tables are turned, and though neither side of the Tweed has had much to boast of, the Southern certainly has on the whole lagged farthest behind. Bibles, Testaments, the History of England, published by the Christian Knowledge Society, with a few bundles of pseudo-religious easy reading books for younger classes, constituted ten years ago the stock of a large majority of our schools.* Again, the Inspector's eye is directed towards the desks—either lumbering and unwieldy, or fixed to the wall, as if for the express purpose of effectually removing those who sit at them from the control of the teacher's eye.† Or his eye wanders to roof and windows—he suggests the idea of ventilation:‡ a new idea, obviously—if the master does not shiver at the sound, he is evidently not of the true old-fashioned school. The floor seems damp: what is the nature of the drainage? A profound mystery, in all probability, if the building is twenty years old. These, with a few *et ceteras*, furnish the managers with food for practical thought. Should the state of things, on any of these points be *very* bad, it will be the Inspector's duty to decline to certify that the school is fit to receive pupil-teachers. If the deficiencies are moderate, he points out the means of remedy. Government aid is ready towards repairs,§ fittings, or books and apparatus;|| but always on the principle of helping those who can and do help themselves.

In course of time, if all go smooth, comes the official sanction to the apprenticeship. Waiving the legal forms, which will be settled in a week or two, we hasten to salute our young friends as pupil-teachers of the first year.

It might fairly be asked at this point, whether the standard of this first examination is not really too low to serve as a discriminating test. There is much force in the objection. Practically, we believe, the subsequent steps would be more easily taken, if the first were somewhat more arduous. Much, however, may be urged in reply. We may be reminded of the influence of nervousness, rendering it certain that very few of these unpractised examinees will be able to come up to their ordinary standard. Again, there were many prejudices to be overcome, and in the outset of the scheme it was most important that the error, if any, should be on the side of leniency. But the most decisive reply is also the least encouraging. Even with the existing standard, properly qualified pupil-teachers are with difficulty to be obtained, more especially in those places where they are most needed, the densely-populated manufac-

* See Mr. Moseley's Report, 1844, (Minutes, vol. ii. p. 250.)

† *Ib.*, p. 238, Mr. Bellairs; Min. for 1847, p. 208, Mr. Watkins.

‡ See Minutes, 1844, p. 131.

|| Min. 1847, pp. xvi. and cccxxvi.

§ Min. 1850, p. lxix.

turing districts. For this fact two causes may be assigned; the small number who are still at school when they reach their thirteenth birth-day; and the high value of juvenile labour after that age. On the former point, we must content ourselves with referring to the reports of the Inspectors.* The latter may require a few words of explanation.

The stipends paid to pupil teachers are:—

At the end of the 1st year,	£10	0	0
2d "	12	10	0
3d "	15	0	0
4th "	17	10	0
5th "	20	0	0

If apprenticed at thirteen, these payments are probably rather more than could, in most states of trade, be earned at the same age by factory labour. But then, factory wages are ready-money payments: the pupil-teacher's stipend is both deferred and contingent; contingent on his own conduct, on his progress, on the faithfulness of the teacher, the state of the school finances from which a first-rate teacher's salary has to be provided—so contingent, in short, as to bear a much lower *present value* than employment at wages nominally a little less.

From these causes, the ranks of candidates are very much thinned. It is often necessary to seek for them among those who have left school, and who of course do not return with the gloss of their attainments as bright as when they left it. All this should be borne in mind in judging of the actual working of the system. It is not unimportant in its bearing on the practical questions on which probably the next Parliament will pronounce.

The pupil-teacher, having fairly entered on his first year of apprenticeship, begins at once to consider the examination which will meet him at its close. For full particulars we refer the reader to the Minutes of 1846. We shall suppose the circling seasons to have run their courses, and to have brought us once more to the period of the examination. For the sake of variety we shall now conduct our young friend to a *collective* examination, and shall also take the liberty of supposing him to belong to the Church of England.

A *Collective Examination* is held in populous towns, with the view of saving time, by assembling in one room the pupil-teachers and candidates from all schools within reach, and so in one day disposing of the *paper-work* of a whole district.† It is generally conducted by means of printed questions. We

* See, particularly, Mr. Cook's Report, Min. of 1850, p. 175; Mr. Bellairs, pp. 201, *seq.*; Mr. Watkins, p. 264; Mr. Tinling, p. 343; Mr. Norris, p. 622.

† Min. 1846, p. 35; and Mr. Watkins' Report, (1850, p. 269.)

hope we do not commit a breach of confidence by presenting our readers with a few specimens of questions really proposed. We combine in one view those given to candidates of each of the five years of apprenticeship.

First Year.

1. What is the cost of 279 articles at 4s. 9½d. each?
8. Parse the sentence "These three men were at last the only survivors."
10. Name, and state the position of the chief Seaports of Great Britain.
19. Prove from Holy Scriptures and the Apostles' Creed, the Divinity of our Lord.

Second Year.

1. Write the heads of a Lesson on Glass, or Trees, or the Leopard, or the Mediterranean Sea.
10. Explain the construction of the sentence, "The period which James passed in Denmark was one of unusual tranquillity."
20. Name some places in Judea, and relate events with which they are connected in Holy Scripture, before the revolt of the Ten Tribes.

Third Year.

6. In money transactions with other persons, state what accounts must be kept, and why?
7. Explain the terms "Friction," "Momentum," "Pressure," "Equilibrium."
18. Give the derivation of "Concord," "Subtle," "Interest," "Atmosphere," "Adversary."
26. Give an account of Simon de Montfort or Edward II.
29. Quote some prophecy from Holy Scripture respecting John the Baptist, and shew its fulfilments.

Fourth Year.

1. Write an account of the organization of your school, and shew what use you make of the black board.
2. What is the interest of £19, 19s. 11d. for one year at 4½ per cent. per annum?
8. How many yards of carpeting 2 feet 9 inches wide, will cover a room that is 24 feet in length and 16 in breadth?
33. Write out the Fifth Article of our Church, on the Holy Ghost, and prove it from Holy Scripture.

Fifth Year.

1. Write a short essay on the position and duties of a teacher.
3. Divide $1 - x^3$ by $1 + x + x^2 + x^3$.
9. Make a field-book for any six-sided field.
11. What parts of speech may be used as the subjects and predicates of propositions? Give instances.
20. With what events in English History is the town of Calais connected? Give dates.

The numbers prefixed may serve to shew that these are mere samples of 20 or 30 in each year, from which each candidate was to select not more than 3 on each subject, or about a dozen in all. Many subjects are here entirely omitted in each year: for example, we have quoted no question on geography in the third year, none on grammar in the fourth, nor on scripture in the fifth.

On the *first-year* questions, no discussion is likely to arise. It will be seen that they test knowledge only, not requiring as yet any such skill in the art of teaching as can be exhibited on paper.

In the first question of the *second* year, this subject is introduced, and is henceforward a very important part of the examination. The "Heads of a Lesson" is a term very suggestive of the kind of training they are intended to receive. It is a very new idea in any but infant schools. Those who wish to see its exact meaning may well study Mr. Stow's "Training System," Miss Mayo's "Lessons on Objects," or some excellent specimens of "Notes" in Mr. Mitchell's report.*

Grammar is usually found the most perplexing subject, for this best of reasons, that comparatively few teachers have really clear conceptions of its nature. If by this term we are to understand a string of dry rules and stereotyped examples, an artificial arrangement of complex forms, with no apparent connexion with the practical usages of language,—if the object be to burden the memory with arbitrary laws clothed in terms studiously pedantic; then certainly there are but two useful lessons such as Science can impart to the child,—the lesson of patience under undeserved misfortune, and the lesson of blind faith in the wisdom of its seniors and superiors. But, if we are to shew the fitness of words to be the symbols of thoughts,—if we are to analyze each grammatical rule, and prove that its technicalities are only Common Sense dressed up for company,—if we are to convince the child that grammar is not *invented* but *discovered*, and that its own little head contains the original of all the hard book-words which seem so many instruments of torture; if, for older students, we are to draw out the connexion between the history of our nation and the history of our language, and throw on each page the light which shines on it from the other;—then may Grammar become, instead of the most repulsive, the liveliest lesson of the school-room. We know of no better ten minutes' test of the intellectual state of a school, than a common-sense examination on the elements of English Grammar. It will never be well taught till those who are to teach it know more than a very little of some Grammar besides English. At present, more-

* Appendix B, Min. pp. 418, *seq.*

over, there is no work—not even Latham's or Bromby's—which in all points fulfils the conditions of a proper manual. There is perhaps too wide an interval, on this subject, between the requirements of the first year and those of the second.

Geography, in like manner, may be a mere string of names, verified on a piece of canvas called a map. Or it may be the rudiments of a true science—the account of man in his various homes, the physical circumstances which surround him, as well as the historical events which have affected his condition.

The fourth year introduces us to the black board, an article of school apparatus which plays so important a part that, along with parallel desks, it may almost be styled the *symbolum* of the new régime. Too often, we fear, the true answer to the question would be, “We write sums on it for the children to copy,” or, “We work sums on it with the class, and that is all.” Under a skilful master it becomes the right-hand of the teacher. Every lesson is more or less represented to the eye—the “Notes” or “Heads” of lessons are often reproduced in the gradual working out of the subject with the class; geography is frequently taught by outline sketches; and in a variety of ways besides, the board serves both as an assistant and as a check to indolence.

On all these subjects, it is most interesting to watch, from year to year, the development of the mind under sound and skilful training. We commend it to the attention of true votaries of “the proper study of mankind.” We mean especially the progress of the teaching-power,—the maturing of the raw efforts of the boy or girl candidate into the really artistical performance of the superior pupil-teacher. High specimens are still, unfortunately—from defects both of material and of workmanship—too rare; but fair approximations to high excellence may easily be met with.

We hope our readers' nerves have not sustained a shock on meeting with Mechanics and Algebra—(there would now also be some Euclid)—among these questions. We may remark, however, that these subjects are confined to male candidates. The Council do not patronize Bloomerism. Euclid and Algebra are plainly necessary in any course of thorough mental training, more especially for those who are hereafter to teach Arithmetic. If any reader doubts this, we assign him this penance for his scepticism;—to explain to an intelligent child the *reason* of the rule for extracting the Square Root: this done, proceed to the Cube Root. The old-fashioned *dominie* has always been fond of Arithmetic, and after his fashion has generally been comparatively successful in teaching it. But the result has been almost always mere practical dexterity. In a large majority of cases, the children remain ignorant of the simplest principles. They

may be working sums in Interest, and not really understand Numeration.* A good example is the Rule of Three, as commonly worked, compared with the improved methods.

With respect to Mechanics, we have more doubt. As now taught, it seems to us to be a matter of pure *cram*; nor do we see how it is possible to make it otherwise, if it is to be learnt without previous acquaintance with the mathematical principles on which it is based. So, too, of Mensuration apart from Geometry. The smattering of *practical* knowledge is of small account—not to be set against the evil of lowering the intellectual tone of Education.

The scriptural questions are fair samples of examinations, on the whole,—both fair and searching. They are confined to Church of England schools: in others, the managers make on this subject their own report. Some might wish that this were otherwise, and are by no means sure that the real feeling of the country would oppose the change. But, no doubt, the Government chose the prudent course.

Besides the subjects here indicated, there are others—such as vocal music, drawing, and in girls' schools, needlework—on which a report is made according to the circumstances of each case. On the latter subject, the Inspector is, we believe, bound to return his opinion; what special training he may have passed through in order to qualify him for the task, we have of course no means of ascertaining. In general, we suppose, a jury of ladies are consulted.

Immediately after each of these examinations, the annual visit of the Inspector is paid to the school; the reports of master and managers are carefully considered—the progressive skill in teaching watched with eyes as progressively critical—and finally, the annual report sent up to the Council-office, on which hang suspended the stipends of the master and pupil-teachers. After some weeks of hope deferred, they receive their sentence; perhaps an intimation that grammar must be attended to, or that spelling is defective—possibly a refusal to continue their Lordships' sanction to the apprenticeship, with or without, as the case may be, the payment of stipend for the past year. This, however, is hardly ever withheld, unless in cases of moral delinquency, or where previous warning has been given of the necessity of improvement on a specified subject.

Supposing him to have passed unscathed through all these perils, his next plunge is into a competition for a *Queen's Scholarship*. This term denotes an exhibition of £25 or £20 a-year, according to the degree of merit, given for one year to deserving

* See Mr. Moseley's Report, (Min. for 1847, p. 6.)

pupil-teachers after the close of their apprenticeship, to enable them to complete their professional education at one of the normal or training schools. Each is at liberty to choose any one of these institutions; but only a limited number of Queen's Scholarships is granted to each training school. The examination is conducted along with that of the students already in residence for certificates of merit. The question-papers for the past year will be found in the Minutes.* If successful, the *emeritus* pupil-teacher develops into the Queen's Scholar, a student free of expense in the training school of his preference. How far his studies there, theoretical and practical, may eventually be carried, it is hardly yet possible to foresee. The present year is the first in which any large number can have entered as Queen's Scholars. Hitherto—in England at least—the training schools have for the most part laboured under the disadvantage of having to work on materials almost too rough to receive a polish, even from the keenest tools and the most finished workmanship. They will now, for the first time, have a fair opportunity of really training as teachers those who have elsewhere acquired the rudiments of knowledge. In the execution of this task, there are, of course, not only degrees of success, but differences of theory and of plan. It would be invidious to particularize, nor could we do so with advantage, without entering at large into a discussion of the whole principles of the art of teaching. This our limits forbid. We may, however, be allowed to say that among the things most perfect in their kind, we should reckon the Gallery Lesson system, as taught by its author, Mr. Stow, in the Glasgow Normal Seminary, and, to a certain extent, at the Cheltenham Training Colleges. In skilful hands it is a most powerful instrument, both of discipline and of instruction. Its danger is its very attractiveness: the teacher is apt to grow so fond of it, as to shrink from the drudgery of the more mechanical modes of instruction. Yet it is obvious that, for the purpose of teaching the art of reading, and other mere *δραμα* of education properly so called, the sympathy of numbers is almost valueless, and the Gallery therefore an unsuitable instrument. We believe that, as a general rule, the teachers trained under this system have far more than average success in moral tone and the cultivation of the habit of thought, with rather less than average success (among trained teachers), if judged by the accuracy of their children's acquaintance with the ordinary rudiments of education.

Be this as it may, our trained student after a year or two of residence in the Institution, comes forth a very different being

* Vol. i. pp. 62, 128.

from even the best of untrained teachers. It will be most convenient for our purpose to suppose him to be prevented by some cause—say illness at the time of examination—from obtaining a certificate before taking charge of a school. He shall have one which has not previously been under inspection—which has to be completely re-organized. His first point will be *drill*—then, order in its higher sense—then, the still higher kind of discipline which rests upon an improved moral tone. A few weeks will accomplish the first—will go far towards the second—and lay the foundation for the third. For it is here, quite as much as in the direct imparting of knowledge, that the difference is seen between the skilled workman, even of moderate ability, and the unskilled labourer, even of very superior powers. Order being established, our schoolmaster has breathing-time to look to other matters. He wants new books and apparatus—suggests to his managers the desirableness of applying for a Government grant—is encouraged to make out his list—and (all due forms being complied with) sees himself at the end of the first quarter fairly supplied with his needful tools. So far good. But his numbers are increasing—he needs a gallery, pupil-teachers, and if possible a class-room; obtains perhaps the first, and permission to prepare candidates. The day of examination arrives, but brings with it a trial for our master's pride. Not having a certificate, it will be necessary for him to be examined, to prove his competency to instruct pupil-teachers. Few teachers, probably, have submitted thus to sit down, side by side with their scholars, without an inward vow that no efforts should be wanting on their part to obtain the magic parchment which shall raise them above this very galling necessity. That it is no small evil thus to lower the status of the teacher, can hardly be doubted. But it is not easy to provide a remedy, while the present system of certificate lasts, or indeed under any system which allows of pupil-teachers under imperfectly trained masters and mistresses.

Our friend, however, obtains his certificate at the next examination. We make but one remark—on the mode adopted to test his powers as a teacher. He is required to give a short lesson to a class, in the presence of the Inspector, on a subject of his own selection. On the evidence so afforded, the Inspector pronounces judgment. We very much doubt the soundness of this operation. A teacher can be fairly judged of only in his own school; and, even then, the true proof of his success is to be sought rather in the results than in a supposed sample of his manner—or, at the very least, in both these combined.

The certificate, when obtained, may be of various degrees of merit. Let it be of the second division of the second class,—the middle point of the nine grades. In that case the master

becomes entitled to a yearly payment from Government of £21, 10s. in augmentation of his salary; provided that he receives from the managers not less than £43, of which one half must be raised by voluntary contributions. In Scotland, all payments by heritors above the legal minimum are reckoned as voluntary contributions.

We believe this to be the least successful part of the scheme of 1846-7. It gives too much to the lucky candidate at one examination, and too little to the persevering energy of years. It apportions Government aid, not according to the wants of places, but according to the scholarship of the teacher. Lastly, it leaves in the cold shade those places which are really too poor to purchase its aid, or in which what wealth there is, is in unfriendly, or careless, or niggard hands.

This brings us at once to the practical view of our subject. The preceding sketch, however imperfect, may tend to establish the fact of the great change that has been wrought in our educational condition and prospects within the last five years. We see every reason for maintaining all the main features of the pupil-teacher system. Testimony is almost unanimous as to its success. It is equally so on the fact, that the disease for which it was to be the remedy has a seat which we have not yet reached. Two great evils are yet untouched—want of money, and want of children. Vast masses are still uneducated, or educated so partially as to receive little or no benefit: the most necessitous districts lie shivering within sight of the Council's central fire, forbidden by stern poverty to approach and warm themselves. What is our remedy?

According to the published summaries for 1850, the number of schools receiving annual grants was, in that year,—

In England and Wales—

Church of England Schools, . . .	1141
Protestant Dissenters, . . .	250
Roman Catholics, . . .	64
	<hr/> 1455

In Scotland—

Established Church, . . .	126
Other Denominations, . . .	131
Roman Catholics, . . .	5
	<hr/> 262
	<hr/> 1717

The following is the condensed summary of the statistics of that year, including all schools actually inspected, whether receiving annual grants or not :—

	Schools.	Children.	Cert. Masters or Mistresses.	Pupil Teachers.
Church of England, . . .	1662	157,690	568	3086
Protestant Dissenters, . . .	282	39,888	126	850
Established Church of Scotland, . . .	92	7,209	31	150
Free Church, &c., . . .	128	12,833	78	218
Roman Catholics, . . .	99	7,769	27	167
	<hr/> 2263	<hr/> 225,389	<hr/> 830	<hr/> 4471

It is hardly necessary to point out the inferences to be drawn from this table. They all point in one direction—the exceedingly small progress which has yet been made, in proportion to the whole population of the country. Nor is the rate of advance more encouraging. The building grants made in the same year are only 232 towards the erection of schools to accommodate 29,848 children. Allowing for the increase of population, we must be losing instead of gaining ground, year by year. Again we ask, What is our remedy?

We do not think that a very large number of new schools is required, or that there is any great difficulty found in erecting them under the existing arrangements. It is the burden of maintaining them in efficiency for which some relief is demanded. The Dean of Hereford tells us that all schools—at least, all agricultural schools—may be made self-supporting.* Mr. Norris seems inclined to confirm the Dean's testimony.† We believe them both, with the amendment of the word "all" into "many more than are supposed." Much might be done with such men as Mr. Dawes to do it; but, could he multiply himself till he filled all Britain with Daweses, the complaint of poverty, though greatly diminished, would still in its degree be true.

Mr. Baines of Leeds tells us that voluntary exertion is able to do all that is required. Our reply is simple: *Do it.* We shall be convinced when we see it done; and in the meantime we may provide for the contingency of failure.

There remain, before the *English* public, two schemes only with apparent prospect of success. Both owe their origin to that fruitful mother of schemes—Manchester. The one—propounded by the Lancashire Public School Association—contemplates united instruction, without specific religious teaching. The other—commonly known as the Manchester Local Bill—sacrifices union in order to secure religious education.

For *Scotland*, the only plan which has been fully matured, is that embodied in Lord Melgund's Bill of last session. In its leading features it approaches pretty closely to the Lancashire or secular scheme.

* See his most interesting pamphlet, "Suggestive Hints," &c.; also, the Reports on King's Somborne School,—especially Mr. Moseley's for 1847, (Min., vol. i. p. 7.)

† Min., p. 630.

It is not our purpose at present to enter into the details of any of these proposals. We regard them all as still in embryo, and feel satisfied a really comprehensive and satisfactory measure has yet to be matured. Should the first weeks of the session, contrary to present appearances, find leisure for a full educational discussion, and should any well-digested measure be really before Parliament, we may, perhaps, in another Article, consider the details of its provisions, as a complement to the present historical sketch of recent progress in this department. Meanwhile we close with a few prolegomena on leading principles, which seem to require for their application nothing but an enlightened comprehensiveness of mind, and an honest determination to rise superior to party interest and local controversies.

One point is generally conceded: there must be an educational rate for England; and for Scotland, a re-adjustment of existing provisions. We do not dissent. The necessity is urgent. But we would very strenuously contend against a rate so laid as to supersede the payments by parents for their children's education. Free-schooling is, in our view, an unmitigated evil. Another evil which should be carefully guarded against, is the needless multiplication of schools. It is easy to see that, in this matter, competition is a worse than doubtful advantage. The possibility of having more than one good school in a locality is restricted within certain limits of population.

We are not sure of the *necessity* of having schools in England denominational, or that no common ground can be found for a co-operation of religious parties in a national education. On the other hand, we do not feel that denominational schools are an unmixed evil. What we lose in unity, we perhaps gain in definiteness of religious teaching and impression. It is not improbable that both objects might, in a wise spirit of conciliation, even in England, be combined. If thinking men in the middle classes are agreed on any point, it is to repudiate any primary education which is not by some means associated with religion.

In Scotland there is an obvious evil in multiplying schools on the ground of religious divisions, in which the same standards are universally to be taught. Still greater would be the anomaly of establishing a non-religious education for a people nine-tenths of whom are prepared for religious co-operation in popular education.

The things chiefly needed in both countries are of a practical nature. We must secure, for example, the appointment of teachers properly qualified. This ought not to create any serious difficulty. The Normal seminaries should be the key-stones of the arch. The subject of separate Female schools will also become very important when the plea of poverty is removed. Mixed schools, with all their merits, are in our eyes objectionable; not

on the ground of danger from the association of boys and girls, but because the female mind, morals, and manners, cannot be rightly moulded except under female influence. Industrial Schools must soon, both in England and Scotland, acquire a far higher degree of importance than they have yet received. Hitherto, the anxious endeavours of Government to ingraft industrial occupations on ordinary school-work, have not, we think, been very successful. Even at the best, it is too like "playing at gardening," to produce very solid results. It may deserve attention, whether some system of regulated *half-time* agricultural labour might not do more towards implanting industrial habits. "Ragged Schools" ought no longer to be isolated from the general Educational system. Both their own wellbeing, and that of the non-ragged class, demand that their efficiency be extended, their finance prosperity secured, and their management carefully guarded, so as to occupy their proper field without encroaching on the territory of the self-supporting school. Night-schools for adults are indispensable in large towns, and most desirable in the country. Their inspection is a little difficult, but the difficulties *must* soon be overcome, if the education of the people is to be really a national interest.

On the whole, we have good hope that the recent discussions on this subject of Popular Education, though tedious, will not be unproductive. Scotland especially seems called, as she has often been before, to march in the van of civilisation. Her people are already united under one doctrinal banner, however much divided on minuter points of difference. It will be strange if there is not wisdom enough, or mutual forbearance enough, found among us to take advantage of this most important fact. If jealousies and suspicions keep separate those whom Providence is drawing together, a deep stain will rest on our national character. We know of nothing so nearly resembling the case as the dispute for the post of honour between the Clans at Culloden, in the very presence of the enemy. *Our* enemy is full in view. Vice and Infidelity watch for the signs of dissension in our ranks. But we are no "false wizard" to sound the hoarse note of evil augury. We are full of hope; for we are full of faith in the common sense and religious sincerity of the English, and still more of the Scottish people. When next we address our readers on this topic, we trust to be able to congratulate them on the accomplished harmony of parties on some comprehensive measure. Meanwhile, we have to apologize for a very imperfect sketch of past progress; reminding them at the same time of the humble office which we undertook. We hope that the directions on our "finger-post" are at least distinct. May we soon be able to add the information, *how far they are from home!*

ART. X.—1. *Œuvres de Louis Napoléon Bonaparte.* Paris. 3 tom. 8vo.

2. *Des Idées Napoléoniennes.* Par L. N. BONAPARTE. Paris.

WHEN we wrote of France last May—of the difficulty of its task, the instability of its government, and the perplexity of its path—hopeless as we then were of a successful issue, we could scarcely have anticipated that in seven short months that Government would be overthrown once more, that task abandoned in despair, that path more dark and intricate than ever. Within three years from the expulsion of the Orleanist dynasty by a knot of fanatical Republicans, both victors and vanquished in that sudden struggle have been suppressed by a military despotism; the polity they had joined in constructing has been violently swept away, and France has again become a *tabula rasa* for constitutional experimentalists. We wrote thus in May,—

“The Revolution of February—being (as it were) an aggressive negation, not a positive effort, having no clear idea at its root, but being simply the product of discontent and disgust—furnishes no foundation for a Government. Loyalty to a legitimate monarch; deference to an ancient aristocracy; faith in a loved and venerated creed; devotion to a military leader; sober schemes for well understood material prosperity;—all these may form, and have formed, the foundation of stable and powerful Governments: mere reaction, mere denial, mere dissatisfaction, mere vague desires, mere aggression on existing things—never.

“To construct a firm and abiding commonwealth out of such materials, and in the face of such obstacles as we have attempted to delineate,—such is the problem the French people are called upon to conduct to a successful issue. Without a positive and earnest creed; without a social hierarchy; without municipal institutions and the political education they bestow; without a spirit of reverence for rights, and of obedience to authority, penetrating all ranks,—we greatly doubt whether the very instruments for the creation of a republic are not wanting. A republic does not create these—it supposes and postulates their existence. They are inheritances from the past, not possessions to be called into being by a fiat. They are the slow growth of a settled political and social system, acting with justice, founded on authority and tradition, and consolidated by long years of unshaken continuance.”

Viewed in our imperfect light, and from our field of limited and feeble vision, the sun in his wide circuit shines down upon no sadder spectacle than France now presents to the gazing and astonished world. Rich in material resources, but unable to turn any of them to full account; teeming with brilliant talent and clear intelligence, but doomed to see the talent prostituted

and the intelligence abortive; prolific beyond any other country in theories of social regeneration and impossible perfection, yet fated beyond any other to wallow in the mire of the past, and to re-tread the weary cycle of ancestral blunders; unable to reduce into wholesome practice any one of her magnificent conceptions; unable to conduct to a successful issue any one of her promising experiments; ever building houses of cards, which every wind of passion sweeps away; ever re-commencing, never ending; the loftiest and most insatiable of aspirants, the most paltry and lag-gard of performers; assuming to lead the vanguard of civilisation, but for ever loitering in the rear, for ever acting as the drag. Such is the aspect of France to eyes yet shrouded in the flesh, and darkened by the fears and frailties of humanity. To higher and wiser witnesses,

“ Who watch, like God, the rolling hours,
With larger, other, eyes than ours,”

who, gifted with a deeper insight, and purged from our dazzling and misleading sympathies, can see through the present confusion to the future issue—it may be that all these convulsions and vicissitudes are but the struggles of Chaos to form itself into Kosmos, the throes and efforts of a new birth. Each apparent failure may be an essential step in the process of ultimate achievement; each backsliding may be a *reculer pour mieux sauter*; each shattered hope, over whose ruin we have mourned, may have been built upon a false foundation; each seemingly fair and promising construction, which we repine to see destroyed, may have been an obstacle to something sounder and more solid in the distance; and the late apparent annihilation of all that past toil and sacrifice had gained, may be, when viewed aright, an indispensable prerequisite to greater and more permanent acquisitions—not the ebb of progress—only the receding wave of the advancing tide.

Let us endeavour to arrive at a clear notion of the actual situation of affairs, by a rapid glance at the defunct Constitution, and the conduct of the Assembly and the President respectively.

The destruction of the Constitution inaugurated in 1848 has surprised no one; the peculiar mode and time of that destruction has surprised nearly everybody. From the outset it was evident that it was not made to last. The Republic itself was a sudden and unwelcome improvisation. It was *imposed* by the violent agents of the Revolution, and was never cordially accepted by the intelligence, the property, or the experience of the nation. When the Convention met, the Republican form of government was *proclaimed*, not deliberated on nor chosen. The constitution, the work of this Convention, bore upon it the stamp of the circumstances under which, and the body from

which, it emanated. It was concocted by a combination of parties who had all of them ulterior aims, and whose ulterior aims were at variance with one another. The Republicans were anxious to make it as purely democratic as possible. The Constitutionalists desired to make the Assembly supreme, both over executive and people. The Imperialists wished to prevent the return of the Bourbon Branches. The Orleanists and Legitimists wished reciprocally to destroy each other's hopes. But all parties, dreading lest their rivals should, by caprice or accident, be recalled and entrusted with the executive authority, concurred in reducing that authority to a minimum. The Constitution had many faults; this was probably its chief one. It would be unreasonable to demand from a scheme concocted to meet the wants and satisfy the exigencies of a passing crisis, and with the cannon of the barricades yet ringing in the ears of its fabricators, either the maturity of reflection which characterizes the productions of patient reasoning, or the thorough understanding of human passions and requirements, which can only be obtained by long practice in political affairs; or that happy conformity with national tastes and manners, which belongs only to institutions which have grown up in the course of ages, and have become firmly rooted in the soil. Few of those who joined in the construction of it regarded it with hope; fewer still with admiration or real satisfaction. To some it was a work of desperation; to others a pilot balloon; to nearly all an expedient to feel their way out of an embarrassing position. Between the various and hostile elements which contended for the mastery in France, the Constitution was not a permanent peace, but merely an armistice, a hollow truce. From the first hour that it was promulgated no one had faith in its durability; and perhaps the wisest provision which it contained was the clause which anticipated the probability and prescribed the mode of its revision.

A powerful and long-established Government—skilful and unscrupulous, and as resolute in denying the most reasonable demands of the constitutional opposition, as the wildest clamours of the Socialists—had been overthrown by a popular outbreak. A period of strange misrule had succeeded, in which the more worthless of the working classes and their leaders reigned almost supreme. The first attempt at return to that state of order and repression which the very life of society demanded, had been met by the desperate insurrection of the 15th of May, which gave a glimpse of the fearful fate which hung over Paris, and the other great cities of France, if the arm of the executive should be for one moment paralyzed or chattered. Scarcely had this been expressed, and the capital been rescued from the "*douze heures de pillage*" which Blanqui had promised to his

followers, when the same warning was repeated in still more awful tones. The three days' battle in the streets, which only the concentrated energy of a most resolute Dictator was able to determine in favour of the cause of property and law; when Cavaignac was preparing to blow up a whole quarter of the city rather than run the risk of a defeat; when the issue appeared so doubtful, and the case so threatening, that he even meditated withdrawing his army into the country, and concentrating his forces for a prolonged civil war; when the skill and desperation of the insurgents was such, and compelled such terrible severity, that to this hour it is not known how many perished, and some estimate the number at 10,000; this terminated the series of impressive lessons which should have shown the contrivers of the Constitution what was needed, and in what direction their fears and precautions ought to lie. But while the ears of every one yet tingled with the frightful denunciations of the defeated insurrectionists; while the heart of every one yet beat at the thought of the horrors they had barely escaped, through the dangerous but indispensable resource of a military dictatorship; they devoted their entire attention to weakening and hampering the executive power which had just, and with difficulty, saved them;—to a situation and necessities almost unheard of in the world till then, they opposed ideas and plans whose impotence and inadequacy had been fully proved by reiterated failures.

It was clear that what France demanded from the Constituent Assembly, was the establishment of a supreme power truly and efficiently executive, and a representation really national,—a government sufficiently strong to satisfy the craving *need of being governed*, which all Frenchmen feel by a secret instinct, and have been accustomed to by long generations of a bureaucracy,—and competent to wield with a firm and masterly hand, the stupendous administrative sceptre which the centralization organized by Napoleon had bestowed on France; and a legislative Assembly which should give to the various elements which constitute the real permanent majority, to the summary of all the feelings, opinions, and interests of the nation, an easy, natural, and regular predominance, proportioned to their respective worth and weight. How did it discharge this double task?

For fifty years France has been covered with the columns and arches of a most majestic administrative edifice, constructed by a master hand, which strikes the imagination by its grandeur, and charms the eye by the uniformity and regularity of its arrangements. The central power, seated in the capital, radiates to the remotest corners of the land, embraces everything in its glance, grasps everything in its hand, exerts everywhere its

mischievous stimulus or its stern control. It asks advice from local bodies, but gives them no power, and permits no interference. Even where it respects private rights, it paralyzes personal freedom, and weakens individual responsibility; it keeps everything and everybody under surveillance and in leading strings. A system of direct taxation, strictly levied, gives it an acquaintance with all fortunes; an organized system of state education opens to it an entrance into all families. Nothing, either in the domain of thought or of material interests, escapes its interference; everything looks towards it; everything reposes upon it. From one end of the country to the other, every one of the 37,000 communes into which it is divided, and every one of the 36,000,000 of people who inhabit it, keep their eyes steadily fixed upon the head quarters of the motive power; await their signal from its will; imbibe their inspiration from its breath. The tremendous weapon of authority thus given to the central government, the fearful burden of responsibility thus concentrated upon a single head,—hard to be wielded and oppressive to be borne even by royalty secure of its position, accustomed to command, aided by prestige, and protected by inviolability,—the new Constitution placed in the hands of a novice, renewable every four years; chosen by the mass to-day, re-confounded with the crowd to-morrow; chosen by one party, and consequently the antagonist and the destined victim of all other parties; the butt of a thousand intriguers, and driven to counter-intrigues for his defence; superintended with a hostile vigilance by the most unsatisfiable and imperious of masters; viz., a single, numerous, inexperienced, divided, and factious assembly, seldom suspending its sittings, and having always a committee of “detective police” to watch him during its short vacations. A dictatorship in the hands of a puppet! Supreme power in the hands of one who is watched and treated as a public enemy! A most subtle, complete, and universal organization, created by the fiat, and designed for the purposes of an iron and imperial will, yet confided to the management of a transient, ill-paid officer, bound hand and foot to the caprices of a popular assembly! The President was expected, out of a salary of £25,000 a-year, to fill with *éclat* the position of Representative Chief of a nation fond of splendour, of gaiety, of hospitable show. He was expected to keep the cup of supreme power ever at his lips, but never to do more than taste it. He was to be a great monarch without monarchical permanence, without monarchical veto, without monarchical inviolability. He was carried up to a pinnacle from which he saw all authority, all grandeur, all dominion within his reach, and as it were his appointed inheritance, and then was bidden preposterously to descend from the giddy eminence, and to

turn away his gaze from the alluring prize. Restored for a moment to the imperial throne, and grasping the reins of the imperial chariot, he was expected to still every throb of imperial ambition. Selected by a people accustomed to be much and energetically governed, needing to be so, clamorous to be so, and entrusted therefore with the power of a Cæsar or a Czar, he was expected to be the submissive slave of a debating club of vestrymen, quarrelling among themselves, and elected by far fewer numbers than himself.

Such was the executive power in France as defined and inaugurated by the new Constitution: was the legislative body more wisely organized? It was perhaps scarcely to be expected that a people just broke loose from all rule, fresh from a triumphant struggle with established authority, fought in the name of the exciting watch-words of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, should admit any aristocratic element into the new system they were framing; but why should they have deprived themselves of that mighty influence in the scale of order and stability which, as all history shows, is afforded by a second Chamber? There are many ways of constituting an Upper House without making it either a Council of Nominees, or a Senate of Hereditary Peers. It might be elected simply by a higher class of electors, or as in Belgium, require higher qualifications for its members. It might, as in Sardinia, be composed of men selected from among literary, judicial, scientific, and military notabilities. It might be chosen by different districts and for different terms from those of the Lower House, as in the State of New York, or might be obtained by a double election, as in the Federal Union of America. There are so many modes in which an effective and valuable second Chamber might be obtained, that the French had no excuse for rejecting it on the ground of difficulty. But the Assembly being resolved to retain the supreme power in its own hands, was unwilling to be in any way checked or fettered, or compelled to an unwelcome degree of deliberation. It therefore cast away, almost without the compliment of a discussion, the suggestion of a second Chamber, with all the obvious advantages that might have flowed from such an arrangement, and substituted a most clumsy and incautious scheme for preventing hasty or inconsiderate changes in one direction only,—by enacting that, however faulty their new Constitution might prove, it should be in the power of a small minority to prohibit its amendment. They required a majority of *three-fourths* to legalize a revision. They tied their own hands in the one case, in which, as it happened, it was peculiarly desirable to leave them free. Every thing else was stamped in moveable types: the hasty and unmanageable Constitution was alone stereotyped.—It was, perhaps, scarcely to

be expected that, in a Constitution springing from a revolution which, if not made by the masses, was at least promptly seized upon by them, any other system than that of universal suffrage should have been adopted. But three things these law-makers might have done which they did not: they might at least have left the discussion of the matter free; they might have respected the principle, once adopted, when it pronounced against them as well as when it spoke in their favour; and they might have surrounded its exercise with all the wise precautions and judicious arrangements which could mitigate its dangers and render it the *boná fide* expression of the nation's will. Instead of this the convention hastily passed a law early in 1848, placing the principle of universal suffrage under the protection of the tribunals—making it penal to question or discuss it—treating the exposure of its evils and its dangers as sedition and treason. In the next place, as if conscious that their successors would desire to undo their clumsy workmanship, they violated the principle they had laid down, setting universal suffrage, or the government of the majority, at defiance, by enacting that, where the Constitution was in question, the many should bow to the decision of the few. Consider for a moment the full extent of this grotesque and insolent absurdity. Every Republic, and the Republic of 1848 more nakedly than any other, is based upon the will of the majority. It is their sole recognised foundation. An absolute monarchy rests upon the divine right of kings. An hereditary aristocracy rests upon the superior claims and powers of special families. A theocracy rests upon direct religious sanction. But republics sweep all these away. The Republic of 1848 ignored and denied them all. Hereditary right, constitutional legality, established institutions, equilibrium of power,—it sacrificed all to the blind worship of THE MAJORITY. No sooner, however, had it done so, than it turned round upon the nation, and said: "The majority is omnipotent, and its authority unquestionable, only to authorize us and to sanction our decrees: we pronounce it powerless to negative or change them. So long as a minority of one-fourth supports our constitution, so long that constitution shall be inviolable." The majority of the nation, by the voice of the majority of its representatives legally elected, demands a change in the form of the government. The minority steps in and says, "No! there shall be no such change—neither to-day, nor to-morrow, nor ten years hence, so long as one-fourth of the people or their deputies object to it. We, the few, will control and govern you, the many." And the men who held this language and considered this proceeding just, are the republicans *par excellence*! The democrats are the oligarchs. The very men who thus contended for the permanent right of the few to

bind the many, were the very men who sprung out of the victory of the many over the few,—whose position, whose very existence, was the creation of the principle they thus repudiated! The Constitution which declared itself inviolable and unchangeable, even by a large majority, was the very Constitution which was found to be so intolerable that a large majority insisted upon altering. Were they to retain and obey a bad law, because that law itself forbade them to repeal it? Whence could any body derive a right to make such an enactment? With what decency or justice could a constituent assembly, itself the offspring of the victory of the majority over the minority, enact that in future the minority should bind the majority?

If the principle of universal suffrage was thus slightly respected even by those who asserted it most loudly, the arrangements for carrying it into practical operation were marked by no extraordinary sagacity. Out of the seven or eight million of voters who found themselves endowed with the franchise, a very large proportion consisted of the peasantry of the rural districts, little cognizant of political affairs, and little interested in party strife. Numbers of them would have no idea how to vote: numbers of them would not care how they voted: numbers more would not wish to vote at all. The rock on which universal suffrage is almost always wrecked is, the ignorance or the indifference of the great mass of the electors. Thousands of the peasantry never stir from home: hundreds of thousands know no one beyond the limits of their own commune, and never hear the names of obscure or intriguing political aspirants. If, therefore, it were desired most effectually to confirm their indifference to the elections, and to embarrass them in their choice of a candidate, and utterly to confuse their comprehension of the whole transaction, no better scheme could have been devised than to make them vote by *departments* instead of by *arrondissements*, or by *communes*,—and to call upon them to elect at once, not one man, whom they may chance to know, but a whole list of ten, fifteen, or twenty, the names of nearly all of whom they probably never heard of, and of whose respective qualifications they cannot form the most remote conception. A plan like this was sure to throw the virtual choice into the hands of clubs, or knots of political agitators, who would *exploiter* the great body of the electors for their own purposes and interests; and was likely to end in the great mass of the people retiring from the exercise of the suffrage in carelessness or disgust. One of the chief evils, indeed, of universal suffrage is, that it never does, and rarely can, give the actual sentiments and wishes of the numerical mass of the population. Those interested in political strife vote; those who are sick of it, or indifferent to it, abstain from voting. Among the working classes this is particularly the

case. There is the peaceful industrious artisan, loving work much, independence more, and his family most of all, living aloof from the turmoil and passions of the public world, and whose leisure is spent by the domestic hearth, and in the society of his wife and children. And there is the artisan who considers himself enlightened, who frequents *cafés*, who reads newspapers, who heads processions, who mans barricades, to whom haranguing is far pleasanter than honest labour. To the first, a day lost at elections is a nuisance and an injury, a supper or a breakfast wanting, diminished wages, an unfinished job, scantier food or clothing for his children or himself. To the second it is a joyful holiday, a noisy spree, a positive indulgence, possibly an actual gain of more than he would have earned in a week by steady industry. The result is, that the first man, whose vote would be of real value and meaning to the community, never gives it: the second, whose vote is worthless and a deception, records it on every occasion; and the nation is as far as ever from having gathered the real feelings and opinions of its citizens. In times of excitement and of novelty, such as the first general election, or the choice of a President, this evil is not so much felt; but so strongly was it beginning to be feared, that one of the last proposals laid before the late Assembly, was for making it penal to abstain from the exercise of the franchise,—for inflicting a fine on all who neglected to record their votes.*

Such being the Constitution imposed upon France, but never submitted to the country for ratification, what has been the conduct of the Assembly elected under its auspices? Its whole career has been one series of intrigues against the President, of squabbles among its members, of assaults upon the liberties of the nation, of violations of its trust, and of decisions which gave the lie to its origin and its professions; and it has done more to sicken France with the very name and principle of representative government than any elected body since the days of the National Convention. It was elected under a Republic; it was appointed to consolidate and perfect the Republic; it commenced life by swearing allegiance and fidelity to the Republic;—yet it was composed in great part of Orleanists, Bonapartists, and Legitimists, who made no secret either of their actual views or of their ulterior designs. Probably not more than 250 members were at any time genuine republicans at heart. The Orleanists visited Claremont, and intrigued for the return of the exiled House. The Legitimists avowedly received their directions from Wiesbaden,

* For this sketch of the vices of the Constitution, we are greatly indebted to two brochures by M. Albert de Broglie.

and kept steadily before them the interests of the Count de Chambord. The Bonapartists openly sighed after the Imperial *régime*, and took their orders from the Élysée. The members of the Mountain alone were faithful to their trust; they stood to their colours, though conscious that the country was against them, and combined with each of their antagonists in turn to defeat and embarrass the others. A sadder, more factious, more disreputable spectacle, a free country has seldom seen. They turned round almost immediately upon the constituents who had elected them. They abolished universal suffrage by 466 votes to 223, and disfranchised three million of electors. They sent an army to crush the Republic of Rome, then fighting so gallantly for its existence, by 469 votes to 180. They handed over the primary instruction of the nation to the clergy by 445 votes to 187. They enacted laws and sanctioned proceedings against the liberty of the press, severer than Louis Philippe had ever ventured upon. By compelling every writer to sign his name to each article in the journals, they struck a fatal blow at both the influence and the independence of journalism. They sat nearly in *permanence*, and kept the nation in perpetual hot water. Whenever they adjourned for a short holiday, they left a committee of watch-dogs to overhaul every act of the executive. Their questors attempted to gain the command of the army. And, finally, at the moment of their dissolution, they were discussing, and were expected, by a factious combination, to pass a law ("on the responsibility of the executive") which would have virtually transferred the whole power of the state into their hands.

While the Assembly were thus conspiring against, violating and discrediting the constitution to which they owed their existence, and which they had sworn to maintain, the conduct of the President had scarcely been one whit more patriotic or more honest. From the first day of his inauguration, it was evident that he was determined to be re-elected—by a revision of the Constitution, if that could be obtained; if not, in defiance of the Constitution. It is even probable that he aimed, not only at a prolongation, but at an increase of his power. For this he flattered the army; for this he removed and appointed generals and prefects; for this he played into the hands of the priests; for this he joined the conservative majority in enacting the law of the 31st May; for this he joined the republicans in demanding its repeal. Every action betrayed his patient, plodding, and unscrupulous ambition. But on the other hand, he had shewn always such sagacity, and often such dignity; his language and bearing were moulded with such unerring tact to suit the tastes and fancies of the French people; and his personal objects, as far as they were seen, were felt to harmonize so much with the

apparent interests of the country, that a strong feeling had grown up among nearly all classes in his favour. His popularity rose as that of the Assembly declined. While reputation after reputation among public men had sunk or suffered shipwreck,—while every other statesman had gone down in general estimation,—while Cavaignac had lost much of his prestige, and Lamartine had been utterly extinguished, and Thiers had been discredited, baffled, and unmasked, and even Guizot had failed to make any progress towards the redemption of his fame,—the character of Louis Napoleon gradually rose, from the first day of his election; every step, whether his own or his opponents', contributed to confirm his popularity and consolidate his power. He suffered his rivals and antagonists to exhaust and expose themselves by their own violence; and, keeping strictly within the limits of his prerogative, he “bided his time,” and came out victorious from every struggle. Previous, therefore, to the *coup d'état*, there had gradually grown up among nearly all classes of Frenchmen, a conviction that the destinies of the nation would be far safer, and its character far higher, if confided to a man who, whatever were his faults, had at least shewn that he possessed a definite purpose and a firm will,—than if left in the hands of a body of men who had manifested no signs of a lofty and decorous patriotism, who had regarded all questions of public policy, foreign and domestic, only as they could be turned to their own private or factious advantage, and who had permitted the sacred banner of the commonwealth, entrusted to their keeping, to be torn by the animosities, and soiled by the passions of party.

Indeed, it is not easy to exaggerate the discredit brought upon themselves, and upon the very theory of Representative Government, by the proceedings of the leaders of the various political parties in France. Chosen by a suffrage almost universal, bound to their constituents by the closest ties, and returning to them after only three years' tenure of office, it might have been anticipated that, if only from selfish considerations, they would have steadily devoted themselves to study the real and permanent interests of the country, and would have co-operated heartily and zealously with the Executive in devising and carrying out schemes for rendering France peaceful and prosperous at home, and powerful and respected abroad. It might have been hoped that their labour would have been earnestly directed towards developing the vast resources of the country, and securing to its industry the freest and most favourable action; that everything calculated to raise and improve the condition of the masses would have had their first and most sedulous attention; and that, above all things, they would have striven hard and have sacrificed much for the maintenance of that silent internal harmony, which is the primary

necessity of a nation's life. It might have been expected that they would have regarded every question of foreign policy, first, in its bearings on the special interests of France, and secondly, in its bearings on the progress elsewhere of that freedom which they had just re-conquered, and of which everywhere they were the professed defenders. Instead of this, party politics, not social philosophy, occupied almost their whole time; and external action was dictated by a desire to gain the support of this or that section, to destroy this rival, or discredit that antagonist; till their entire career became one indecent and disreputable scramble.

The result inevitably was an increasing feeling on the part of the public, first of indignation, then of disgust, latterly of sickened and most menacing indifference. Menacing, that is, for popular leaders and representative assemblies;—for the people—wearied of watching the objectless and petty squabbles of their chosen legislators, and disheartened by finding that the rulers they selected for themselves treated them no better, and served them no more effectively, than the rulers who had been imposed upon them—began to turn their attention on their own private affairs, and to discover how much more they could do for themselves than Governments and Assemblies could do for them. Since they had trusted more to themselves and less to Parliaments, they had prospered comparatively well. Trade was spirited, and industry was thriving and increasing. The political storms which used to agitate all ranks began to pass nearly unheeded over their heads; for they perceived how paltry and inconsequential they were. They put their own shoulders to the wheel, instead of calling on the gods above to help them; and all the noisy quarrels of the great Olympus fell, as by magic, into their genuine insignificance. An idea had already dawned upon the French, that an Assembly which had done so little for them was not of much importance to them; and that if they could prosper in spite of its scandalous dereliction of its duties, and its selfish abuse of its powers, they might perhaps prosper even were it non-existent. A wholesome lesson, possibly, for the people, but a fatal one for demagogues and orators.

When a people has thus begun to look after their private affairs instead of discussing affairs of state, and to act for themselves instead of calling on their rulers to act for them, only one thing is needed to insure their welfare—viz., that the Government should bring them and secure them tranquillity and order. If it will do this, they ask no more: if it does not do this, it abnegates its paramount and especial function; it becomes to them a nuisance, not a protection—"a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." Now, few Englishmen are aware, though it is no novel informa-

tion to a Parisian, to what an extent Frenchmen had come to look upon the Assembly in this light. The constant series of moves and stratagems of which the history of that body was made up, kept the nation in a perpetual state of excitement, expectation, and turmoil. They never knew what would come next. They were constantly on the *qui vive* for some new explosion. So long as the Assembly was sitting, there was incessant agitation and wild unrest; and thousands would thankfully have paid the Members their 25 francs a-day not to sit at all. Peace—comparative peace—came with prorogation; but the sessions were felt to be deplorably too long, and the vacations piteously too few. So that the body which ought to have been the shield and safeguard of the nation, the guardian of its interests, the protector of its rights, had come to be regarded as a plague, a mischief, and an enemy. Only when it ceased to sit, did France begin to breathe freely.

The plain truth is that no nation—not even the French—can bear to be for ever in hot water. Ceaseless political agitation is an element in which neither material prosperity, nor moral well-being, can live. If it seemed hopeless to find the needed tranquillity in freedom and republicanism, who can wonder if many lost faith and heart, and began to cast a sigh after the calm despotism which beckoned to them out of the softening haze of the past, or towards that which loomed gradually out of the uncertain future. France, for many months back, had echoed in her heart of hearts the words of that touching inscription on the Italian tombstone—*implora pace*. Wearied with achievements which had led to nothing, and victories which had been crowned by no enduring conquests, and trophies, dearly purchased, but barren of the promised consequences—her whole desires were fast merging into the one succinct petition of the grand old warrior of Carthage, who—harassed by perpetual warfare, broken by family afflictions, and thwarted by an ungrateful State—closed a public life of singular glory and of bitter disenchantment, with the simple prayer, comprised in so few words, yet full of such melancholy pathos:—“*Ego, Hannibal, peto pacem!*”

Such was the state of feeling in France, and such the relative position of the contending parties, immediately previous to the *coup d'état*,—and it is important thoroughly to fix this in our minds, in order to comprehend the full meaning of the President's attempt, and the explanation of the manner in which it was received by the nation. On the one side stood Louis Napoleon, who had far surpassed all expectations formed of him from his discreditable antecedents, and had risen higher day by day in public estimation, who had shown consummate knowledge of the temper of the people, and supreme tact in dealing with it—who had

finally taken his stand on the broad basis of universal suffrage—who had long foreseen and been preparing for the inevitable struggle—and with strange sagacity and patience had, as the phrase is, given his opponents “rope enough to hang themselves.” On the other side stood the Assembly, on the eve of an election, yet seemingly intent on shewing how unfit they were to be re-chosen,—pointing, as their sole titles to popular confidence and a renewal of their trust, to millions of constituents disfranchised—to the revision of a clumsy Constitution demanded by the people but refused by themselves—to the freedom of the press, through their means, trampled under foot—to France, through their intrigues, rendered light as a feather in the balance of European power—to her gallant army, through their connivance, engaged in the degrading employment of restoring a miserable Pontiff, and enslaving an emancipated people—to a sacred trust, perverted to the purposes of low ambition—to the very name of a representative assembly, through their misconduct, covered with ridicule and shame.

What the President did we need not relate here; how he dissolved the Assembly, abolished the Constitution, imprisoned deputies and generals, appealed to the people, and extinguished all resistance with unsparing severity,—all this is known to every one. The degree of his criminality in this daring usurpation will be differently estimated by different men according to the view they may take as to the wishes and interests of France, the urgency of the crisis, and the reality of the alleged and indicated intention on the part of the Assembly to have forestalled and deposed him. On the one hand, it is unquestionable that if he had waited till the Assembly had passed the bill, (on executive responsibility,) which they were then considering, he would have been wholly in their power. If he had allowed matters to go on as they were till the election of May, a popular outbreak and a deplorable convulsion would have been almost inevitable; for matters had been so arranged that both the legislative and presidential elections would take place at nearly the same time, under a disputed electoral law, and when all the powers of the State were in a condition of paralysis and dissolution. The greatest contest ever known in a representative system was to take place round the dying bed of an expiring President and an expiring Assembly; and the president sure to be chosen was a president ineligible by law.—Moreover, Louis Napoleon might plead that *he*, as well as the Assembly, was elected by universal suffrage; that the Assembly had ceased to be in harmony with their constituents, while he had not; that when two co-ordinate powers, equally chosen by the people, disagree, the only mode of deciding the dispute is by an appeal to the authority from which both

emanate; and that all he did was to make that appeal *arbitrarily*, which the Constitution denied him the power of doing legally. —On the other hand, it is equally undeniable that the act which he has perpetrated bears, on the face of it, all the features of a great crime. The Constitution which he has violently suppressed, bad as it was, was the deliberately framed Constitution of his country, and was the one which, knowing all its faults, he had sworn to maintain and obey. The liberties which he has so ruthlessly trampled under foot, were the liberties which he had sworn to respect and to watch over. The blood which he has shed was the blood of his fellow-citizen, and ought to have been precious in his eyes. The oath which he has broken was an oath solemnly tendered and often voluntarily re-affirmed. Therefore, if he is to be forgiven, he must sue out his pardon from the future. Nothing can palliate his crime, except its being the last. Nothing can excuse his seizure of power, except the patriotic use he makes of it. In the meantime we are not anxious to hold the balance or to cast the lot between the guilty President and the guilty Assembly. We adopt the words of Victor Cousin on a different occasion,—“*je renvoie, donc, les extravagances aux extravagans, les crimes aux criminelles, et je détourne les yeux de ce sang et de cette boue,*”—and, from the sickening and idle task of awarding the palm between two worthless combatants, we turn to consider the prospects, the feelings, and the fate of FRANCE under the new régime. Power, illegally seized, is sometimes legally sanctioned. The crimes of individual ambition are often overruled by Providence so as to work out the welfare of nations.

In the first place, Louis Napoleon's usurpation has been since ratified and sanctioned in a manner which, after every reasonable deduction has been made on account of the circumstances of the polling, leaves no ground whatever for doubting that it was approved by the nation. Whatever some of our English journals, in their anger and amazement, may say as to the probability of the returns having been falsified, no man in France believes that anything of the kind has been done, to any important extent at least. The total adult male population of France is as near as can be ascertained, nine millions, and of these we can scarcely reckon fewer to be disqualified from various causes than half a million. This would leave 8,500,000 as the total number of electors under universal suffrage. Of these in round numbers seven millions and a half have voted for Louis Napoleon, and 700,000 against him, while 300,000 have abstained from voting. There can be no doubt that some voted in ignorance of the facts of the case; some in an overweening fear of the Socialists; some because, though no friends to Louis

Napoleon, they saw no alternative between him and anarchy. It is impossible to affirm, that an election which has taken place while all newspapers were suppressed or garbled, while all public meetings and other facilities for forming and circulating opinion were proscribed, while the principal political chiefs were in durance, and while many departments were under martial law, can be considered as a fair one. We believe that Louis Napoleon has done himself serious injury and injustice by thus enabling his antagonists to assert, without the possibility of disproof, that votes have been tampered with, coerced, or obtained by fraud. But when every allowance has been made, we do not believe, and we think no man in France really believes, that the late poll does not give the fair and genuine result of the sentiments of the vast numerical majority of the nation. As to the feelings of the middle classes, we are left to gather the truth from a variety of indications. The great and continued rise in the French *rentes*, which, notwithstanding the foolish insinuations of some ignorant journalists, was perfectly *bonâ fide*; the equivalent advance in the price of railway shares; the increased price of most kinds of goods; the immediate and marked revival in nearly all branches of trade; the issuing of orders which had been long suspended, all concur to intimate the warm approval of the *coup d'état* by the industrial, commercial, and financial classes of France. All our own private foreign correspondents, whether enemies or friends of the President, confirm this conclusion. All agree in representing the state of anxiety and uncertainty in which they had long been kept as utterly intolerable; most express confidence in the wisdom of Louis Napoleon's future rule and its suitability to France; all speak of the satisfaction felt at the revolution being nearly universal among all who have anything to lose, or anything to gain by honest and reputable means. The majority of the press we presume to be hostile, as also most of the politicians of France. The opinion of the Legitimists and that of the Orleanists appears to be divided. On the whole, however, it cannot be denied that France has elected Louis Napoleon with hearty good will, and anticipates much from his government.

In considering this matter, it is important that we should divest ourselves of our insular prejudices and habits of thought, and inquire not what we should feel under such circumstances, but what Frenchmen would be likely to feel; not what *régime* would be suitable for England, but what *régime* is best adapted for France. We must bear in mind that our notions of freedom and policy are utterly at variance with theirs—that our *beau-idéal* of a perfect Government is diametrically opposite to theirs. The French notion of liberty is political equality; the

English notion is personal independence. The French are accustomed to have their Government do everything for them, and direct them in everything, and they expect and wish it to do so ; the English wish never to feel the action, or be compelled to recognise the existence, of Government in their daily and private life. It would therefore be both pedantic and misleading to judge the one nation by the standard of the other, or to act for the one on the system of the other. There are two kinds of freedom—two modes in which a nation may exercise and prove its liberty. We have chosen one ; France has always shewn a marked preference for the other. We prefer to govern ourselves : it is the peculiar taste of the Anglo-Saxon. The French prefer to choose their governor, and then leave everything in his hands : it is the fancy of the Celt. If we select the more troublesome mode, of directing and ruling ourselves, and displaying our liberty in every action of our daily life, we are scarcely at liberty to despise our neighbour as a slave, because he prefers the easier, lazier, and more dangerous plan of concentrating all *his* liberty into a single deed, and then abnegating self-management and self-responsibility for ever. Ours, indeed, is unquestionably the wiser and the safer plan ; but it may not be suited for, or practicable among, a race so divergent from ourselves as are the people of France.

May not the French have been all along *upon the wrong tack*, in aiming at the establishment of a Representative Government in their country ? May they not have been entirely mistaken in adopting and supposing that they could manage a machine which appeared to have done so well with us ? May not the form of Government and the guarantees of freedom suitable for France be wholly different from those which have been found available in England ?

An ancient legend of deep significance relates that there once lived a magician who had discovered a spell of singular cogency and virtue, by means of which he could command the attendance and compel the obedience of a familiar spirit, through whose services he acquired fame, wealth, and wide dominion. A favourite pupil, inspired with the ambition of rivalling his master's power, possessed himself of the mighty secret, pronounced the magic spell, and evoked the wondrous agency ; but he had omitted one little and apparently unimportant word in the formula of invocation, and the demon, therefore, though he had obeyed the summons, refused to submit to the control of the incompetent magician ; instead of being a serviceable and obedient slave, he became an imperious and terrific tyrant, whom the unfortunate evoker was unable to dismiss, who tormented him through life, and ended by tearing him to pieces.

The events that for the last sixty years have been passing on the other side of the Channel, seem the reproduction of this medieval tale. France is the ambitious pupil; Representative Institutions the magical spirit—the power for good or evil—which she has evoked, but cannot manage or dismiss. In summoning them to her aid to enable her to rise out of the servitude and degradation of the past, and enter on a new career of greatness and of glory, she forgot one little ingredient in the composition of the magic spell, the omission of which has converted a blessing into a bane, a patient servant into a capricious despot, and has transmuted the pride and safeguard of England into the curse and reproach of France. Personal virtue, public principle, pure, lofty, and self-abnegating patriotism was omitted from the invocation. The formula was borrowed faithfully enough; the spirit which sanctified and gave it efficacy was alone left out.

From its first glorious beginning in 1789, to its last ignominious ending in 1851, the whole history of Representative Assemblies in France has been one series of oscillations between despotism and impotence. When there has been only one Chamber it has almost invariably grasped at the supreme authority; when there have been two they have been as uniformly curbed or rendered insignificant. Parliaments in France have always either absorbed the Executive power or been absorbed by it. They have alternately been omnipotent, or powerless. They have always been either sinned against, or sinning. Never yet have the Legislative and the Executive worked in harmony as co-equal and co-ordinate functionaries. Neither has endured “a brother near the throne.” Neither seems to have been able to conceive any medium between absolute authority or complete subserviency, nor to have believed its existence safe or dignified till its rival and colleague was effaced or enslaved. The reins of power have dangled between the two, snatched alternately by the one or the other,—the unhappy chariot of the State, in the meantime, dragged first into one ditch, then into the other, but always going to the dogs.

When the first great Revolution broke out, sixty-two years ago, nearly all parties seemed disposed to put aside the past as an ugly dream,—the present looked very hopeful, and the future very bright. A monarchy strong in old associations, an Assembly rich in young hopes and enthusiastic aspirations, a fine spirit of patriotism and energy pervading most classes of the nation, seemed materials to warrant the most sanguine anticipations. But the struggle for supremacy soon began, the Sovereign intrigued against the Chamber; the Chamber encroached upon the Sovereign, thwarted him, fettered him, reduced him to a cypher,

imprisoned him, and slew him. The Assembly possessed itself of the executive power, and governed the country by sections and committees: *how*, let the Reign of Terror, and the reaction, incapacity, and license of the directory, proclaim. When Napoleon, on the 18th Brumaire, overpowered the Chambers by an armed force, and became First Consul, then Consul for life, then Emperor, the Representative Assemblies sank into a nullity, and throughout his reign remained little but courts for registering and giving legal form and validity to his decrees. Under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., they were little heeded by the Monarch, and little respected by the people; they spoke sometimes, but scarcely ever acted, and such spirit of liberty as survived in France was kept in existence by a resolute but persecuted press. Then came the Revolution of 1830, when "the charter was henceforth to be a truth," a real fact; but corruption soon again made the Chambers what oppression had made them before, the passive tools of the Monarch's will. An Assembly chosen by 180,000 electors, among whom the Sovereign had 600,000 places to dispose of, could be no valid barrier to his authority; and Louis Philippe became nearly absolute under the forms of constitutionalism. Lastly followed the Revolution of February, which installed in office a single popular and powerful Chamber, with an elective President high in station, dignity, and nominal authority, but watched, thwarted, and guarded as a public enemy. The old contest immediately recommenced; the President resented and fretted under his position of invidious and jealous slavery; the Assembly intrigued to engross the entire authority of the State; and the old miserable struggle was terminated by the old rusty weapon—a *coup d'état*, and a military despotism.

Now, why is it that Constitutional Government, which works so well in England, will not work at all in France? Why is it that, however often it is re-established there, the irresistible tendency of the nation towards another state of things ensures its speedy overthrow, or its virtual dormancy? Why is it that the representative system, every time it is set up in France, seems, by its failure, to proclaim its want of adaptation to the national necessities, its want of harmony with the national characteristics? Does not this reiterated rejection of it, like food which does not agree, indicate that *it is not what France requires*, that it is not the medicine or the aliment which nature prescribes for her present constitution, or her actual maladies? Let us consider, especially, two points which will illustrate our meaning.

The representative system is essentially the creature and the child of *compromise*. Constitutional Government, by which we mean an elective body emanating from the people, co-existing as

- a reality by the side of an executive, whether hereditary or not, endowed with the requisite authority,—is the result of mutual forbearance, moderation, and respect; exists only by virtue of these qualities; could not endure for an hour without them. It is an entire mistake to imagine such a scheme *theoretically good*; it is, on the contrary, *theoretically imperfect*, and is feasible only on the supposition of additional elements, which are not “nominated in the bond.” It is an entire mistake to affirm that English liberty has flourished in consequence of our glorious Constitution. English liberty has flourished in spite of our anomalous and defective Constitution; it has flourished in consequence of national virtues, in the absence of which that Constitution would have been utterly unmanageable. The machine which is supposed to have made us what we are, would have broken down generations ago, had we been other than what we are. It is full of checks and counter-checks, of anomalies and incongruities, which would seem to indicate its fitting place, as an unworking model, in a museum of monstrosities. The Monarch has the sole power of forming treaties, and of declaring peace and war. He alone commands the army. He alone appoints all functionaries, civil, military, and judicial. He can dissolve Parliament whenever it thwarts him, and as often as he pleases. He can put an absolute veto on all its enactments. He can suspend laws by orders in Council, if he can find Ministers bold enough to run the risk of a refusal on the part of Parliament to indemnify them afterwards. The House of Lords, or a majority of them, about 200 men, can snub both King and House of Commons, and stop all proceedings indefinitely, and paralyze the entire action of Government. Again, the House of Commons can release the army from their allegiance, by omitting to pass the yearly “Mutiny Bill.” It can refuse the Monarch the means of carrying on the war which it yet empowers him to declare, and of paying the functionaries whom it yet authorizes him to appoint. It can impeach the Ministers whom it allows him to nominate; yet if they are condemned, it still leaves him the power of conferring immunity upon them by an unlimited prerogative of pardon. The Constitution gives the Monarch means of absolute despotism, *if* he is wicked enough to desire it, and *if* the army will stand by him, and *if* the people will endure military rule. It gives the nobles power to set both people and Monarch at defiance, if they are selfish and daring enough to do so. It gives the lower house the power of starving both its colleagues into a surrender, on the supposition that both its colleagues will keep within the limits of the law. But it proceeds throughout on the supposition that none of these things will occur; *that their occurrence will be prevented by their possi-*

bility; that none of the three parties will be forgetful of their duties, or be disposed to push their rights to an extreme; that each will bear and forbear; that all will join in masking the impossibilities of the constitution, and avoiding the collisions which its theory makes so easy; and that all, like the reverential children of the frail Patriarch of old, will concur in covering, with a decent and respectful drapery, the nakedness of their common parent.

But what would be the result were the English machine to be worked by French hands? Each of the three co-ordinate authorities would assert its power to the utmost. Each would make use of its large portion to seize the whole. The Peers would put on the drag at the slightest opposition to their will. The Commons would stop the supplies on the most trivial provocation. The Sovereign would employ the army to levy the taxes and subdue the people. The Parliament would impeach the Minister, and the Monarch would insult and defy them by giving him a free pardon. The whole would be at a deadlock in a month. The opposing forces would substitute mutual antagonism for mutual control; and the result would be, not a *diagonal* as with us, but simply a checkmate—not a medial movement, but an absolute stoppage. The *ultima ratio* which we have staved off for centuries, would be reached by Frenchmen in a single session.—Representative Government, then, we say, embodies the essence, breathes the atmosphere, lives the life of COMPROMISE. But the French hate compromise. The very idea of it disgusts them. What they are, they like to be completely. What they have, they like to have to themselves, without colleague or without competitor. A possession which they hold only in concert, with equal co-proprietors, has few charms for them. The legitimists are unwilling to replace their Sovereign on the throne, on any basis but that of divine right, and absolute authority. In their notion he would be degraded if he owed his crown to the summons of the people, or shared his power with a new aristocracy, or a popular assembly. The *bourgeoisie* in like manner would ignore the nobles, and reduce them to a nullity. And the democracy, equally exclusive and intolerant, cannot imagine that the mass of the people can be rightfully called on to admit the existence or recognise the claims of any other party, and insist upon an exclusive, absolute, and uncontrolled dominion. Guizot, in his treatise on Democracy, seized this peculiarity of France with the quick instinct of a master's eye. "Peace is impossible," (he says, for the word *peace* we would substitute *representative constitutionalism*,) "so long as the various classes and political parties whom our society comprises, nourish the hope of mutu-

ally destroying each other, and possessing an exclusive empire. This is the evil which, since 1789, torments us continually, and overthrows us periodically. The monarchic, aristocratic, and democratic elements, have not accepted or recognised each other, but have toiled for their reciprocal exclusion. Constitution, laws, administration, have been in turn directed, like engines of war, to the destruction of one or other party. It has been a 'war to the knife,' in which neither of the combatants believed it possible to live if his rival was still erect and breathing by his side."

French exclusiveness and hatred of compromise, then, is the first reason why representative institutions have not flourished in France. But there is another and a yet deeper cause. Their revolutions have always begun at the wrong end. They have looked only to one point, and that not the primary, nor the most essential one. They have begun their reforms with institutions, not with individuals. They have thought it sufficient to reconstruct society in the aggregate, without modifying or amending the units which compose it. They forget in their earliest efforts, and have never paused to remember since, that the concrete mass must represent and resemble the materials of which it is made up; and that if the individuals are corrupt, selfish, violent, and impure, the community cannot be firm, peaceable, dignified, or noble. Accustomed to trace their evils to their Institutions, taught alike by their writers and their orators to cast upon empty forms the burden of their ingrained sins, they conceived that a change of institutions and of forms would work those miracles, which are the slow and painful product of private virtue and individual exertion; of patient toil, and more patient endurance—of mutual respect, and mutual love. They imagined they could reform society without first reforming themselves. Hence all their schemes and Constitutions have been projects for obtaining the reward without the effort—the victory without the conflict or the sacrifice; for dispensing with indispensable qualifications in place of eliciting or exercising them; for doing great actions without first training great souls; for seeking in the barren and narrow range of the mechanical, what can only be found in the rich resources of the moral world. They worked for the salvation of the individual without requiring his participation in the task. Fatal blunder! They imagined that men might be rendered free and equal by destroying external barriers and striking off material chains; they did not perceive that freedom and equality have their sole roots and guarantees within the *man*. They abolished the *ancien régime*; but they abolished it in vain, while each man carried his *ancien régime* within himself. The old vices, the old corruption, the old

selfishness, the old ambition, the old passion for material enjoyments, the old incapacity for silent and elevated patriotism, still survived, and were never struck at or fairly encountered: how then should not the old anomalies re-appear? The garments were torn and buried; but the body and the life remained. Now, as surely as the laws of Providence are constant and inexorable, so surely can there be, for nation or for individual, no short cut to a goal which God has placed at the end of a toilsome and appointed path; no mechanical contrivances for the attainment of an end which is the allotted reward of moral effort and self-denying virtue; no human fiat for the gratuitous bestowal of blessings for which heaven has appointed a hard and heavy purchase-money. The functions of government—self-government as well as every other—demand qualifications, negative and positive, of no ordinary kind; qualifications which are not inherent or innate; qualifications for which the demand by no means always calls forth the supply. The mere possession of power confers neither capacity nor virtue to exercise it well; and in obtaining the representative institutions that belong to freedom, while still tainted with all the vices of their ancient servitude, the French only seized a treasure of which they had forgotten to secure the key, a weapon of which they had not learned the mastery, a writing in cypher to which they had not got the clue. Caution, humility, obedience to law, long-suffering patience, respect for others' rights, and others' opinions,—these, the *sine qua non* of a constitutional régime, they never dreamed of practising;—aspiring to raise the superstructure, while shirking the preliminary drudgery of laying the foundation.

A third reason why parliamentary government, which has answered so well in England, has answered so ill in France, may be found in the fact, that it harmonizes with our habits and institutions, but is wholly discrepant and incongruous with those of our neighbours. We govern ourselves; they are governed by officials. Our whole system is municipal, theirs is bureaucratic. We have already spoken of their centralized administration, and the extent to which it pervades and interpenetrates the daily and domestic life of the nation. In England the civil servants of the government are few, unconnected, and unobtrusive; in France they are innumerable, omnipotent, and constitute a separate, organized, and powerful class. In England they confine themselves to absolutely necessary functions; in France they interfere with every transaction and every event of life. In England, as a general rule, a man is only reminded of their existence by the annual visit of the tax-gatherer, unless indeed he has to appeal to the law, or has rendered himself amenable to it; in France, scarcely a day passes, scarcely an operation can be con-

cluded, without coming into contact or collision with one or other of their number. Many of the duties performed by officials on the Continent are here performed by elected parochial or municipal functionaries, many are left to individual discretion, many more are not performed at all. With us a man's free-will is limited only by his neighbour's free-will and his neighbour's rights; in France, as in Austria, it can be exercised only subject to government or police permission previously obtained. Restriction is the exception here; it is the rule there. Throughout the Continent, a citizen cannot engage in business, build a house, or take a journey, without leave; and leave is only to be obtained through an established routine of tedious and annoying formalities which would drive an Englishman frantic.

A second operation of this centralized and over-active bureaucracy, has necessarily been to deprive the people of France of all share in those minor acts of government which should form their education for higher offices and more important functions. They have only the faintest vestiges of those municipal institutions which, with us, are such invaluable normal schools of peaceable agitation and political discussion. They have no local senates to prepare them for the central senate of the nation; or where such exist, they have no real power, and therefore excite little interest. The officials do everything: the people do nothing. They are associated with none of the acts of government except the highest. They choose no one except their legislative representatives and their executive chief—no one at least whose functions are much more than nominal. Under a bureaucracy, they have, and can have, no opportunity of training themselves in those skilful tactics; those mutual forbearances, those timely retreats, those judicious compromises, which form the essence of safe and wise political strategies. In a word, they are almost wholly without those real parochial and communal liberties, which are an indispensable preparation for national and republican liberties. Hence, when summoned to the task of self-government by means of a popular assembly, they are like pilots intrusted with the navigation of a ship who have never been at sea before.

But the French system of administration, while making children of its subjects, inevitably makes a despot of its chief. He who seizes, or to whom is entrusted, the reins of Government in France, finds himself—owing to its essential construction—absolute master of every functionary in every department throughout that vast empire. Through these functionaries he finds himself invested with almost uncontrolled power over every one of his fellow-countrymen. He is at the head of the police, justice, *gendarmerie*, finance, and education, not merely in Paris,

but in Corsica and Algiers—in the remotest and obscurest corner of the land. He finds himself, by the simple accident of his position, a despot—an autocrat; and it is to ask a miracle of human nature to expect him not to use this despotic power. Moreover, the very habits of the nation, the very nature of the organization force him to use it. The functionaries throughout the country, feeling themselves only wheels in one great machine—accustomed to refer everything to their head in Paris—constantly and naturally apply to him for orders; and he is thus, as it were, compelled to act, or the machine of administration would stand still.

In May last year we wrote thus:—"Republicanism and bureaucracy are incompatible existences. You may call your state a republic if you will—you may modify its form as you please—you may have two chambers or one—you may place at the head a military dictator, or an elective President holding office for one year, for four years, or for ten;—but so long as the administration of public affairs remains central and bureaucratic, the utmost that full representation or universal suffrage can give, is the power of choosing the particular set of busy bodies who shall rule you, or rather the irresponsible individual who shall appoint them. It is not liberty, but merely the selection of your head oppressor. Thus France is in a radically false position, and she has not yet found it out; she is endeavouring unconsciously to unite two incompatibilities. Her government has all the finished and scientific organization of a despotism, with the political institutions which belong to freedom. Each man has a share in the choice of his legislator and his executive chief; each man is the depositary of a calculable fraction of the sovereign power; but each man is the slave of the Passport office, the prefect, the gendarme, and the policeman. The republic of to-day may wake and find itself an empire to-morrow—scarcely an individual Frenchman would *feel* the difference—and not one iota of the administration need be changed. As it exists now, it was the child and may be the parent of imperialism. The whole machinery of autocratic rule is at all times ready for the hand of any one who can seize it."

What a commentary on our prediction has the Revolution of the 2d of December afforded! Surely it should teach France the soundness of our present position—viz., that she cannot serve two masters; she cannot at the same moment "fill her cup from the mouth and from the source of the Nile." *She cannot be at once representative and bureaucratic.* If she desires Parliamentary Government she must abolish Centralization. But it is beyond dispute that this system of administration, which to us seems so intolerable, is singularly popular in France; and

that Parliaments, which appear to us so indispensable, are by no means popular. The one system is indigenous, and is therefore welcome and stable : the other is an exotic, and therefore takes no root, shows no stamina, can arrive at no permanency or durability. It did not grow out of the people's wants : it does not harmonize with the people's sentiments. What France wants is what Napoleon gave her—viz., a firm and all-penetrating administrative system, with municipal bodies and national assemblies, whose functions were limited to the representation of grievances ;—and, in addition, she wants what he did not give her—and what yet remains a desideratum—a guarantee against the misgovernment of arbitrary power. Now, we in England are too apt to fall into the natural but somewhat pedantic error of supposing that this guarantee is afforded, and can only be afforded, by representative institutions. Yet the whole history of France since her first revolution might have taught us our mistake. She had representative institutions in 1793 ; yet they did not secure her against the most grinding tyranny which was ever imposed upon a people—a tyranny which was known and proved to be that of a minority—a tyranny, nevertheless, which it required the bloodshed and the *coup* of the 9th Thermidor to overthrow. She had representative institutions in 1799 ; yet they did not protect her against the wretched misgovernment of the Directory, nor against the daring conspiracy by which, on the 18th of Brumaire, both they and the Directory were superseded. Representative institutions did not protect France against the arbitrary decrees of Charles X., nor against the necessity of a revolution to dethrone him. They did not enable her to extort reform from Louis Philippe without the same bloody and rudimental expedient. Finally, they did not protect her from the violent usurpation of the President in December last. She has tried them under every form and modification ; and under none have they superseded the necessity of revolutions ;—*under none have they enabled her to dispense with the same rude and primitive mode of expressing their dissatisfaction and desire of change which is resorted to by nations to whom Parliaments and ballot-boxes are unknown.* They are effective to preserve the rights and liberties of citizens only where patriotism and a sense of justice are so paramount that instruments cannot be found to trample upon them. They are powerful to deter bad rulers from misgovernment, only when it is known that misgovernment will not be borne. The same *coup d'état* which has overturned the Government in France might have taken place in England just as well, if the Monarch had been wicked enough to attempt it, the Parliament discredited enough to provoke it, the army subservient enough to enact it, the people base enough

or wearied enough to submit to it. A representative system contains "the form but not the power" of freedom. It offers no security except on the assumption—true with us, false with our neighbours—that the parties concerned in it will be kept within its limits by a sense of duty, or a sense of fear. A King of England could not have acted as the President of France has done, not because the Parliament and the law forbade him, but simply because the army would not have assaulted the Parliament or disobeyed the law, and because the people would not tamely have endured either violation. Representative institutions are merely an established mode of manifesting to the ruler the resolution of the nation. Other simpler, louder, and more cogent, modes of manifesting this resolution may be found—not indeed suited to our meridian, but possibly to the meridian of France. This louder language is what France always speaks in whether she has a Parliament or not. A central Executive Chief, chosen by the free vote of the whole people, and liable at any time or at stated intervals to be cashiered by a reversal of that vote if he loses national confidence or incurs national condemnation, may possibly enough be a better system of government for France than any she has yet tried. "But where is the security (we are asked) that such adverse vote will be submitted to by a powerful Chief?" True; but in reply we ask—"Have we found that Representative Assemblies have afforded any such security?" And may not the whole matter be summed up in this brief decision, that no mode of expressing the national will will ever obtain submissive acquiescence, or reach the undisputed dignity of a sacred and supreme decree, till the whole people, those who command as well as those who obey, those who succumb as well as those who prevail, are penetrated and imbued with a paramount love of justice, a noble servitude to duty, and a solemn reverence for law. When these qualities reign universal and despotic, almost any form of government will suffice to embalm freedom and insure greatness; till these are acquired and maintained, the wisest system of policy ever devised by the profound and subtle intellect of man can secure them no liberty and bring them no rest.*

* We particularly recommend to our readers the following quotations from one of the greatest historians and political thinkers of our time :—

"The English in the 16th century were, beyond all doubt, a free people. They had not indeed the outward show of freedom; but they had the reality. They had not as good a Constitution as we have; but they had that without which the best Constitution is as useless as the King's proclamation against vice and immorality, that which without any Constitution keeps rulers in awe—force, and the spirit to use it. . . . A modern Englishman can hardly understand how the people can have had any real security for good government under Kings who levied *benevolences* and chid the House of Commons as they would have chid a pack of dogs.

The cultivation of these qualities, then, and of the virtues which are allied to them and foster them, is the first necessity of the national life of France. For this process the two requisites are time and rest. The whole morale of France is fearfully perverted and disorganized; *how* fearfully we endeavoured to describe in a recent Number. The very alphabet of the decalogue has to be revived. Religion has to restore its influence and re-assert its claims. Literature has to be rescued from its grotesque deformities and its hideous pollutions, to be cleansed from its old abominations, and inspired with a diviner life. The foundations of social existence have to be purified and renovated. The school-time and apprenticeship of political action have to be passed through. But how can religion flourish or be heard amid the miserable intrigues or the sanguinary conflicts of balanced factions? How can the moral standard of a people be raised and cleared amid the tumults of passions constantly excited, and of strife unceasingly renewed? How can literature rise into a purer atmosphere, or breathe a calmer tone, or spread abroad the soothing influence of a serener spirit, when "the loud transactions of the outlying world" keep the cultivated circles in a perpetual fever, which makes all wholesome food distasteful, and all moderate and gentle stimuli insipid? An interval of repose, a breathing time of recollection and recovery, seems to be demanded alike in the name of the material and the spiritual interests of France—alike for the development of her physical resources,

People do not sufficiently consider that, though the legal checks were feeble, the natural checks were strong. There was one great and effectual limitation on the Royal authority—the knowledge that, if the patience of the nation were severely tried, the nation would put forth its strength, and that its strength would be irresistible.

"The Irish are better represented in Parliament than the Scotch, who, indeed, are not represented at all. [This was written before 1832.] But are the Irish better governed than the Scotch? Surely not. But this only proves that laws have no magical or supernatural virtue; that priestcraft, ignorance, and the rage of contending factions, may make good institutions useless; that intelligence, sobriety, industry, moral freedom, firm union, may supply in a great measure the defects of the worst representative system. A people whose education and habits are such that, in every quarter of the world, they rise above the mass of those with whom they mix, as surely as oil rises to the top of water; a people of such temper and self-government that the wildest popular excesses recorded in their history partake of the purity of judicial proceedings and the solemnity of religious rites; a people whose high and haughty spirit is so forcibly described in the motto which encircles their thistle;—such a people cannot be long oppressed. Any Government, however constituted, must respect their wishes, and tremble at their discontents. . . . They will be better governed under a good Constitution than under a bad Constitution. But they will be better governed under the worst Constitution than some other nations under the best. In any general classification of Constitutions, that of Scotland must be reckoned as one of the worst—perhaps the worst—of Christian Europe. Yet the Scotch are not ill-governed. And the reason simply is that they will not bear to be ill governed."—*Macaulay, Lord Brougham and his Times.*

and the renovation of her moral life ;—a period during which a new generation might grow up, nurtured amid all the sweet sanctities of domestic life, played upon by all the countless influences of social peace, and sheltered from the angry passions and turbulent emotions which muddied and distracted the existences of their fathers and their grandfathers ;—a stable rule, against which rebellion would be madness ;—a settled law, which should no longer leave obedience or disobedience an open question ;—a government which all could respect, and which the bad should fear— and such just civil and moderate political rights as might be enjoyed and strengthened, and be gradually augmented as they were exercised and mastered—these seem now what France requires, and what her new ruler, if he be either wise or patriotic, might bestow.

That the French nation as a whole is ardently attached to the great idea of the first Revolution, there can, we think, be no reasonable doubt. But there may be great doubt whether French politicians are not as pedantic in supposing that this idea necessarily involves a republic, as English politicians are in conceiving all liberty to be bound up in Parliamentary forms. The two prolific principles established in 1789 were, first, the sovereignty of the people ; and, secondly, the inadmissibility of a privileged class. Now neither of these principles require that a republic, *according to our notion of one*, should be the form of government selected. They merely require that it shall not be an oligarchy ; and that, whatever it be, it shall emanate from the people. Many months ago we were assured by a very intelligent Parisian, that “ *La France est républicain et Bonapartiste ;* ” and that the two were by no means incongruous or incompatible. That France should at one and the same moment cling to a Republic, and to the name and memory of the man who destroyed the Republic, who rose upon its ruins, and replaced it by one of the most iron and autocratic despotisms the world ever saw, seems at first sight to involve a contradiction ; but the inconsistency and improbability will vanish when we reflect that Napoleon professed to complete the idea of a Republic, and to govern in its name—that he took especial care to receive each successive elevation through the forms of a popular election—that a Frenchman’s notion of liberty is not personal freedom, but political equality—that a republican form of Government is chiefly dear to him as embodying this inaccurate and incomplete conception—and that his bugbear, his *bête noire*, his pious abomination, is not a chief or master, but a privileged order. He dislikes and dreads an aristocracy, not an autocracy. A nominal Commonwealth, even with an arbitrary despot like Napoleon at its head, provided it be in any sense, whether tacitly or formally, the

nation's choice, satisfies a Frenchman's confused and misty ideal. This singular union of what seem to Englishmen two opposed and mutually excluding conditions of polity—Republican institutions and Imperial sway—is embodied in a most characteristic manner in much of the current coinage of France. Every old five-franc piece contains what we should call an Irish bull. All the money coined under the empire bears "*République Française*" on the one side, and "*Napoléon Empereur*" on the reverse. The face of the coin affirms a fact; the back gives it a point-blank contradiction.

We believe the coin so marked to be a faithful representation of the mind of the great mass of the French people, and to speak their real sentiments. An Emperor stamped upon a Republic! A regal, central, powerful, brilliant chief, elected or confirmed by popular suffrage. Not freedom from control, but the selection of the great controller. Napoleon understood this well. Chosen by the people, at first by a sort of general acclamation, and afterwards by an almost universal vote, he believed himself, and we believe him to have been, a truer representative of their wishes and opinions than any assembly that was ever elected. Strong in the strength of this conviction, and confident in his perfect comprehension of the requirements of his country, he framed that wonderful administrative organization of which we have already spoken, and promulgated the Constitution under which, with some modifications, France lived so long. The principle of that Constitution was that of a strong and concentrated executive, aided by all the enlightenment and assistance it could derive from the practical knowledge and experience of the ablest men in the country. Napoleon refused no advice, but permitted no interference. The idea never entered into his head of ingrafting upon one another two things as distinct in their origin and as discordant in their operation as the centralized administration, so peculiarly French, and the parliamentary *régime*, so peculiarly British. He looked upon the Senate, the legislative body, the Council of State, the local and departmental councils, as collections of men from whom he could gain much useful information, and much valuable aid; he never recognised their right to shackle his administrative action, or to step out of their narrow and allotted province. With regard to the Provincial Councils, he wished that they should be listened to with deference and patience. One of the prefects of the Côte d'Or having failed to listen with due respect to the representations of the municipal body, Napoleon sent him a severe and grave rebuke. But when the Council-General of the Haute-Garonne, in the same year, took upon it to criticise a portion of the system of taxation then established, he snubbed it most un-

mercifully, and explained very clearly to its members the nature and limits of their functions, as follows :—

“ Les conseils généraux ne sont point institués pour donner leurs avis sur les lois et sur les décrets. Ce n'est par là le but de leur réunion. On n'a ni le besoin ni la volonté de leur demander de conseils.

“ Ils ne sont et ne peuvent être que des conseils d'administration. Dans cette qualité, leurs devoirs se bornent à faire connaître comment les lois et les décrets sont exécutés dans leurs départemens. Ils sont autorisés à représenter les abus qui les frappent, soit dans les détails de l'administration particulière des départemens, soit dans la conduite des administrateurs ; mais ils ne doivent le faire qu'en considérant ce qui est ordonné par les lois ou par les décrets, comme étant le mieux possible.

“ Un homme qui sort de la vie privée pour venir passer trois ou quatre jours au chef-lieu de son département fait une chose également inconvenante et ridicule lorsqu'il se mêle de comparer ce qui existe en vertu des lois de l'administration générale actuelle avec ce qui existait dans un autre temps, et lorsqu'à la faveur de quelques observations utiles sur l'administration particulière de son département, il se permet des observations critiques et incohérentes Sans doute, il a été des temps, où la confusion de toutes les idées, la faiblesse extraordinaire de l'administration générale, les intrigues, qui l'agitaient, faisaient penser à beaucoup de citoyens isolés, qu'ils étaient plus sages que ceux qui les gouvernaient, et qu'ils avaient plus de capacité pour les affaires. *Ce temps n'est plus. L'Empereur n'écoute personne que dans la sphère des attributions respectives.*”

We are far from saying or thinking that the amount of political liberty and of participation in national affairs which Napoleon allowed even at the commencement of his consulate, can or ought permanently to satisfy a people like the French. But it well deserves the dispassionate consideration both of our own *doctrinaires* and our continental imitators, whether a sounder and higher ultimate result may not be obtained by commencing from such moderate germs of political freedom and civil action as may in time, by degrees, and through a process of extorted concessions, be ripened and expanded into an ample and fitting Constitution, than by starting with such a Constitution ready made—on paper ; whether it would not be wise for Frenchmen to follow our example in the slow, painful, and laborious steps by which we have achieved and wrung out our liberties—practising them as we won them—consolidating them as we went along—rather than to grasp at the finished treasure, without learning the lessons which teach its value, or acquiring the mastery over it which confers its value and guarantees its security. As in the grand old fictions of the Rosicrucian fancy, those aspirants after super-human power and earthly immortality—who

seized prematurely on the arch-gift and inhaled the rich elixir, before a long course of strengthening toil, purifying abstinence from earthly passions, and resolute crucifixion of all low desires, had fitted their frames to breathe a rarer atmosphere, and gaze upon intenser light—were stricken into insanity or dazzled into blindness by the awful revelation and the intolerable stimulus, so surely do the exciting air, the intoxicating draught, the wild delight, the terrible power of liberty, ask for their healthy endurance and their noble exercise, preparation scarcely less tedious and elaborate, a soul scarcely less purified and strengthened. To seize upon the splendour before the sight is purged and fortified, is to rush not into light, but into darkness.*

If Louis Napoleon, as both his writings and his actions appear to indicate, takes the same view of the needs and capabilities of France which we have here endeavoured to explain, and if he be really animated by that partially pure patriotism which consists in wishing to connect his name indissolubly with the grandeur and regeneration of his country, we believe that he *may* yet employ his tenure of power in a manner which will cause its origin to be forgotten and forgiven. That he *will* do so, is rather our hope than our sanguine expectation. It is what one of their own philosophers described a future state to be, *un grand peut-être*. It certainly seems somewhat foolish to fancy that a man who has attained his supremacy by violence should use that supremacy for good. It seems the very simplicity of sanguineness to expect that a man who, in marching to his end, has trampled all legality under foot, should, when that end has been reached, proclaim, enforce, and submit to legality in future. It is the curse and the punishment of guilt, in public even more than in private life, that one crime almost always necessitates another and another. It is difficult for a usurper to control and restrain the tools of his usurpation. It is difficult for the victor in a civil strife, to restore freedom and power of action to the vanquished. It is difficult for a chief whose conduct is open to the harshest criticism and the bitterest invective, to permit fair license to the tongues and pens of his antagonists. Nevertheless, on his ability and courage to dare all this depends Louis Napoleon's exoneration and success. We cannot too often repeat that he owes a great expiation to his country. He has committed a deliberate act of violence and treason, which can be pardoned only on condition of its being the last. He has seized power in a manner which only the beneficial use he makes of it can induce history to forget or gild. Yet it is undeniable that he has examples before

* "Constitutions (said Sir James Mackintosh) cannot be made; they must grow." In this profound aphorism we may learn the secret of French failures.

him of others who have stolen a sceptre and yet have wielded it in the service of their country. It is still left for him, by imitating their excellencies and avoiding their errors, to throw a veil over all that is deplorable and disreputable in the past. Augustus waded to a throne through an amount of bloodshed and of perfidy of which Louis Napoleon has given us only a faint and feeble reflex; yet by giving to Rome a long respite from sixty years of civil strife and tyrannous dominion, by developing her resources, re-organizing her empire, cultivating her intelligence, and laying the foundation for 350 years of peace, he has left behind him a name associated for ever with an age of political and literary glory. Cromwell dismissed a Parliament scarcely less despised or discredited than that of France, with a degree of violence and ignominy as great as Louis Napoleon inflicted; yet he governed better, and raised the name of England higher than any sovereign had done since the Great Queen. In 1799 Napoleon drove out the Council of Five Hundred by the actual use of the bayonet, and installed himself as First Consul by an autocratic fiat and a military force; yet his name is still dear to France—less on account of that long series of splendid campaigns, which brought her at first so much glory, and afterwards so much discomfiture and mortification—than because, for the first time since 1789, he gave her a strong and settled Government; because he made her feel that she had a master-hand and a sagacious pilot at the helm; because he gave her rest from intrigues, conspiracies, and the wearisome and humiliating succession of imbecilities which had so long misruled her; because he restored, under wise and stern conditions, her shattered and desecrated altars; because, lastly and chiefly, he reorganized the dissolved and decrepit system of administration on a basis which has never since been shaken, and educed order out of chaos. Louis Napoleon may find in the history of his predecessors something of example, but far more of warning. Three especial errors he must guard against: He must avoid that love of war and too exclusive reliance on the army, which eventually lost Napoleon his crown; he must avoid the reaction towards priestcraft and the dread of a free press, which led to the overthrow of Charles X.; and that neglect of the sentiments and demands of the middle classes, which prepared the way for the ignominious catastrophe of Louis Philippe.

First, If Louis Napoleon relies exclusively on the troops to support his Government he will commit a fatal blunder. They cannot be trusted in to coerce the nation. They may be relied on for a *coup d'état* against an Assembly respected by no one, deserted by the *bourgeoisie*, and abused by the working classes; but assuredly they cannot be relied on for a systematic crusade

against the liberties, feelings, and affections of their fellow citizens. It has been all along pretty well understood, that, though ready enough to fight against *émeutiers* and Socialists of Blanqui's caste, they could never be relied upon to put down any insurrection in which the National Guard sided with the masses. In each individual instance, in each sudden crisis, the habit of obedience and the recollection of their military oath would probably prevail, and cause them to obey the orders of their immediate superiors. But this would no longer be the case as soon as they had time to consult and discuss among themselves, and as soon as they perceived that they were made the tools of a regular system inimical to those whom they loved, and to whose ranks they belonged, and to the interests of that nation of which they formed a recognised and sympathizing part. They soon learn and strongly retain the instinct of discipline and the *esprit du corps*; but they never wholly lose the sentiment of citizenship. French soldiers are not, like English ones, chosen from the lowest portion of the populace, and enlisted virtually for life. The conscription takes them nearly indiscriminately from all ranks, and they serve, or are required to serve, only for seven years. After that time, unless they wish otherwise, they return to mingle with the mass of their fellow-citizens. The result of this is twofold: first, that they retain most of the feelings and predilections of the classes out of which they were called yesterday, and into which they will be re-absorbed to-morrow; and, secondly, that France swarms with thousands of trained and disbanded soldiers, equal in skill and experience to those actually enrolled, but as full of political interests and predilections as any of their compatriot civilians. Thus the army in France is not, as in England, a distinct body set apart from the nation, and having no feelings and opinions that are not bounded by the barrack-walls. It is merely that portion of the people which in each particular year chances to be under arms. One-seventh of them were simple citizens—sons, brothers, husbands, before everything—last year; one-seventh of them again become simple citizens—sons, brothers, husbands, before everything—this year. The idea of using them against the NATION, it would therefore be folly in Louis Napoleon to entertain.

The officers of the army, again, are chosen from among those middle classes out of whose hands the late *coup d'état* is by some supposed to have wrested power. They belong to these classes, they marry into them, they frequent their society, share their feelings, imbibe their sentiments. Like them, they read the newspapers, and feel the deprivation when newspapers are suppressed. In proportion to their rank and education will be their

susceptibility to all those social influences which will make them reluctant and unsafe tools for resolute misgovernment.

Moreover, the moment the army perceives that Louis Napoleon's government depends on it alone, that moment it becomes supreme, exacting, jealous, and tyrannical. That moment also it becomes the arena of the most desperate personal intrigues. That moment gives to Louis Napoleon a score of formidable rivals. He is a civilian. He has won his spurs in no memorable battle; and it is only a military chief who can reign by the sword. If the army is to be the centre and instrument of power, there are many who have a better title than he has to seize it. If, therefore, he relies on the army alone, as an instrument of misgovernment, he is leaning on a spear which will break and pierce him.

Above all, Louis Napoleon must beware of so far mis-reading the history of the great man whose name he bears, as to look to war either for safety or for power. Let the nephew well understand and lay to heart the real foundations of the uncle's glories,—the true reason why the mere name is one of such magic,—the true reason why that name secured his own election, while yet an unknown or an ill-known man. It was not Napoleon's military, but his *civil* services that made him the idol of the nation from 1800 to 1804; it was a repetition, not of his military, but of his civil services, that, in 1848, France looked for from his nephew, when she chose him as her Chief at a moment when a similar confusion to that which Napoleon had closed seemed to call for a similar elucidation, and made the people turn with hope and affection to the mere echo of a great name. Napoleon's military career, magnificent and brilliant as it was, exhausted the nation, wearied the army, carried mourning and desolation into every family: Napoleon's military grandeur all passed away, and left France no wider, no greater, no richer than he found her. But his *Code Civil* has maintained its ground in every country where he planted it; his clear and simple coinage has been everywhere adopted and confirmed by the Sovereigns whom he had ejected, and who returned after his defeat; and his elaborate and scientific system of Centralized Administration has never once been shaken or meddled with by any of the Monarchs or Revolutions that have succeeded him. The trophies of war have all perished: the trophies of peace have all survived. The former made France miserable: the latter have made her a celebrity and an example. The former landed Napoleon in a miserable exile, and gave

“His name a doubt to all the winds of Heaven:”

the latter placed him high among the permanent benefactors of mankind.

To Louis Napoleon, situated as he is, a war would probably be about the most shallow and suicidal policy he could pursue. In the first place, till firmly and fairly established on his new throne, a foreign war would only let loose his domestic foes. No wise chief will march against an enemy, if he leaves half-subdued treason and angry discontent behind him in his own camp. In the second place, a war undertaken in these days must either be a war against despots with insurgents for allies; or a war against freedom with despots for allies. A war of the first kind would not only concentrate against the President all the continental powers, but would involve him in a net of incongruities and perplexities which would aggravate ten-fold the perplexities of his actual position. It could be successful only by the aid of those republican parties in Hungary, Italy, and Prussia, whose equivalents and *analogia* in France he had just repressed with such stern severity. He, the military usurper, the violent destroyer of a free Constitution, would have to hoist the banner of liberty, and march to the watchword of the people's war-cry. The hero of the *coup d'état*, the imprisoner of inviolable deputies, the gaoler of popular generals, would have to proclaim everywhere liberty to the captive, and the restoration of rights to the oppressed. If, on the other hand, he joined the European autocrats, and made war on liberty, and on England, Belgium, and Sardinia as its representatives, he would commit a still more fatal blunder. A war with England would be very popular, no doubt, with many Frenchmen, but it would be hateful to many more. It would be a proclamation of deliberate hostility against the cause of Constitutional rights and liberties all over the world. It would bring him, the Representative and Chief of a nation which still clings to the ideas of the first great revolution, into close alliance with the old worn-out tyrannies of Europe, and degrade him into the ape and flunkey of the withered legitimacy of the world. It would bring the Republic of France, which swears by universal suffrage, into direct collision with every state in which any vestige of popular election yet survives. It would involve her in a crusade against the freedom for which she has fought so gallantly, and suffered and sacrificed so much. Such a war would be absolutely detestable to all the better spirits of the French nation—to the intelligent classes whom it is so important for Louis Napoleon to conciliate to his regime—to the moderate as well as the extreme—to all, except those who love plunder, and those who are thirsty for revenge. The Republicans of France sympathize deeply with the struggling patriots of every land. To them the expedition against Rome was the most hateful act of the Assembly. The Orleanists and Moderates feel that they must make common cause with the supporters of free Constitu-

tions and limited Monarchy throughout the globe. The nation as a whole feel that, if the great contest and victory of 1789 is to bear any fruit—if it is not to be regarded as a gigantic and insane blunder—if it was an emancipation to be gloried in, not a crime to be repented of—France must remain the ally and champion of national independence and popular rights, wherever they may be asserted. To espouse the cause of despotism, to attack the free states of Europe, would be to blaspheme the past, to deny her mission, to desecrate her flag. For France to league with the Russian autocrat, the Prussian perjurer, the Austrian tyrant against Constitutional England and Sardinia, and Republican America and Switzerland, would indeed be for “the dog to return to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.”

A war must either be successful or unsuccessful ; in either event it would be fatal to Louis Napoleon's supremacy. If unsuccessful, the French would never forgive him for having provoked it. The army would desert him ; the people would despise him ; the gentry would hate him ; the whole nation would cry out against him ; every private interest and every patriotic passion would combine to assail him ; and the very foundations of his power would crumble away like sand. If, on the other hand, the war were to be glorious and triumphant, it would insure his downfall as infallibly, though from another cause. Louis Napoleon is not a soldier. His army must be entrusted to the leadership of the ablest generals he can appoint. His victories must be won by others. He must select for the supreme command, not the men he can rely upon as devoted to himself, but the men whom the public voice or the desire of the troops shall proclaim to be most fitted for the post. The first brilliant exploit will give him a rival. The first glorious campaign will designate his dethroner and successor. He may give the signal for war ; but others will reap its laurels, others will gather in its fruits, others will monopolize its glory. A war would at once place the very men whom he has just circumvented, insulted, and imprisoned, at the head of the army by means of which he has climbed to power. A war would at once place Cavaignac, Changarnier, Bedeau, and Lamoricière above him. And if one of these should display any portion of that political and administrative genius, which the life of camps so often develops, and affords so many opportunities of manifesting ; if he should be gifted with that terse and stirring eloquence which soldiers often possess ; and if solid and practical capacity should give him over the reason of his countrymen, that ascendant which his victories have already given him over their imagina-

tion,—then, assuredly, Louis Napoleon would have found his master, and the Assembly its merciless avenger.

Secondly,—Louis Napoleon must especially guard himself against the very probable mistake of supposing, that because he has the support of the army and of the masses—of the numerical majority, and of the organized forces of the nation—he can afford to despise the hostility, or dispense with the allegiance of the middle and educated classes. He has already given some indications of his tendency to fall into this error. He is said to be contemplating the abolition of the vexatious and burdensome *octroi*, the imposition of an income-tax, and the promotion of extensive public works, with a view to satisfy the poorer classes. But measures of this sort will not suffice. The great body of the ignorant peasantry have indeed voted for him as representing in their minds the cause of order, and the brilliant recollections of the Consulate and the Empire. Large numbers of the working people in the towns have also voted for him under the impression that he will unite the two incompatibilities, of a large remission of taxation, and a vigorous increase of public expenditure. But these alone cannot maintain him. The town ranks of all sections are always unreasonable in their expectations from a new *régime*, and therefore certain to encounter disappointment, and to change their admiration into disgust. Moreover, in no country, least of all in France, can the contest ever be a hopeful one for despotism, when all the cultivation and intelligence of the nation is on one side, and only brute numbers on the other. In no strife in modern days, is the *major vis* ever on the side of the *mere* numerical majority. The skill, knowledge, discipline, mental influence, intellectual resources, and moral weight, of the middle and upper ranks, will always be an immense over-match for mere masses of ignorant, untrained and stupid *prolétaires*. Louis Napoleon, therefore, must govern so as to conciliate the adherence of the writers, the financiers, and the literary and political notabilities of France—the natural leaders of her people,—the representatives of her material interests and her moral power.

Now, to these classes, material interests are not the only ones, nor social comfort and physical wellbeing the sole necessities of existence. Selfish and worldly as too many of them are, they cannot live by bread alone. They demand a scope for their activity, an arena for their talents. They will no longer be content with the old frivolities of the theatre and the *salon*. They have eaten of the tree of political knowledge; and, henceforth, the paradise of the senses and the fancy is disenchanted in their eyes. They have known the fascinations of political action, and will not again acquiesce in being utterly debarred from it. It

will be dangerous to attempt to re-convert them into cyphers, and impossible to confine their energies within the poor and narrow circle of social trifling which once sufficed. The President must reckon with this natural ambition, and this rational activity. His new Constitution must be such as to offer an adequate and worthy field for the power and aspirations of the practical intellect of France. His administration must provide places wherein the capacities of the restless and the ardent may find ample, safe, and serviceable development. He must prove to the rising and the experienced politicians of the country, that the new system offers great prizes for the ambitious, wide scope for the active, noble occupation for the high-minded. He must shew them that there are worthier and loftier vocations for the trained and ripened intellect than party squabbles, or parliamentary intrigues, in aiding the action of the State, and developing the resources of the country. His Cabinet must be a place where genuine ability of every kind may find an entrance. His Senate must be an assembly to which it will not be a degradation to belong. His House of Representatives must be a body entitled to speak freely and discuss without reticence and fear.

Further, Louis Napoleon must remember that the educated classes will not long endure to be debarred from the full privileges and enjoyments of their education. It is idle to imagine that men gifted with the wonderful power of precise and brilliant expression, which distinguishes the French, will not chafe and rebel if condemned to an enforced silence, or compelled to restrain their utterances within limits, or to direct them into channels which it may suit a despot to prescribe. Men conscious of capacity to think worthily and to write splendidly on the exciting questions of government and war, will not tamely permit themselves to be warned off their favourite and chosen fields, and relegated to the duller walks of science or fancy. Genius and talent, in every department of literature, like gunpowder, becomes dangerous by being compressed. They must be enlisted in the service of the Government, or they will be arrayed against it, and in the end will be too strong for it. A free press is even a better safety-valve than a free Constitution for the restless intellects and fiery tempers of the cultivated classes. In addition to this, we must bear in mind that the French are great readers. The circulation of the Parisian newspapers is far beyond that of the London journals. Books and pamphlets, too, sell there in numbers which appear to us nearly fabulous. The recent *brochure* of M. Garnier de Cassagnac is said to have sold 100,000 copies. To most Parisians of any education, and to many provincials, their daily paper, with its brilliant "leader" and its exciting *feuilleton*, is as necessary as

their daily breakfast. To deprive them of their habitual intellectual pabulum, and to render it so innutritious and insipid as it would inevitably become under a censorship, would render the President almost as unpopular with the Parisians as if he were to endeavour, actually and without metaphor, to starve them into allegiance. The support then of the thousand writers, and the million readers of France, Louis Napoleon can only conciliate by respecting the freedom of the press.

Lastly, and above all, Louis Napoleon must beware of relying on the PRIESTS. They are about the worst, the weakest, and the most treacherous reed upon which he could lean. We regard the tendency he has shewn in this direction with more jealousy than any of his other proceedings. It looks like a projected coalition between the two armies of despotism—the military and the ecclesiastical. It is true that one of the saddest and most menacing features of the present aspect of French society is the absence of a religious spirit. It is true that any one who should reanimate religion in the nation would be the greatest of human benefactors. But playing into the hands of the Jesuits will have precisely a contrary effect. They are the notorious and irreconcilable enemies of the central ideas which lay at the bottom of the great French Revolution, and which are still enshrined in the hearts of the whole nation,—viz., the sovereignty of the people, as opposed to the divine right of kings, and the reign of equal justice, as opposed to class privileges. All that the country has of noble in its recent history is arrayed against the priests. All the long years of its degradation and dishonour are associated with their rule. Everything generous and lofty, everything popular and stimulating, in its literature, has proclaimed relentless war against priestcraft under any form. Right or wrong, priests in general, and Jesuits in particular, are hated by everything in France, (except moral ignorance and rare fanaticism, and legitimacy, with its sinister and ulterior designs,) as the foes to enlightenment, the upholders of humbug, the allies of despotism, and the serpents who creep into and poison domestic life. The restoration of them, even to most modified and regulated influence, was one of the most daring, difficult, and unpopular of Napoleon's achievements. Notwithstanding the strong reasons which then existed for doing it, notwithstanding the consummate skill and caution with which he did it, it was a reactionary step, which his supporters could hardly tolerate or forgive. The attempt to associate the priests once more to State authority had done much to undermine the influence of Charles X., before their mischievous advice led him to that attack upon the press by which he forfeited his throne. The active intellects of the French nation, in immense preponderance—it is most

deplorable that it should be so, but it is so—regard Christianity as a deception and a chimera; and their religious teachers must resemble the Archbishop of Paris much more, and the Bishop of Chartres much less than the great body of them do at present, before this sad error can be rectified. And so long as this is the case, any truckling to the priests, any favouritism towards them, any signs of an intention to re-impose upon the nation a system which its intellectual leaders believe to be a sham, will be resented as an insult. Christianity itself is a glorious truth as well as a great fact; but to the educated portion of the nation the substitution of priestly despotism in its place presents the system which Rousseau discredited, which D'Alembert, Helvetius, and Condorcet, and all the great literary names connected with the social and political changes of the 18th century, won their fame by contending with and overthrowing. The French may endure the restoration of the Imperial despotism—never that of priestly sway. They may again come under the dominion of the Bastille—never under that of the Inquisition. Louis Napoleon could scarcely commit a blunder which will more surely and more righteously combine against him all that is virulent and all that is selfish, all that is noble and all that is vicious, all that loves freedom and all that loves fame, all that loves truth and all that loves power, in the intellectual and social world of France,—than by holding out a hand of favour and alliance to the Jesuits. The army will despise him for it. The *Salons* will ridicule and sneer at him for it. The Press will hate him for it almost to a man. The stern Puritan Guizot, the unprincipled and brilliant profligate Thiers, the learned, eloquent, and democratic historian Michelet, the richly-gifted and artist-minded George Sand, the dignified and honoured philosopher Victor Cousin, even the disgracefully-popular ransacker of moral cesspools and obscene *cloacæ*, Eugene Sue,—men who could join in nothing else, who have scarcely one other sentiment in common,—would all unite in one wild cry of mingled scorn, indignation, and disgust at the Ruler who could dream of replacing France under the broken crozier and the stained and tattered surplice of the priest.

Nor could the support of the clergy, thus dearly purchased as it must be, ever be relied on by Louis Napoleon. He can scarcely be weak enough to imagine that an organized hierarchy, whose head and centre is in Rome, can ever give faithful or cordial adherence to a man who has risen on the ruin and succeeded to the inheritance of anointed kings. He cannot believe that the servants of a Church whose first dogma, and whose pervading idea is the supremacy of Divine Right, can in their hearts espouse a cause based on military usurpation, and sanc-

tioned by an appeal to universal suffrage. He cannot flatter himself that the alliance between the child of popular sovereignty and the proclaimers of royal sacredness and inviolability, can ever be more than a treacherous and hollow truce. He must know that by the necessity of the case, the Catholic clergy—such of them especially as receive their impulse from Rome—are secret and zealous Legitimists; that they regard him only as a warming-pan; and that they propose to use him as the restorer of an edifice which, when ready, the old and rightful heirs are to inhabit,—as the instrument for the recovery of a patrimony which, as soon as it is secured against the common enemy, they intend to transfer to the legal owner. Knowing all this, we can scarcely suppose, however Louis Napoleon may coquet with the Jesuits for a temporary purpose, that he will commit the enormous blunder of calling them into his councils, or sharing with them his power.

We have said that we are not sanguine as to Louis Napoleon's success in the position which he has so violently and unwarrantably seized. The chapter of accidents is always too rich in France to induce us to venture on a prophecy. Our object in this paper has been to trace the causes which have led to the catastrophe; to explain the reasons why we think the French nation may have been altogether on a wrong tack in their endeavour to naturalize a parliamentary government; to call attention to the irreconcilability of such government with the centralized and bureaucratic administration which is apparently so popular, and is certainly so fixed; and to shew how the powers which are held by the President, may be wielded for the benefit of his country, if he be really animated by a patriotic spirit, and gifted with adequate capacities.

Since this Article was in type, the President has published his Constitution and fulminated his decrees of banishment. The first we have no time nor space to criticise: the latter we cannot pass over without the expression of our conviction that they are a great blunder, as well as a great crime. Such indiscriminate and illegal severity has alarmed and staggered his supporters, and enraged more than it has terrified his enemies. It is an indication and confession of weakness,—a wanton trampling upon legal forms,—a menacing inauguration of a reign of terror. Already the murmurs of the Parisian *salons* have warned him of his mistake and his danger. Confiscation has now followed proscription, and the whole arsenal of tyranny seems to be opened.

NOTE TO ART. IV. IN NO. XXXI.

WE deeply regret to find, that in our Review of Mr. Newman's "Hebrew Monarchy," in last Number, through an unfortunate, and of course unintentional and quite accidental mistake, words have frequently been put into quotation-marks which are not his, but which were supposed to convey his meaning. Arguments and sentiments have also been imputed to him which we understand he disowns. As language is attributed to Mr. Newman which is not literally his, we are anxious to take the earliest opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to the circumstance. They can judge for themselves, by comparing his Work with our Review, whether his meaning has been conveyed in *substance*. But it is due to him and to them to offer this apology for not having conveyed it in his own *form of expression*.

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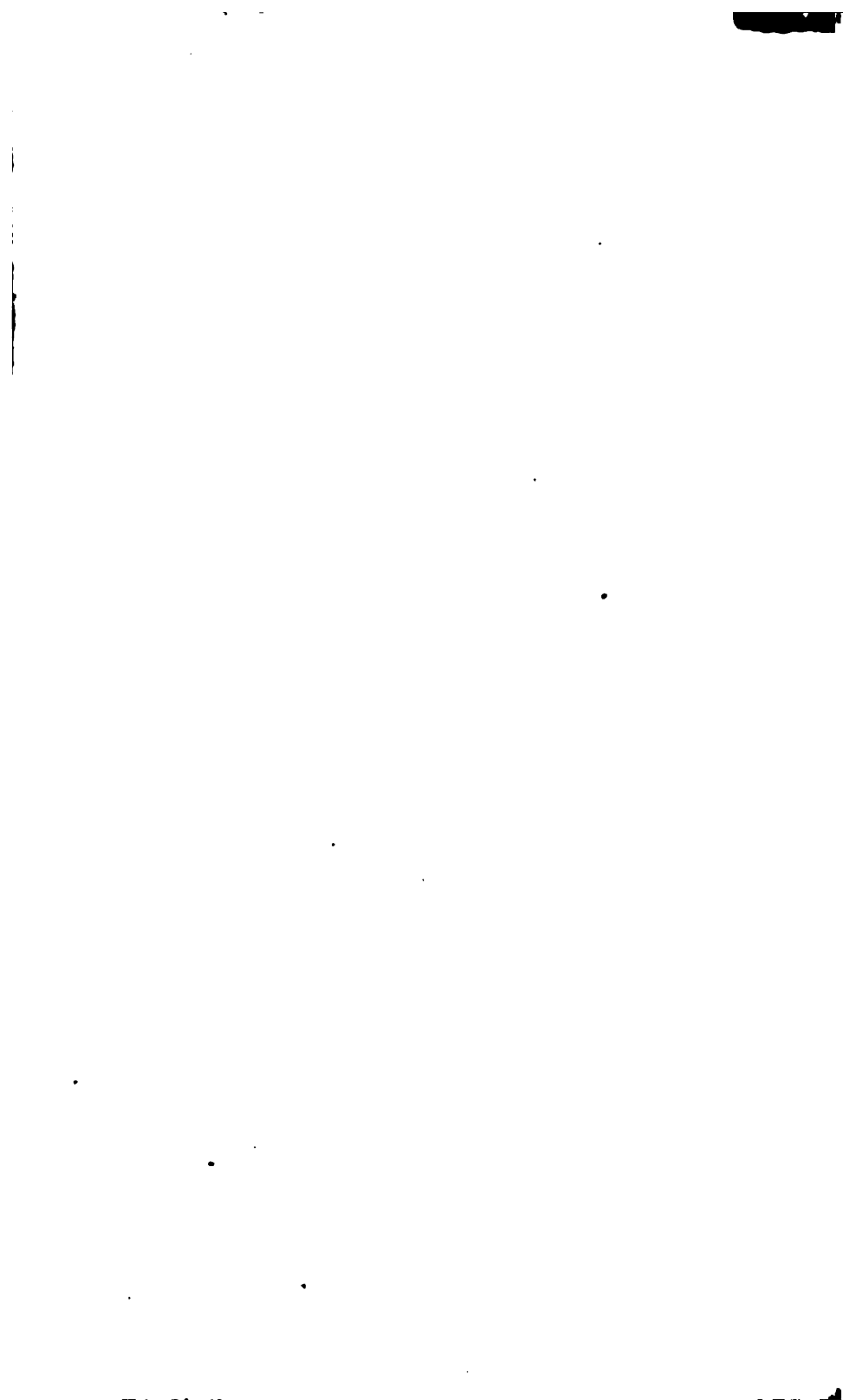
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